

# MCCALL'S

DECEMBER 1927

TEN CENTS



FAMOUS FICTION HEROINES  
- ALICE IN WONDERLAND -

The Tenth of a Series Being Painted  
by Neysa McMein . . . See page 32

## THE STAR IN THE WELL by TEMPLE BAILEY

Christmas Poems by America's Greatest Poets



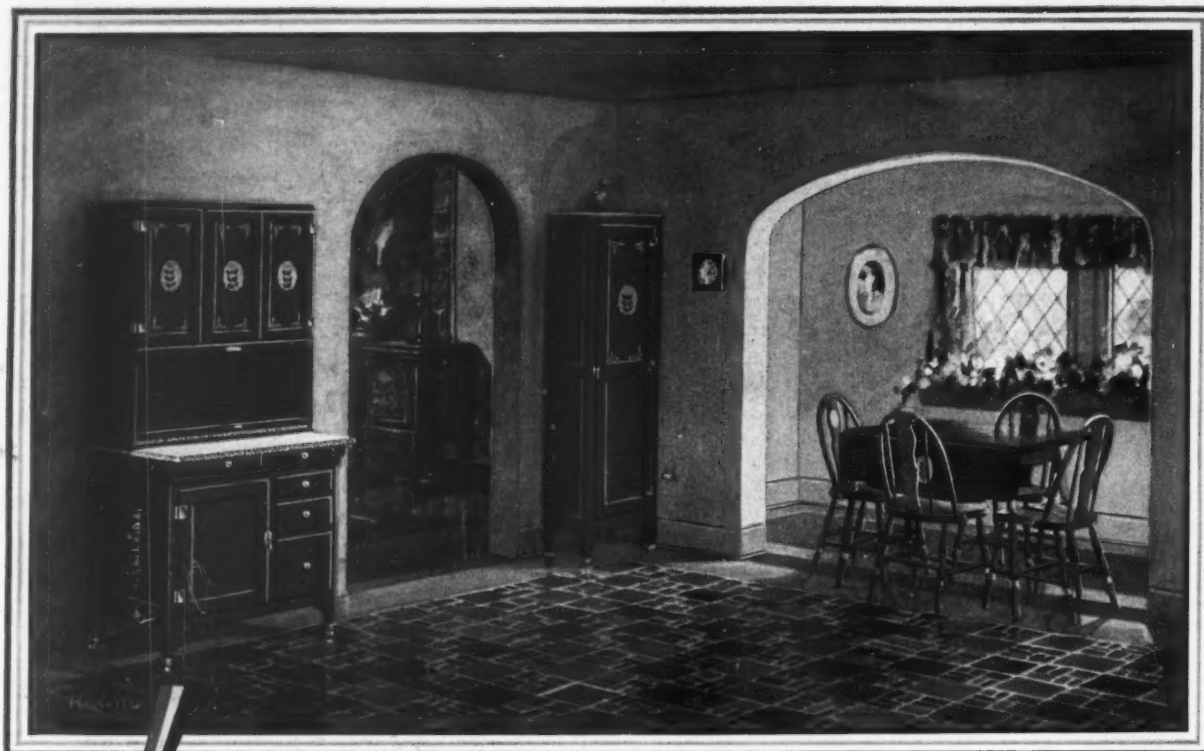
IN THIS ISSUE



GEORGIA STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE  
ATHENS, GA.

LIBRARY  
STATE AGRICULTURE COLLEGE  
ATHENS, GA.  
11 CA 777 MT 10 11

*Are you building or remodeling?*  
Sellers equipment may be had  
especially prepared to be built  
in as a permanent part of the  
kitchen. Ask us for catalog.



# NEW! Sellers Kitchen Ensemble

*The latest idea in colorful kitchen furniture*



S P A N I S H

With nation-wide acceptance of the new, stylish Sellers Kitchenaires now assured, almost unlimited effects in artistic, colorful kitchens are being planned by women everywhere. Note illustration.

Here you see, for the first time, the new, stylish Sellers Kitchen Ensemble—which many women have suggested. It is the first complete ensemble of its kind—a typical Sellers creation.

Anyone or more of the units in the Ensemble may be purchased singly at very moderate prices.

We illustrate our popular Modern-American (KlearFront) in jade green, the indispensable Sellers Utility Closets and a charming six piece Sellers Breakfast Set, all finished in the same fascinating colors and decorations.

Of course, the gay, colorful Spanish—or the dainty, ivory tinted Colonial models may be used with the other units to match. Or the Modern-American may be had in white, gray, silver gray oak or brown oak, as well as in the jade green.

Do you wonder that thousands and thousands of women are inspired to transform their bleak,

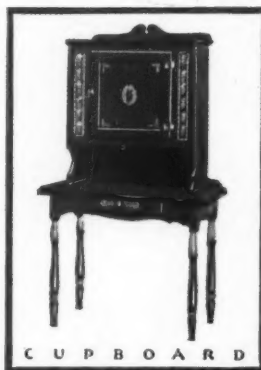
cold, laboratory-like kitchens into colorful, sunny, happy rooms—where work is cheerfully and quickly done? This is the very newest vogue.

Please do not forget that the beautiful Sellers Kitchenaire is still the greatest of kitchen helpers.

In it you will find all those ingenious time- and labor-saving conveniences for which Sellers Kitchen Cabinets are preferred in millions of homes. Many are patented features.

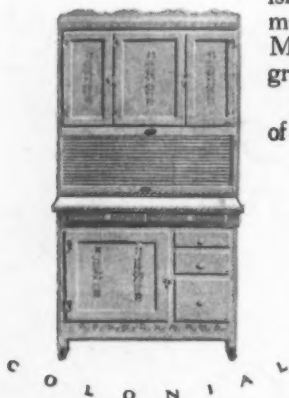
*Sold on easy terms*

No woman need feel that this beautiful, modern equipment—the latest vogue—is beyond her. Sellers Kitchenaires, Utility Closets and Breakfast Sets are very reasonably priced. Furthermore, most dealers sell on liberal terms. Just a small down payment—and the balance spread over many months. Visit your local dealer.



C U P B O A R D

**32-PAGE CATALOG—FREE**  
In the meantime write for our new, illustrated catalog. Shows beautiful examples of the modern colorful kitchen by a noted interior decorator. Illustrates Sellers Kitchenaires, standard cabinets and accessories. We will send you a copy *free* with name of our nearest dealer. Address Department 312. G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO. E.wood, Indiana



C O L O N I A L

## The SELLERS Kitchenaire





# COTY

CREATOR OF THE  
TWENTY-TWO SUPREME PERFUMES.



EACH A MASTERPIECE OF SCENT  
- BEAUTIFULLY FLACONED -  
TO DELIGHT THE ARTISTRY  
OF EVERY LOVELY WOMAN

#### ODEURS

L'ORIGAN - "PARIS" - CHYPRE - EMERAUDE - STYX - MUGUET  
LA ROSE JACQUEMINOT - L'EFFLEURT - JASMIN DE CORSE  
HELIOTROPE - CYCLAMEN - L'OR - AMBRE ANTIQUE - IRIS  
JACINTHE - AMBREINE - VIOLETTE - VIOLETTE POURPRE  
LILAS BLANC - LILAS POURPRE - OEILLET - LA JACÉE



COTY CHYPRE  
*Fragrance of the Exotic*

COTY EMERAUDE  
*Fragrance of Ecstasy*

COTY L'ORIGAN  
*Perfume of the Exquisite*



COTY "PARIS"  
*Fragrance of Tantalizing Guilty*

COTY STYX  
*The Perfume of Mystery*

INTERESTING  
FEATURES  
TO WATCH FOR IN  
McCALL'S, 1928:

THE LIFE  
AND LETTERS OF  
GENE  
STRATTON-PORTER  
*The story of our beloved Gene  
by her daughter,*  
JEANETTE PORTER MEEHAN

THE MARRIAGEABLE  
PRINCESSES  
OF EUROPE  
by CONSTANCE DREXEL

THE GLORY OF  
LIVING  
*The autobiography of the late*  
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

ADVENTURES  
IN RELIGION  
by BASIL KING

MAKING THE MOST  
OF YOURSELF  
by PROF.  
HARRY A. OVERSTREET



These foremost writers  
of fiction will contribute  
short stories to McCall's  
during 1928:

RUDYARD KIPLING  
FRANCES NOYES HART  
RUPERT HUGHES  
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS



A STREET IN JERUSALEM  
Etching by Elias M. Grossman

McCALL'S  
WILL PUBLISH  
THE GREAT NOVELS  
OF 1928

BURNING  
BEAUTY  
by TEMPLE BAILEY

STAIRS OF SAND  
by ZANE GREY

THE GATE  
MARKED PRIVATE  
by ETHEL M. DELL

THE ROMANTIC  
PRINCE  
by RAFAEL SABATINI

BITTER HERITAGE  
by MARGARET PEDLER

PARADISE  
POACHERS  
by BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

THE LITTLE  
YELLOW HOUSE  
by BEATRICE BURTON-MORGAN



ELISABETH SANXAY  
HOLDING  
LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE  
VINGIE E. ROE  
JAMES FRANCIS DWYER  
VIVIEN BRETHERTON  
ACHMED ABDULLAH  
CONINGSBY DAWSON  
and other notable authors



## TO YOU ALL A Merry Christmas!

OLD faiths, old hopes, new dreams, new  
vows—so true a part of every Christmas-  
tide since that celestial morn in Bethlehem  
long years ago—mingle again, bringing joy  
and goodwill to the hearts of men through-  
out a hushed and waiting world.

THE holly bough and the laurel wreath,  
the glowing candles lighted in the win-  
dows of warm and happy homes — all these  
are only outward symbols of that greater  
inner glory that finds its truest voice  
in "Merry Christmas."

AND that inner glory, we hope, you will  
find reflected in the pages of McCall's  
Magazine throughout the coming year. That  
sublime happiness, that spirit of Christmas,  
will shine in every word — a guiding  
star to happier living.

McCALL'S SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT  
OFFER IS EXPLAINED ON PAGE 115

McCALL'S MAGAZINE—December, 1927. Volume LV, Number 7. \$1.00 Per Year. Canadian postage, none; foreign postage, 75 cents. Publication Office: McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio. Executive Office: 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y. Branch Offices: 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; 81 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.; 104 Great Portland St., London W. 1, England. William B. Warner, President and Treasurer. Francis Hutter, Secretary. John C. Sterling, Vice-President. — TRUTH IN ADVERTISING — McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to The McCall Company. — ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION — If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Use the enclosed subscription blank within ten days, so you will not miss the next number. All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed. Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice; also kindly clip your name and address from the last copy received and forward it to us with your request. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed. — Copyright, 1927, by The McCall Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered as Second-class matter November 27, 1915, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The McCall Company. Printed at Dayton, Ohio. U. S. A. Send all remittances to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.



# Music, the Imperishable Gift

Melodies that sing in the memory . . . that burn their beauty into the consciousness . . . these are joys for all time. The gift of Music is not for a day or a year — it is imperishable, priceless. The Victor instruments shown on this page are representative of a comprehensive line that meets every requirement, from modest bungalow to stately mansion. There is no finer expression of music to be had. See the nearest Victor dealer and make your selection (and reservation!) now.



List price  
**\$1550**

Number Nine-fifty-five. The Automatic Electrola-Radiola. The very last word in music for the home. Electrola, eight-tube Radiola, and Automatic record-changer.



List price  
**\$385**

Number Seven-twenty-five. Orthophonic Victrola combined with Radiola six-tube tuned radio-frequency receiver. Just plug into any nearby electric light socket.



List price  
**\$1100**

Number Ten-seventy. The Automatic Electrola. Changes its own records. Volume may be regulated to suit any size room. Operates from electric light socket.



List price  
**\$235**

Number Eight-twelve. The Orthophonic Victrola in a cabinet of new and striking design. Adapts itself admirably to any modern scheme of home-decoration.

In the great Victor line,  
you will find the instrument  
you want at the price you  
can afford. Insist on

## Victor



VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY  
CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.



List price  
**\$300**

Number Eight-thirty, the famous radiola model. Very popular. The Orthophonic Victrola in its highest development. Reproduces all tones with uncanny fidelity.



List price  
**\$165**

Number Four-fifty. Console-type Orthophonic Victrola in classical design. A very popular model. Equipped with electric motor. \$200, list price.



List price  
**\$95**

Number Four-thirty. A small and very desirable Orthophonic Victrola. Its low price is no indication of its volume or the character of its musical reproduction.



List price  
**\$600**

Number Ten-fifty. The Automatic Orthophonic Victrola. Changes its own records. Plays an hour's continuous program. Ideal for music at dinner, bridge, etc.

ACTUAL VISITS TO  
P & G HOMES No. 11



## French frocks? mere trifles to a four-year-old

who doesn't have to think  
about washing problems

IT was a brief affair to be called a frock, but then you see it came from Paris. We saw it one day when we were out asking women here and there about laundry soap.

"Won't you come in?" said a pretty young woman when we explained our visit to her. And there in her living-room we saw the frock. Its sturdy four-year-old wearer was sitting on the floor—*quite* careless of handkerchief-linen elegance—cutting out paper dolls.

"Clothes are nothing to Jane," smiled our pleasant hostess, "... even the French dresses her aunt sends her from Paris. And I just don't ask her to keep them clean ... not when she's happier on the floor and

the dresses are so easy to launder with P and G."

"You do use P and G?" we asked—quite pleased, of course.

"I began using it when I was married," said Jane's mother. "I really didn't know much about housekeeping then and the first time I ordered soap, I told my grocer that I wished somebody would make a nice *white* laundry soap. You see I remembered visiting my grandmother as a child, and noticing the awful color of the home-made soap she used. My grocer said, 'I'll send you the best laundry soap there is.' He sent me P and G, and except for trying other soaps now and then, I've used it ever since.

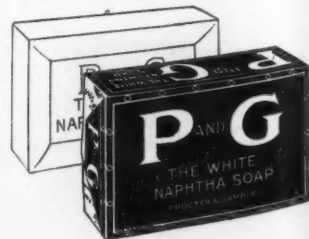
"P and G is so fine and white," she went on, "and gives the clothes such a clean, fresh smell. My laundress likes it too, be-

cause she can get Jane's underwear white without a lot of rubbing. And when I wash the dresses myself, as I do now and then, I'm delighted to be able to get suds in lukewarm, or even cold water."

P and G is a good soap, as millions of women have discovered. It gives fine, quick, rich suds in any kind of water—hard or soft, hot or cold. It gets clothes clean without hard rubbing, and keeps their colors bright. Do you wonder that it is the largest-selling soap in the world? Don't you think that it should be helping you with your washing and cleaning too?

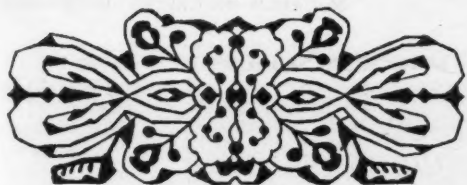
FREE—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. "How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a postcard to Dept. NM-12, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, O.

P and G became popular because it is such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price lower, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.



# The largest-selling soap in the world





# McCALL'S CHRISTMAS NUMBER



DECEMBER · MCMXXVII



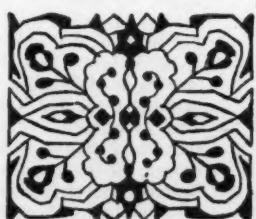
MARY-ALICE'S MOTHER KNELT BESIDE THE CHAIR AND SAID: "IT'S ALMOST TOO BEAUTIFUL TO BE TRUE, MICHAEL"

*The Star Shines Again For A Child Who Thought It Lost*

## THE STAR IN THE WELL

BY TEMPLE BAILEY

ILLUSTRATED BY  
THOMAS WEBB



MARY-ALICE, eating her very soft-boiled egg and her square of buttered toast, was serenely unaware of the stormy forces gathering about the breakfast table until she heard her mother say, with a sob in her voice, "But I hate to think, Michael, that she won't have what we had."

"What did we have?"

"Oh, all the beautiful beliefs about Christmas Day. And now, we've lost them, you and I—we've lost the shepherds and the angels singing, and the Babe in the Manger, and we've lost the Star."

Mary-Alice reached for another square of toast, but was stopped by her mother's question, "How many have you had, Mary-Alice?"

"Two."

"Drink your milk before you have another."

Mary-Alice having drained her glass, demanded: "How did the star get lost?"

"There you see?" said her mother tensely.

"See what?" Michael had risen, and stood looking down at his wife. He was really not thinking about what she was saying; he was admiring the shape of her shining head.

"What can we tell her? Am I to repeat to her what you have just said to me—that Christmas Day is a pagan hold-over, that the Wise Men and all the rest are just—poetic fantasies?"

"We must face the truth."

"But what is the truth, Michael?"

And there they were at it again, and Mary-Alice having finished her milk slid down from her chair: "Scuse," she murmured, and flitted away, leaving them to their arguments.

She went into the kitchen where Nora Kelly was cleaning out the refrigerator. Nora was on her knees and had set on the floor around her the various dishes which were to be put back on the shelves. There was part of a cold chicken from the night-before dinner, and a knuckle of ham with plenty of meat on it, and some purple grapes and some pale green ones so icy cold that they had a frosty bloom; and there was a mold of rice for Mary-Alice's lunch, and there was the butter and the bottles of milk and a jar of French dressing, and lettuce and tomatoes and a square of cream cheese in silver foil.

Mary-Alice liked to look at the food on the strong, clean plates. "We've got to give away a lot of it," she told Nora.

Nora turned and stared at her. "Give away what?" "Things to eat."

"Who'll we give them to?"

"To all the little children who won't have any Christmas."

"Who told you that?" asked Nora Kelly.

"My grandmother."

Nora Kelly waited a moment before she remarked: "I didn't know you had a grandmother."

"Well, I have. Two of them. One of them lives in the country and the other lives with God."

Nora gasped, then went on with her work. After a while she inquired: "Who told you your grandmother lived with God?"

"My other grandmother."

"I'll bet she did," said Nora Kelly, "I'll bet it wasn't

your mother or your daddy."

Mary-Alice being much preoccupied in watching Nora Kelly fit all the things back into the refrigerator, had felt no further interest in the conversation. She left the kitchen presently to hunt for her doll, and finding her, began to put her to bed, although it was only eight o'clock in the morning. Time had little meaning for Mary-Alice. She sang lullabies at any hour of the day, and her lullabies were usually improvised. "The lost star," she crooned now, monotonously, above the head of the doll.

Her mother passing through the room and catching the phrase was troubled. "We shouldn't have talked about it at the breakfast table," she told her husband, later. "It is still on Mary-Alice's

## TO JESUS ON HIS BIRTHDAY

By Edna St. Vincent Millay

FOR this Your mother sweated in the cold;  
For this You bled upon the bitter tree:  
A yard of tinsel ribbon bought and sold;  
A paper wreath; a day at home for me.

The merry bells ring out, the people kneel;  
Up goes the man of God before the crowd;  
With voice of honey and with eyes of steel  
He drones Your humble gospel to the proud.

Nobody listens. Less than the wind that blows  
Are all Your words, to us You died to save.  
O Prince of Peace! O Sharon's Dewy Rose!  
How mute You lie within Your vaulted grave.  
The stone the angel rolled away with tears  
Is back upon Your mouth these thousand years.

mind."

"What is on her mind?"

His wife told him, "The things we talked about. We think she isn't listening. But she hears everything. And if she once gets an idea in her head she sticks to it—forever."

It was six weeks before Christmas. Mary-Alice was to have her usual presents. That, her professor-father had decided, was perfectly logical. Gift-giving belonged to the holiday, though one needn't link it up in the least with—superstition.

Mary-Alice wanted another doll, and wrote it on her list. She wanted also a blue doll's crib, a doll's carriage, and a set of dishes.

"But you have so many now," her mother protested. "Well, we'll have to give all these to the little poor children."

Mary-Alice's father had been pleased when her mother told him. "That's the right spirit," he said, "let us think more of humanity and less of our own souls."

"What about humanity's soul?" Mary-Alice's mother had asked.

"What do you mean?"

"I'd rather give an ideal to a boy or girl than a baby carriage."

Michael laughed and kissed her. "You'll get away some day from all that."

But Mary wouldn't laugh. "I'd rather come back," she said, wistfully, "than get away."

BUT it wasn't easy for Mary to come back. It was as if everybody in the world agreed with Michael—all the people who wrote books, and the people who wrote for the magazines, and the people who talked at dinner-parties, and the women in the women's clubs. Mary would put on her trig little suit and the fox fur that Michael had given her, and her close and becoming little hat and go and listen to the women while they talked and it seemed to her that they talked about children's ears and children's eyes, and about having their little minds "psyched" and having their little brains stuffed, and having their little manners mended, and having their tonsils taken out, and having their teeth straightened, but nobody seemed to talk about the children's souls. "Is it because they think they haven't any?" Mary-Alice's mother asked herself. "Yet what would my Mary-Alice be if she were just mind and body?"

She had that, too, to think of when she read the books and the magazines. All the heroines of the stories were like leaves blown by the wind, and things happened to them which made Mary-Alice's mother shudder. "I don't want Mary-Alice to be a leaf blown by the wind . . ." and she would shut the books and wonder if there was anyone left in the world who believed in righteousness and faith and the strength of a resolute will.

She talked of these things to Michael. "I can't think of it in the abstract. Mary-Alice is a concrete proposition. We've got to give her vision. Oh, Michael, don't we know that without vision the people perish?"

But Michael wouldn't listen. "It's all by way of being, progress, my darling," he would say, "you must think of that."

"I have thought of it. And I don't get anywhere."

And he would flash a smile at her and refuse to be serious: "I wouldn't bother my brains about it," and after that he would tell her to put on her amber chiffon, or her periwinkle blue, and if she wore the amber he would cry when she came in, "You're all honey-colored, dearest—it is like being with the bees in a field of white clover," and if it was the periwinkle, he would catch her up in his arms and chant, "You are like blue-bells . . . blowing in the breeze." And then they would go on to a dance or a faculty dinner. And if it was a dance, Michael would foot it as deftly as a shepherd with his pipe and the world would seem gay and young, or if it were a dinner, Michael would bring all his brilliant brains to bear on the conversation, and would try to prove that we are all puppets pulled by the strings of Fate, and that our efforts to change our lives must end in futility. And Mary would feel that the world was [Turn to page 55]



♦♦♦♦♦ "BUT THEY COULDN'T SEE A STAR IN THE DAYTIME, GRANDMOTHER," SAID MARY-Alice SLEEPILY ♦♦♦♦♦





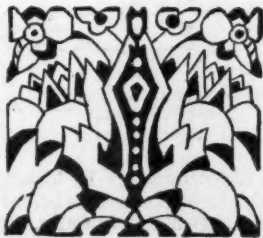
"CHANGE PARTNERS! SWING YOUR PARTNERS! LADIES ON THE RIGHT, MEN ON THE LEFT, ALL HANDS CHANGE"

# AROUND OUR VILLAGE

BY

JEANNE JUDSON STILES

ILLUSTRATED BY  
DAVID ROBINSON



Mother Earth sighs and resigns herself to a long sleep. Then, our play-time will have just begun.

You come to the country to rest and play from the first of July to the first of October and you see us, if you really see us at all, when we are working hardest. I often wonder what you think we do all Winter. Hibernates like the bears, perhaps. If you knew what good times we have all Winter long perhaps you would not hurry back to town in October.

Pleasant Valley is a real place, not more than fifty miles from New York. Unlike so many small places we do not make any attempt to imitate the big city. We

are quite content with ourselves as we are, which is very fortunate when you consider that we are isolated, since the railroad does not run through our village.

We of Pleasant Valley are not much concerned about the "younger generation" which has been creating so much excitement in the rest of the world. After living for a year in Pleasant Valley I began to believe that there was no younger generation. Then my neighbor asked me if I was going to the dance that night.

"Dance? Where? I haven't been invited."

"It's at the Wayburn farm and you don't have to be invited. You just go. They've had one every week since the middle of November. I wondered why I never saw you there. I'll take you if you want to go."

So the people of Pleasant Valley did jazz. Of course I went in my neighbor's very nice motor car. Almost all the people of Pleasant Valley own automobiles. Even the farm hands have them. There were many other cars in front of the Wayburn farm house when we arrived. The front porch looked very much like moving day with household goods piled there, plainly visible in the moonlight.

"No, they're not moving, at least only as far as the front porch—to clear the living room and kitchen for dancing."

We entered without knocking, a big, bare room, lit by a glare of unshaded electric lights. Around the walls board benches were placed and on these a few people were seated, but by far the greater number of the guests were on the dance floor. It was a long moment before I knew what they were doing. This was not a fox trot, not even an old fashioned one-step. My mind went back further to the two-step and the waltz. At last I knew. I had never seen such a dance before but I had read about it. If the people had been in costume it would have been easier to recognize, but they were dressed in ordinary clothing. The women and girls were dressed in afternoon frocks, not quite the latest mode perhaps, but within a year of the latest, and the men wore gray or blue suits with brown shoes.

It was an amazing sight. Sometimes the men were all on one side of the room and the women on the other. They marched; suddenly they stopped and faced each other, made bows more or less stately and paired off; they whirled, they dipped, they moved in and out in an intricate pattern. Everybody was dancing with everybody else. It was a community affair. [Turn to page 116]

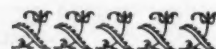
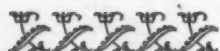
WHEN you of the cities read this it will be Christmas. You will know that it is Christmas by the toys in the shop windows and the glowing advertisements in your newspapers. In your bodies you will know it by an exultant spirit that is more a memory of Christmas seasons past than a realization of present joys.

But we of Pleasant Valley will know that it is Christmas long before you. There will be a soft blanket of snow on the ground, with drifts in the hollows, as



"MAY GOD FORGIVE ME," HE SAID WHEN HE COULD SPEAK ALOUD, "I HAVE NOT DESERVED SO MUCH . . ."

# THE SHADOWY LADY OF NOËL



BY EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. SUTTER

*The Hand Of A Little Child  
Reopens The Door To Happiness For One  
Who Has Locked Out Christmas*



A VERY small boy he looked as he stood on the high brownstone steps before the tall narrow door that was like a frowning, tightly-shut mouth. All the other houses on the street wore Christmas wreaths of holly in their windows. Only this house, of all the aristocratic Saint Luke's Avenue brownstones, stood aloof from the holiday atmosphere, wrapped in an aura of somber silence.

The very small boy beat his unmitten hands together as he stood waiting a response to his ring. There was nothing remarkable about his pinched, average little boy face save the wide-set eyes, surprisingly, almost disconcertingly blue. He wore an overcoat that had been cut down to fit him but which was still too large for his thin, elf-like body. A cap, built on the same generous lines as the coat, came thoroughly down around his ears.

A rather grotesque little figure to be standing on the brownstoned steps of any house along the Avenue, and altogether out of place on the narrow stoop before the

frowni  
the gra  
does w  
her bro  
"Th  
young  
The  
smiled  
lips, a  
counte  
you do  
clear  
holiday  
Nor  
"My  
talking  
The  
look ca  
"Yo  
for U  
name v  
"We w  
holiday  
left m  
"Ho  
conste  
thousa  
people  
what i  
brough  
"Yo  
and th  
suppos  
The  
shook  
the tru  
in the  
say wa  
the hol  
Ther  
panic  
pinche  
"I—  
His  
fingers  
over-la  
coat fo  
extende  
was no  
dress u  
"We  
phone  
sidered  
ties. "I  
one, an  
hands  
Master  
club fo  
it may  
you m  
noon t  
ye'll be  
She  
wide,  
coldly  
way.  
paused  
and the  
"I'd  
—with  
"In  
No, no  
for the  
fun-lov  
could  
noise,  
house  
a—a t  
Nor  
head a  
promis  
"Yo  
it is y  
house  
of yo  
added  
breath  
bound  
There's  
mas, l  
for m  
Just m  
and—  
She  
as a m  
wide  
was so  
bitter



frowning door. So unexpected was the sight of him that the gray-haired Norah opening the door an inch as one does who expects a book salesman or a beggar, caught her breath and gave a smothered exclamation.

"The Lord bless us now! And what may ye be wantin', young fellow?"

The small boy tugged off the enveloping cap, and smiled as warmly as he could with his pinched, chapped lips, a smile that transformed his plain little face into a countenance of arresting beauty and appeal. "How do you do," he said politely, in a voice that had a small, clear soprano quality to it, "I am your orphan for the holidays."

Norah stared and blinked.

"My orphan for the—blessed saints, what is the boy talking about?"

The smile faded, and a disconcerted, almost frightened look came into the wide blue eyes.

"Your orphan—you know, from the Freeling Home for Unwanted Children." He pronounced the dreadful name with a matter-of-fact obliviousness of its meaning. "We were sent out to people who wanted a child for the holidays, and the orphanage bus brought us in. They left me here—isn't this 16 Saint Luke's Place?"

"Holy Mary!" cried Norah, torn between pity and consternation, "this is Saint Luke's Avenue, little lad, a thousand miles I'm thinking from that other street; people are always mixing up the two, it's a shame, that's what it is! How could I be after catching the bus that brought you here?"

"You couldn't, it's gone." The small voice trembled, and the blue eyes were the eyes of a lost dog. "I don't suppose—you could keep me here?"

The kindly woman was thrown into confusion. But she shook her head firmly. "I couldn't, wee lad, and that's the truth. The Master wouldn't hear o' havin' a small boy in the house—especially upon Christmas. What did you say was the name of the people who were takin' you for the holidays?"

There was undisguised panic now in the small pinched face.

"I—I don't know."

His stiff reddened fingers fumbled in the over-large pockets of the coat for a card which he extended to Norah. There was nothing but an address upon it.

"Well then, we can't phone them." She considered other possibilities. "But come in, small one, and warm your wee hands while I see the Master. He's going to his club for Christmas, and it may be that I can take you myself this afternoon to the place where ye'll be welcome."

She opened the door wide, disclosing a long, coldly magnificent hallway. The small boy paused, looked about, and then up at Norah.

"I'd like to stay here—with you," he said.

"In this house, laddie? No, no, this place is not for the likes of a wee, fun-lovin' boy. Why, ye could no more make a noise, or laugh in this house than you could in a—a tomb."

Norah shook her gray head again with uncompromising finality.

"You don't know what it is you're askin'. This house isn't for the likes of you—or me," she added almost under her breath, "except that I'm bound here by duty. There's been no Christmas, lad, in this house for many a year now. Just me and the Master, and—"

She broke off quickly as a man came down the wide stairway. There was something hard and bitter about him like the

house itself. The face must once have been handsome—might have been now if the mask-like coldness were melted away from it. The hair was graying at the temples, the mouth was a taut, compressed line. The eyes seemed long ago to have lost any specific color, they were hard points of light behind narrowed lids. Not a lovable man, one would have said. And yet Norah, looking up at him, spoke to him as one does to a little boy who has been hurt and needs comfort, even though his dignity refuses to admit the need of it.

"Are ye off then, Master Ewan? That should be the taxi at the door now."

The man's voice was as hard as his face. His words were short and clipped like little hammer blows.

"Yes, I'll be back in a week I suppose. You know where to get me if anything comes up—hello, who's this?"

"An orphan sir, who was to spend the holidays with a family that's Heaven knows how far from here. He's cold, and I took the liberty of bringing him in so's he could

## A CHRISTMAS SONNET

For One in Doubt

By Edwin Arlington Robinson

WHILE you that in your sorrow disavow  
Service and hope see love and brotherhood  
Far off as ever, it will do no good  
For you to wear His thorns upon your brow  
For doubt of Him. And should you question how  
To serve Him best, He might say, if He could,  
"Whether or not the Cross was made of wood  
Whereon you nailed Me, is no matter now."

Though other saviors have in older lore  
A legend, and for older gods have died—  
Though death may wear the crown it always wore,  
And ignorance be still the sword of pride—  
Something is here that was not here before,  
And strangely has not yet been crucified.

The old woman stared after him, and there was only pity in her gray eyes.

"No, he's not an ogre," she told the child, "he's just a poor soul who's been knocked down and couldn't get up again."

The small boy nodded solemnly. Then suddenly he turned his head as if he were listening.

"Who lives in there?" he asked, pointing to the tall closed door on the right.

Norah started.

"Lives in there?" she repeated. "That's a curious thing to ask, laddie. No one—is in there. 'Tis a room that's always kept closed, forbidden by the Master's orders."

"But I thought I heard some one," the blue eyes were stretched wide above the pinched pale cheeks, "I thought—I heard some one call me."

"Child, child," Norah's hand closed over his, "come down where it's warm and bright. How could anyone be callin' ye when there's no living soul in a' this great house but you and me?"

She led him down the back stairs into the warm-smelling chintz-hung kitchen and the little parlor that was hers.

"Get ye warm first," she said as she unbuttoned his overcoat, "and then I'll take ye down to St. Luke's Place. What is your name, now?"

"Gerard."

Her fingers dropped away from the coat as if the buttons had been stabbing pins.

"Gerard!"

He gazed up into her face, plainly puzzled. "Isn't it a nice name?"

"I dare say," Norah's tone was grim, "there's some thought it was, and others as would see red at the sound of it."

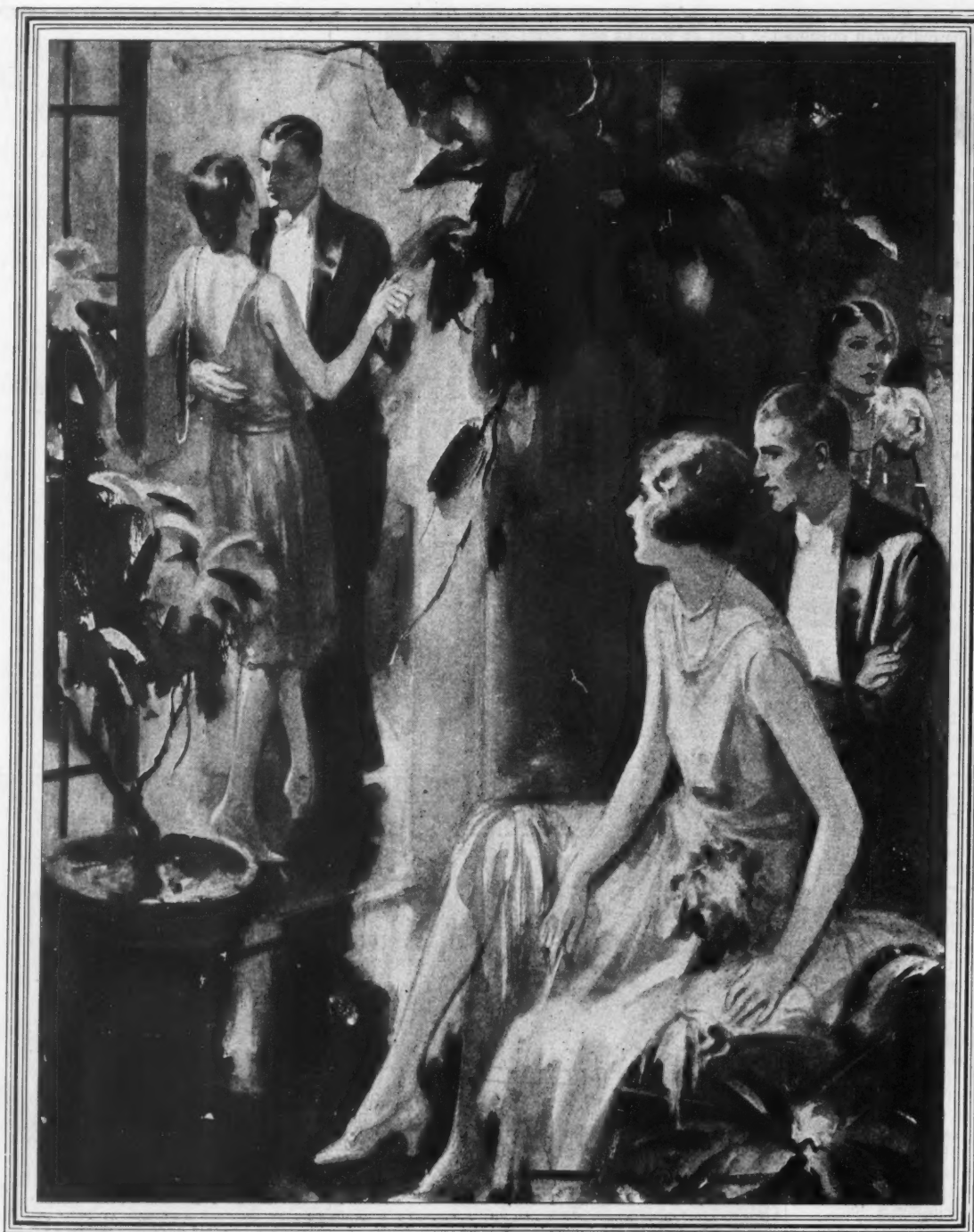
"I have another name too," the child explained in his matter-of-fact way, "that I was given at the Home. It begins with W, because I came in with W's. But 'Gerard' is really [Turn to page 66]



AGAIN SHE FLUNG OUT HER ARMS, STRAINING TO TOUCH HIM, TO CARESS HIM . . . HE SAW HER POISED THERE, FRAGILE, INDISTINCT



*A  
Glamorous  
Tale  
Rich  
With  
The  
Lure  
And  
Mystery  
Of  
The  
East*

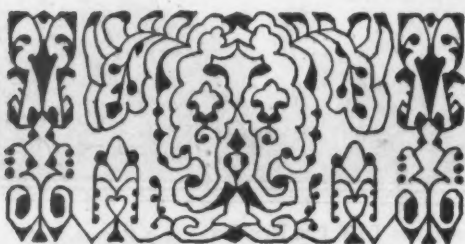


A GOOD MANY PEOPLE WERE WATCHING, AND PRESENTLY PEGGY BECAME CONSCIOUS OF FUGITIVE WHISPERING

# BY REQUEST

BY ETHEL M. DELL

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER



PEGGY is eighteen and graduating from school. Her father lives in India and she is to go out to the land of her birth to keep house for him. The prospect does not please her very much—she has so many dear friends whom she will be leaving behind, and her father is entirely immersed in his work. Furthermore, the only other person she knows in that far away country, Noel Wyndham, is planning a visit to England. She and this old-time friend will probably pass each other on the high seas. Peggy hopes against hope that he will change his plans for some reason and be in India when she arrives.

**I**NDIA! It was like waking up out of a long dream to Peggy. She stood and listened to the yelling myriads in the great station while words and phrases of an unknown tongue came crowding back to memory.

She awoke to the fact that some one was talking to her, and with a curious sense of incongruity she found Tiggie Turner waiting to say good-by.

His big hand clasped hers hard and close. His broad face looked oddly crumpled though it was smiling. "You'll not forget me?" he said.

"Never!" said Peggy. "Never!" and then wondered, as his smile brightened, whether she had been too enthusiastic.

"Will you give me your address?" he said.  
She complied, reflecting that he would certainly obtain it by some means or other.



"And this is mine," said Tiggie, pressing a scrap of paper upon her. "If you are ever in any trouble—well, you know you've only got to let me know, don't you?"

"Thank you very much," said Peggy, knowing full well that she would never summon him to her aid. "And I shall look you up before long," he assured her fervently. "Good-by, Peggy! Good-by, darling!"

She heard the last word, low-spoken though it was, but somehow he looked so extremely like a child that it was just going to burst out crying that she dared not take exception to it. She merely pressed his hand.

"God bless you!" said Tiggie almost inarticulately, as he tore himself away.

There was no one to meet her, but she was not agitated on that account. All her memories of India were happy ones. The great task-mistress had never touched her with any but the lightest fingers of love.

"I really don't know why I minded coming alone," she said. "It all seems so natural and easy now I am here."

The Frasers were not going to Ghawalkhand till later, and only the first part of the journey could be traveled together. In a way Peggy was glad of this. She did not want any disturbing influence near her on this strange return to the land of her childhood. She wanted to step straight back into the old joyous atmosphere, and she had a strong conviction that it would be far better for her to meet her father alone.

The parting with the Frasers took place at a junction in the Plains two days' journey from Bombay. She was genuinely sorry to take leave of Bobby whose kindness was of a quality guaranteed to stand practically any strain. But between herself and Mrs. Bobby there was no pretence of any regret.

She was to reach Ghawalkhand that evening, and the prospect filled her with an eager anticipation that blotted out all other feelings. She was longing now to reach her father, to hold him against her heart and comfort him, to know him for her very own.

The long hours of travel seemed interminable. Slowly the hot afternoon waned, and glimpses of a line of hills in the distance clothed with jungle growth told her that

she was nearing her destination.

She found herself panting in a kind of desperation. "Oh, Daddy, do be there! Do be there!" she breathed.

The train ran into the station at length. The usual hubbub of native voices arose deafeningly from the platform. She had a confused impression of hurrying figures and dark faces.

Suddenly she saw an Englishman in a solar topee coming towards her, glancing into each carriage as he passed.

"Can it be Daddy?" she questioned doubtfully. "I didn't think he was quite like that."

The advancing Englishman drew near. And then she knew him—it was like the sudden raising of a curtain letting in a flood of light. She stretched out both hands to him. She was a child again.

"Noel!" she said.

HE gripped those eager hands instantly. Through all the babel around them she heard the well-remembered laugh.

"Hullo, Peg-top! Is it really you? Or has some grown-up young lady dared to borrow your eyes?"

"It is me—it is me!" she cried between tears and

## SILVER ADVENT

By Elinor Wylie

WITHIN this most unhallowed grove  
Of iron stems upraised at length,  
Hollow a silence out of love  
And thatch it over with our strength.  
Let it be small, but great enough  
To shelter beasts as well as men;  
And build the walls of stubborn stuff;  
The roofs of arches ten and ten.  
Open a window to the East  
Where dawn may flutter like a bird;  
Give the Gold West a second best,  
The North and South a fourth and third.  
Let stalls be bedded down with straw;  
Let mangers overflow with corn;  
Strew rushes on the floor, and draw  
The wooden latch to meet the morn.  
Suspend our breath, and in a flash  
The snow shall fall; and falling make  
The softened and the silver clash  
Of flake against another flake.

smiles. "Can't you see it's me? I knew you directly I saw you close."

"By Jove!" he said again, "Isn't this topping?"

He found her a comfortable carriage in the Ghawalkhand train and disappeared into the confusion while she sat in her corner and waited. Her heart was no longer thumping with suspense though it was beating very fast. So they had not missed each other after all! He was here in the flesh—Noel the Wonderful—to greet her.

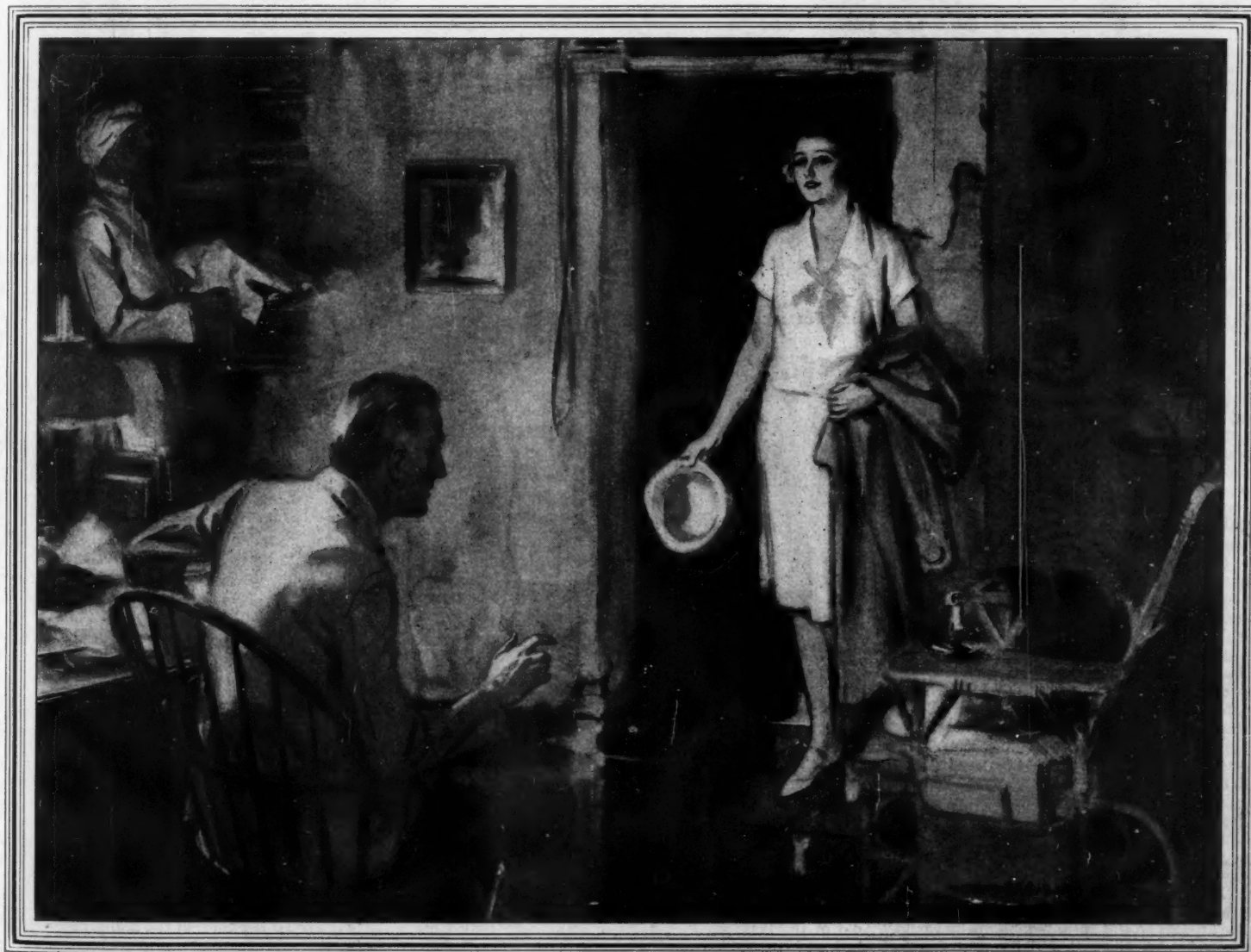
It was some time before he came back. Suddenly she heard his voice again.

"I've brought you some tea. Can you open the door?"

The light fell full upon him as she did so, and she saw that which in the dazzle and turmoil outside she had missed. He was older—very much older—than that playfellow of hers who

had gone away from her without saying good-by. He had matured since then, and though the boyish glint still lingered in his eyes, she saw that he was a man.

IT was dark when the train steamed out of Samdana station. Noel had begun to talk about her father's



TO PEGGY STANDING BAREHEADED WITH THE LIGHT FULL UPON HER, THOSE WIDE EYES HAD A LOOK OF UNSPEAKABLE HUNGER THAT WENT STRAIGHT TO HER HEART



SHE WAS NOT IN A MOOD  
FOR ANALYZING HER FEELINGS

railway, to tell her a score of things that she had never known. And while he talked she watched him, this bronze-faced, square-shouldered Englishman. She realized that he must possess a tremendous attraction for all with whom he came in contact. No man of his personality and bearing could fail to do so.

He broke off suddenly in his talk. "What are you thinking of?" he said. In some confusion she turned her thoughts from him to her father. "I want to ask you something," she said. "Will you please tell me a little about Daddy? Is he very hard at work?"

"Very," said Noel.

He had been ready enough to talk of the railway and all the engineering achievements it involved, but she saw in a moment that on this more personal matter he was not at his ease. The discovery sent a sick feeling of uncertainty through her, but she would not shrink now. The time had come for her to see things as they were. "You don't want to tell me," she said, "but I've got to know, haven't I? What is he like? I haven't seen him for so long, not since my mother died."

"Ah!" Noel said, as one catching at a straw. "I'm afraid he never quite got over that."

"What do you mean by that?" said Peggy almost pleadingly. "It would be so very kind of you to tell me, if you only would. It would be very much better for me to know," she said, as he still hesitated. "It really would."

He gave in suddenly, with a depth of compassion that she but vaguely understood. "Oh, you poor little girl!" he said. "They oughtn't to have let you come. It was a damned shame. Some one—Nick—ought to have come

with you!"

"He couldn't," said Peggy. "But go on!"

His hand found hers and held it. "He isn't sane, Peg-top. Everybody knows it. He isn't dangerous. I don't mean that. But he's just a broken man. Only the extra-

ordinary part is that he keeps on—and works as no normal man could possibly work. He has a bungalow beyond the city, but as often as not he spends his nights in a mud hut up the hill where the railway is being built. He is just finishing a wonderful viaduct—like nothing else in India, an absolute masterpiece of genius; but that part of his brain is all that seems to func-

tion. The rest of him is gone."

"I see," said Peggy. She swallowed hard once or twice. Her fingers were clinging to Noel's hand as they had clung in childhood. "He may—perhaps he will—come back," she murmured rather piteously.

Noel said nothing.

SIR WILLIAM MUSGRAVE sat at work in his bungalow. Under the lamp that presided over his desk he was making intricate mathematical calculations.

In an adjoining room his servant moved softly. Presently he would glide in with a tray which he would set down by his master's side, and the worker would eat while he worked, scarcely knowing that he did so. Suddenly there came a sound close at hand—the tread of feet upon the dark verandah. The worker heard and slightly changed his position, but did not cease to work.

"Is that you, Forbes?" he said, without turning his head. There was no reply. The footsteps ceased on the threshold of the open window. The man within continued his task as if he had forgotten their approach. Nevertheless, after a few moments, he spoke again very softly, still without turning his head. "Is that you, Daisy? Come in, darling! I am waiting for you."

Peggy stood in indecision. She had almost decided that it would be wiser to withdraw and perhaps get a message conveyed to Noel, when there came a sound. The door of the bare room opened, and a bare-footed native servant clad in snowy white entered, bearing a tray. He was an elderly man with a watchful, somewhat apprehensive look. Drawing near to his master, he murmured something, and set the tray upon a small table which he pulled to his side.

The worker said nothing. A faint frown crossed his face as though he resented the interruption but recognized it as inevitable.

The man arranged one or two things on the tray and prepared to withdraw. But, as he straightened himself, his look went to the window, and in a moment a glare of sheer animal terror leaped into his eyes. He uttered a curious sound and went backwards, staring wildly. The worker looked up. The Indian raised a trembling hand, pointing, "Mem-sahib!" he said. "Mem-sahib! See, sahib! She waits!"

The worker turned slowly in his chair with the heavy movements of an old man. His eyes, bloodshot with too constant use and concentration, traveled to the window. He opened his mouth to speak, but a sudden thrill went through him, stiffening all his muscles, and no words came. He sat like one caught by an electric current, motionless, speechless, rigid.

To Peggy, standing bareheaded with the light full upon her, those wide eyes had a look of unspeakable hunger that went straight to her heart.

"May I come in?" she said.

He tried to answer, but failed. She saw his throat begin to work. Inspiration came to her. She made a sign of dismissal to the native who stood cringing with terror at the door—a sign which he was swift to obey. Then, without any further hesitation, she went to the man in the chair and knelt down by his side.

"Daddy," she said, "it's me! Don't you know me?"

His voice came at last, hollow-sounding, uncertain. "Yes, dear, yes. I know you. It's a very long while— isn't it?—since you came."

She laid her hand upon his knee. "It's me, Daddy," she said, striving to speak with great emphasis despite the hard beating of her heart. "It's Peggy. Don't you remember Peggy?"

A clouded, painful look came into his eyes. "Peggy?" he said. "Peggy? Yes, I remember her. She is our little girl. She is quite safe, dear. I gave her to Nick."

Peggy was again conscious of that weight of tears within her. Her throat ached with the desire to shed them, but she kept them back. "Daddy dear, I am Peggy—your own Peggy. You haven't seen me for twelve years, and I've grown up. And now I've come to you."

He regarded her doubtfully, his hand still at his chin. Then, "Twelve years!" he re-

[Turn to page 83]

## NATIVITY

By William Rose Benét

NOW the tortuous text,  
The volume perplexed  
With intricate ironies,  
The Book of Life, of years  
Charged with blood and tears,  
Let fall from your knees!

Read no more this night;  
Raise to quelling light  
Shed from simple stall  
Eyes bewildered, blind  
With passion, with the mind;  
Let the book fall!

Dream a fabulous birth,  
Muse on sorry earth  
In Winter struck to Spring,—  
Men of endless war  
Fain again of a star  
Of an alien king.

Pomp and panoply,  
Prostrate utterly  
To a small doomed stranger,  
To a sword of sharper strife,  
To a word transvaluing life,  
To the child in the manger!





# SAINT NICHOLAS

*An Old Saint in a New World*

BY REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO



ST. NICHOLAS, ECCLESIASTIC, WITH HIS EMBROIDERED ROBES

MANY of life's finest souls are hidden from our eyes or lost in the recesses of the past. Some individuals sheltered themselves behind their benevolent deeds. Others existed so remotely or obscurely that we only know them by the continuous beneficence flowing from their careers. Saints who taught the great to mingle with the lowly, the wise with the simple, the rich with the poor, seldom received the homage their fellowmen offered to poets, statesmen, princes and kings. But their reign is an invisible dominion; they distribute God's gifts throughout the earth. To them we owe the defeat of tyranny and cruelty, the freshness and fragrance of peace and good will. Their hearts leapt like flame to greet the Christ. They shared the riches of His grace with the needy and the desolate.

Such a saint was Nicholas, bishop of Myra, whose day of celebration dates from December the sixth, 326 A. D. His various names indicate the spaciousness of his influence. In Latin, Sanctus Nicolaus; in Italian, San Nicolò, or Nicola di Bari; in German, Der Heilige Nicolaus, or Niklas; in Dutch, St. Nicolaas or Nicolaes; in English plain Saint Nicholas; and here in America we have come to call him good old Santa Claus. He is the patron saint of children, especially schoolboys, of portionless maidens, of sailors, of travelers and merchants. He is also the protector against thieves and losses by robbery or violence, the chief national hero of Russia, the patron of Bari, of Venice, of Freiburg and of numerous other towns and cities, particularly those located on the coasts, seaports and places engaged in commerce. If knighthood had its St. George and chivalry its St. James, serfhood had its St. Nicholas. He is emphatically the leader of democracy, the joyous saint of the people, the bourgeois "holy one" invoked by the peaceable citizen, by the laborer who toils for his daily bread, by the merchant trading from shore to shore, by the mariner venturing on the stormy ocean. The captive, the prisoner, and the slave in many lands beyond our own, unite with the orphan and the widow in his praise.

Effigies of St. Nicholas, that benign ecclesiastic, with his embroidered robes glittering with gold and jewels, his mitre, crozier and three attendant youths, meet one at every turn in some of the countries mentioned. No saint in the calendar has so many churches, chapels and altars dedicated to him. He is honored as the representative of humanism rather than nationalism and as the directing personality of the Yuletide Feast.

It is useless to attempt the historical verification of his career. His cult is as famous as his origin is unrevealed. Many of the accounts given of him are mainly legendary. Yet beneath them is the usual core of truth. A bishop bearing his name and venerable for his piety and generosity was loved and esteemed in the Eastern Church during the sixth century. It is claimed that this bishop held the see of Myra during the reign of the Roman emperor Diocletian; that [Turn to page 88]



AND HERE IN AMERICA WE HAVE COME  
TO CALL HIM GOOD OLD SANTA CLAUS

## *A Glowing Romance—A Great Memorial To A Great Author*



THE INVISIBLE SHAFTS FROM HER EYES, POISONED WITH THEIR DISDAIN, STIRRED HIM WITH THE THRILL OF A PAINFUL TRIUMPH

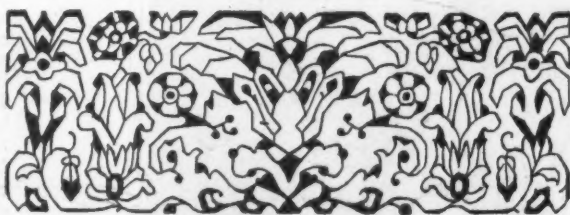
# The PLAINS of ABRAHAM

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

SECURE in their home on the edge of the Big Forest in the province of Quebec, Henri Bulain and his English wife Catherine laugh at the rumors of coming war. France and England are at peace—why should their colonists shed each other's blood? The Indians are friendly—why fear them? So the Bulains are deaf to the warnings of Hepsibah Adams, Catherine's brother, who visualizes the night when Mohawks will come with fire and tomahawk through Forbidden Valley. Only twelve-year-old Jeems Bulain has faith in Hepsibah, and Jeems is torn between loyalty to his own land and to his mother's. For has he not heard Toinette Tonteur, daughter of the neighboring seigneur, refer to him as an "English beast"? Jeems loves Toinette, but he knows that she hates him, and he fears that she has become fond of her cousin, Paul Tache.

IN the days and weeks that followed, the spirit of comradeship between Jeems and his uncle grew stronger. This closer association with a man whose knowledge of the frontiers and their conditions was excelled by few, and who had supplemented his enlightenment by an acquaintance with the history and political strength and weaknesses of the mother countries that controlled them, gave to Jeems a scope for thought that every hour helped to broaden. With his illimitable resources of information about the wilderness world of half a continent Hepsibah also possessed a kindly and homely philosophy which, striking deeply at the truth



of many things, planted in Jeems' widening viewpoints of life constructive guideposts to the future which he was determined not to forget.

Late Spring, then the beginning of Summer, followed Hepsibah's arrival at the Bulain home and still he gave no betrayal of the restlessness which presaged his usual disappearance for another long period in the fastnesses of the wild. This season of the year was always one of torment for the forest dwellers because of the winged pests which crawled the earth and filled the air, and Jeems had come to dread it as an indescribable nightmare of discomfort and suffering. From the first of June until the middle of August such plagues of mosquitoes bred and multiplied in the swamps and lowlands and woods that beasts were half devoured alive and the pioneers literally fought for their own existence, smoking their cabins incessantly, covering their flesh with hog fat and bear grease, and resorting to every known subtlety that they might snatch a little sleep at night.

But this summer Jeems' body as well as his mind had

found something new with which to grapple, and instead of remaining in the shelter of smoking logs he greased himself like an Indian and worked shoulder to shoulder with his father and uncle. The trader's leathery skin was toughened by years of exposure until it was immune to the discomfort of mosquito venom, and Jeems struggled to keep in his company and succeeded in doing it, though on close and sultry days or when a storm was brewing his father advised him to leave the fields. Hepsibah exulted

in this fortitude of his young companion, and when the trying weeks were over and late August brought relief he had put Jeems through a course of training which he swore would make it easy for him to defeat Paul Tache when they came together again, and had taught him the tricks of small-arm loading and firing until at thirty paces his pupil could send a pistol ball into a four-inch target three times out of five. Jeems' pride in this weapon was almost as great as that which he took in his bow, in the use of which his expertness in sending an arrow to its mark never failed to draw expressions of amazement and approbation from his uncle.

Jeems did not go to Tonteur Manor though occasionally he heard news from the seigneurie. Twice Henri and Hepsibah made journeys there during July and August, and twice the baron rode over to eat Sunday dinner with the Bulains. It was quite comfortable at the big house, their visitor said, as he had cleared and drained the land adjoining it and, in addition to this, he had brought some new-fangled cloth from Quebec

with v  
protect  
was in  
activiti  
the exi  
early in  
to scho  
lines,  
mother  
a fashi  
that he  
adored  
in three  
lady a  
lucky b  
her. Je  
which  
It was  
not on  
the ash  
with an  
fort to  
that To  
her tim  
with se  
hold he  
the fas  
there w  
gentlem  
that M  
finest o  
"You  
stead o  
"When  
wife to  
Autu  
glory i  
these m  
of first  
ests an  
seemed  
thrill o  
year a  
of the s  
and on  
nounced  
for the



with which they had made tent-like protections for their beds. Everyone was in high humor there because of the activities going on in preparation for the exit of the entire family for Quebec early in September. Toinette was going to school at the convent of the Ursulines, and now that her ambitious mother was about to launch her upon a fashionable career, Tonteur declared that he was losing the little spitfire he adored and would have returned to him in three or four years a splendid young lady all ready for marriage to some lucky blade who would not half deserve her. Jeems listened with a feeling of loss which his countenance did not betray. It was as if the fire of his dreams had not only burned itself out, but even the ash were being cleared away. For with an emotion which he made no effort to conceal, Tonteur let it be known that Toinette would not spend much of her time on the Richelieu after this, with so many things to attract and hold her in Quebec, which was one of the fashion-spots of the world. Soon there would be plenty of smart young gentlemen at her feet and he was sure that Madam Tonteur would bag the finest one of the lot for her daughter. "You are lucky in having a boy instead of a girl," he said to Catherine. "When Jeems marries he will bring his wife to live near you."

Autumn came and with it a great glory in the wilderness. Jeems loved these maturer days of golden ripeness, of first frosts, of painted hardwood forests and of crisp, tangy air when all life seemed rejuvenated and his own veins danced to the thrill of unending promises and expectations. But this year a heaviness of heart was in him with the changing of the seasons. Toinette and her people left for Quebec, and one evening a week later Hepsibah gravely announced that he could not longer delay his departure for the far frontiers of Pennsylvania and the Ohio where

### THIRD AISLE OVER

By John V. A. Weaver

TEN o'clock every night this week, and here  
It's after midnight. . . . Yeh, some "Merry Christmas"! Customers mean and cranky. . . . My back and arms—  
And oh, my feet! My feet! I'm sorry, Joe.  
I'll help you with the tree in just a minute. . . .

Get my presents, and put 'em 'round with yours, Joe.  
Ain't it the cutest set of carpenter tools!  
That's a real saw, and plane, too! Yeh, they wouldn't Gimme much discount. But he'll love it, won't he! . . .

All right. Now here's the Santy Claus, and the tinsel.  
There. And it looks as pretty as it can be!  
Careful about the candles in the morning. . . .

Come here, Joe. Look at that star, right over the roof!  
Gee, when the El is gone, ain't it so still, though?  
Ain't it the loveliest star! . . . Oh, Joe, do you feel it?  
It's sort of like the city was holdin' its breath,  
Or . . . prayin'. . . . Know what I mean? Why say, I feel  
Real rested! My, it's so beautiful, I wish  
We could bring him in. . . . But I guess he better sleep. . . .

Oh, Joe! When he sees the tree! And the ball . . . . And the tools! . . .

his obligations as a trader called him. Catherine was silent for a while, then cried softly to herself. Jeems drew back where his uncle would not see him clearly. Henri's cheerfulness died out like a lighted candle extinguished by a breath of wind. Hepsibah's face was grimly set, so hard was he fighting to hold a grip on his emotion. He promised that he would never again remain

away long at a time. He would return during the Winter. If he failed to come they would know he was dead.

When Henri got out of his bed to build the fire the next morning Hepsibah was gone. He had stolen off like a shadow in some still hour of the night.

MORE determinedly than when his uncle had been with him Jeems continued at his work and at the mental efforts with which he was struggling to reach out into the mountains and valleys of experience ahead of him. His father came to depend upon him in many ways, and with eyes which were constantly discovering some new change in him Catherine put greater effort than ever in her tutoring.

Through the Fall and Winter the Bulain cabin was visited by wandering Indians who learned that food, warmth and a welcome were always there. Jeems' friendship for them was tempered by the things Hepsibah had told him, and while he brought himself into closer intimacy with them, winning their confidence and making himself more efficient in their speech, he was also watching and listening for the signs of hidden dangers against which his uncle had repeatedly warned him. Most of these Indians were from the Canada tribes and among them he found no cause for unrest, but when occasionally an Onondaga or Oneida came their way he detected in their manner a quiet and sleepless caution which told him these visitors from the Six Nations considered themselves over the dead-line which marked the country of their enemies. And he made note that they always came through that part of Forbidden Valley which Hepsibah had predicted would be a future warpath for the Mohawks. Still there seemed to be no sinister thought behind the visits of the savages, and now that his powers of observation had increased he was impressed by the reverence [Turn to page 72]



HENRI WAS ON THE GROUND NEAR ONE OF CATHERINE'S ROSEBUSHES, AS IF ASLEEP. HE LAY WITH HIS FACE TURNED TO THE SKY . . . JEEMS KNELT BESIDE HIM



WHEN Jarvis opened his eyes, he saw one glittering star in the sky, riding high above a frozen world. It was dark, yet he knew it was not night. He could have told the hour within ten minutes; six o'clock, it was, and time for him to turn out.

He got up stiffly and crossed the room to close the window. And for a moment stood there, looking out at the dark and empty fields, the naked trees with their branches distorted in a thousand crooked angles; a desolate world, with a cruel beauty of its own.

The cold made him shiver; he pulled down the blind and turned on the light. And with that, all trace of beauty vanished. He had a curious distaste for this attic room of his, with its sloping ceiling, its one little leaded window; it seemed to him sometimes like a trap, in which he could not draw a full breath.

He had always imagined that when at last he came ashore to live, he would have a room such as his parents had had in their old home on the Massachusetts coast, a big, solid, dignified room, with a thick carpet on the floor, and sometimes a coal-fire that would shine reflected on dark polished wood and the gilt frames of pictures. And he had seen himself always as Captain Jarvis, the man of quiet authority. Never like this.

He marveled to remember his past magnificence. As he dressed, in his neat, rather worn blue serge, he remembered little scenes; himself in a victoria, riding through the streets of some tropic seaport, leaning back, a cigar in his mouth, a figure of dignified nonchalance. And stopping, with a brief gesture, to buy something that had caught his fancy, some gift to take home to his wife.

There was a mirror on the chest of drawers, standing on its side, because the sloping roof was too low for it to be set upright; he had to stoop to look into it as he knotted his tie. And reflected there, he could see what had become of that Captain Jarvis.

Sixty, this man in the mirror was, straight and spare, hard as nails, with steady gray eyes, neatly trimmed beard, the graying hair still thick on his fine head. Ten good years or more of work in this man, but for that—"accident," the owners had called it; disaster it had been for him.

A long habit of command, and his native pride, had made him unwilling to make explanations. The owners thought that collision in the fog had been due to an "error of judgment" on his part. Let them think it. What could they, in their snug offices,



HIS OWN KATE HAD BEEN SO FOND OF PRETTY CLOTHES

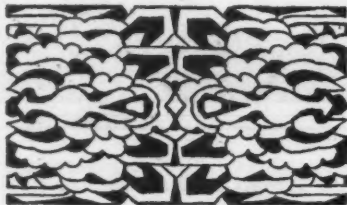
*They Gall Us, Yet We Hug Them*

## IN CHAINS

BY

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS



understand of that most dread of all enemies at sea?

"It was nobody's fault," Captain Jarvis had said, briefly. "It was an act of God."

They had been very decent about it, in their way. Jarvis had an unblemished record; and, moreover, there was something in the man himself. To see him sitting there, cap in hand, speaking with a sort of frigid respect, had filled the junior partner with an odd discomfort. Jarvis didn't impress him as a man who would be careless or lacking in judgment.

Yes, they had been very decent. They had retired Captain Jarvis on a pension, with many friendly words; not their fault that he had come to this. It was his own fault, his own folly and weakness. He admitted that to himself, with stern candor, yet in his heart he was bewildered, amazed, at his present state.

Turning out the light, he put the bed to air, opened the window, and left the room, closing the door behind him. He moved cautiously, a little stiffly, through the dark hall and down the stairs of the little house, to the kitchen. He turned on the light here, and from behind the door took down a black rubber apron which he put on over his neat blue suit. He filled the percolator and set it on the oil-stove, and a saucepan of water, and then he descended to the cellar. He stoked the furnace and opened the draughts, and, while waiting for the fire to burn up, he sat down upon an up-ended box and brought out his pipe and tobacco pouch.

He had only recently begun to smoke a pipe. In the old days his fancy had been for cigars, big, black cigars of a very special sort that he ordered from Havana. He could not afford cigars now. Here he sat, on a box in the cellar, smoking in his pipe the cheapest tobacco he could endure. And he wore an apron. Rose had suggested it.

What had come over him, that he allowed himself to be so used? It was incredible. He got up and looked at the fire; he was satisfied with it, and went up into the kitchen again. The water in the saucepan was bubbling now, and into it he measured, with great exactitude, one and a quarter cups

of a patent cereal. The coffee was nearly ready; he cut a little pile of bread and fried two eggs for himself, and all the while he felt a sort of guilt, because his appetite was so robust. Two eggs made a considerable item in Rose's housekeeping.

The day was coming now; a cold twilight filled the world. He turned out the light and sat down to eat his breakfast at



the kitchen table, where he could watch the eastern sky. There was no glorious dawn today; the sky that had been dark grew palely gray; the bright star had faded; for a few moments there was a clear streak of yellow light above the marshes; then it vanished, and here was the Winter day.

A sound from upstairs made him remember. That was Rose getting up; no time now for quiet meditation in the world; the day must be hurried through in that fashion he so resented. He made haste to finish his breakfast, and by the time she came down, he had a place set for her on the table in the dining room.

"Good morning, Father!" came her anxious voice from the doorway. "How are you this morning?"

"Very well; and how are you?" he responded, politely.

It always seemed to him a most ironic thing that she should be called Rose, that lovely and poetic name. For never was a woman less poetic. Such a thin, harassed little creature she was, with her hair dragged back into a tight knot; she was neat and clean, and that was all she cared about; never yet had he seen so much as a bit of ribbon to betoken any natural vanity, any wish to please the eye.

And that shocked him. His own wife had been so different, so gay and loveable, with her delight in pretty things. He had been always bringing her presents, lace from Spain, a bit of Chinese embroidery, outlandish jewelry, and she had made such ingenious use of them. He remembered a piece of figured Indian silk; how she had held it up, under her chin, smiling with pleasure, waiting for him to say what he always did say—"Suits you very well, Kate, my girl." She had been the very dream of a woman, the sweet and gracious figure a man could keep in his heart through months of absence, in all the far corners of the earth.

His son had written to him as if Rose were like that. Well, perhaps twenty years ago, when the boy married her, she had been different, though it was hard to think so. Captain Jarvis had not seen her then; she had lived in California, where her husband's ship came in, and he had never set eyes upon her until three months ago, after his disaster.

He had found a boarding-house in Staten Island where a friend of his, another retired captain, lived; Captain Jarvis was to have had a big, pleasant room, and the landlady, a sensible, cheerful woman, had promised to make him very comfortable. But before he settled there, it had seemed to him the natural and proper thing to pay a little visit to his son and his daughter-in-law, who were now living on the South Shore of Long Island. So he had arrived, with a new suitcase, meaning to stop for a week. And he had been there for three months, and wore an apron.

In justice to her, he was obliged to admit that Rose had never asked him to do anything at all. It had simply happened. When he had come, his son, who was First Officer of a passenger ship, had come home, and seeing him, Captain Jarvis might have foreseen his own fate. But he had not. He had looked on, with secret astonishment and disapproval, at the transformation of his son from the smart and competent officer who arrived in the evening

## THE GENTLEST LADY

By Dorothy Parker

THEY say He was a serious Child,  
And quiet in His ways.  
They say the Gentlest Lady smiled  
To hear the neighbors' praise.

The coffers of her heart would close  
Upon their smallest word;  
Yet did they say "How tall He grows!"  
They thought she had not heard.

They say upon His birthday eve  
She'd rock Him to His rest  
As if she could not have Him leave  
The shelter of her breast.

The poor must go in bitter thrift,  
The poor must give in pain;  
Yet ever did she set a gift  
To greet His day again.

They say she'd kiss the Child awake,  
And hail Him gay and clear;  
But oh, her heart was like to break  
To count another year.

into the man in an apron who devoted himself to "helping" Rose. He had thought it an unbelievable thing to see a man, and a son of his, in an apron.

"I'll get the breakfast tomorrow morning," his son had said. "You look worn out, Rose. You take a rest."

The worst of it was, that she really was worn out, always, because of the preposterous amount of work she persisted in doing. Washing and ironing and cooking, and sewing, eternally sewing, for that girl of hers.

"Ally writes that she needs a new dress," she would say.

"Can't she make 'em herself?" Captain Jarvis demanded.

"She hasn't time, Father. She's studying so hard, to finish that course. And she's got to look decent."

Captain Jarvis had his own opinion of this granddaughter of his. He had never seen her, and there were no photographs of her since she was a small girl, but he had seen quite enough of

that black dress-form that had been made to Ally's measure. And he imagined Ally to [Turn to page 89]



ALLY TOOK OFF THE LITTLE HAT, FLUNG IT ACROSS THE ROOM AND SEIZED HER MOTHER IN A FIERCE HUG

*Will Your Son Be Able To Look Back On A Happier Childhood Than That Described Here By A Scion Of One Of America's Wealthiest Families?*

# A POOR LITTLE RICH BOY'S CHRISTMAS

BY

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT Jr.



CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR.

**W**HAT does Christmas mean to the rich boy? Empty ceremonials and vain parading! An extra portion of cake and candy; expensive presents that bring no pleasure and carry no message of love!

More rigid discipline from the hirelings who govern him!

No real fun or outpouring of emotion!

Gold has stifled those lovely thoughts that wafted down through the ages from the lowly cradle of Nazareth.

Smart society considers all exhibition of real feeling as vulgar and no exception is made on Christmas.

A child of the tenements, surrounded by a happy family, often takes greater pleasure in his simple toys from the "five and ten" and enjoys a richer Christmas than the little heir to millions whose Christmas playthings have been made by the most skilled artisans of two continents and the cost of which would exceed the yearly income of the tenement family.

The memory of many a dreary Christmas I spent within the walls of our huge Fifth Avenue mansion haunts me to this day. I was so starved for a word of genuine affection I often bit my lips to keep the tears from my eyes.

At an early age I was imbued with the spirit of Christmas. It seemed to me the most sacred of days, and the one on which one should show his family how much he really loved them. I would plan my presents weeks ahead; those I was to receive I did not think much about, as I always had everything I wished.

But always disillusionment!

The atmosphere in the family circle on Christmas was so formal, I was never able to express my thoughts. The affectionate phrases I had on my lips were never uttered, and cold dignified pats took the place of the loving embraces I had expected. The first jar on Christmas Day was the valet's salutation.

Toc! Toc! A harsh dictatorial knock on the door many times repeated. Then a frigid voice: "Time to get up, Master Neil." And as an afterthought—"It is Christmas

morning, sir." Also in a frigid tone.

Only curt servility from a human automaton. Nothing warm or personal. A few minutes after being called, a maid would enter with a breakfast tray and another formal greeting. An hour later, a governess would come in, and in sharp, staccato tones announce:

"Master Neil, your bath is ready; your sister will join you in the day nursery in a half hour."

Upon meeting, my sister and I would embrace, a cold, had-to-be sort of kiss. Then we would await our parents, who would join us in a little while in the night nursery which was just beyond the day nursery.

The door to the night nursery would open and we would dash in, for a moment so excited we could scarcely speak; but that soon wore off. Our stockings had been hung by the chimney the night before—not by us, oh dear no, that was too common a way of doing things, but by some member of the nursing body who looked after us. Our letters to Santa, if we had written any, were pinned to our stockings. Candy in long cornucopias jutted out of our stockings. Around them was heaped an assortment of expensive toys.

I liked mechanical toys, from earliest youth, so that electrical trains, motorboats, motor-roller-skates, tricycles and the like I usually found among my presents. My sister did not like dolls. But the family tried to make her like them, and the poor child was always showered with every kind and description of them. Neither was she very domestic as a youngster. But she invariably got her sewing kits, kitchen utensils and the like, when she really wanted and had asked Santa for something of a much more Tom-boyish nature. It was believed to be bad policy to encourage this strain in her. So she usually came over to my toys and asked me to let her play with them. I think this was one reason why we grew up with so much of a bond of understanding between us.

A few minutes after looking [Turn to page 88]



MRS. VANDERBILT WITH CORNELIUS JR. AND HIS SISTER YEARS AGO



*Adventuring With Mrs. Robinson, You Feel, With Her, That The Fascination Of Her Search Was Worth The Hardships Endured*



EVERYTHING LOOKS LIKE WINTER NOW. THERE IS PLENTY OF SNOW AND THE RIVER IS FREEZING HARDER AND HARDER

# A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

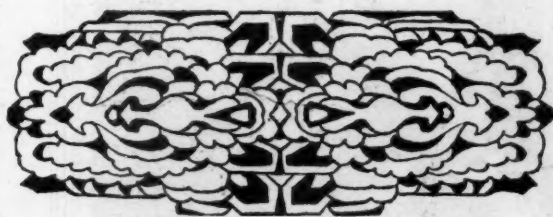
BY JOSEPHINE DE MOTT ROBINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

JOSEPHINE DE MOTT ROBINSON, remembered by McCall readers as the Circus Lady, and her husband joined the gold rush to Alaska back in 1897. In the November issue she told the almost unbelievable experiences of the expedition that left Seattle to encounter amazing hardships and adventure on the freezing Yukon. She recounted the pathetic, foolhardy things the men—terrified by endless Winter—did in the camp at Woodworth while waiting for Spring and the breaking of the river so that they might continue their journey into the heart of the gold fields. By February, '98, the Robinsons had become desperate.

**FEBRUARY 8th.** We are planning another trip up river to Rampart. There may be some mail waiting for us there—maybe a letter with money enough to get us out. We are renting the services of two dogs to carry the tent and stove and grub and blankets for us, and the owner of the dogs, one Phillips. It feels good to be going somewhere again.

**February 9th.** A blinding blizzard today—my first at



close hand. I have watched them often enough from my cabin window. We fought our way through—and just when I thought the wind was taking my last bit of breath we came to a woodchopper's cabin.

No one was there, so we went in and made ourselves comfortable. The owner came in later, but he didn't show any great surprise at seeing us in possession. This terrible land seems to take that out of people—you would think that when they are so few and far apart they would welcome each other, but they seem to get like Indians, silent, speaking in grunts.

**February 11th.** We said good-by and looked back to see if the man was at least looking after us, but he wasn't—he was going slowly back into his hut.

**February 16th.** We got to Rampart City today. I had a contented feeling when I saw the ragged cabins—like landing after a rough voyage. I made myself comfortable in the empty cabin offered us.

**February 18th.** Charley came in this morning with a man named Blatchford and four dogs—real malemutes. Charley told me he was going to buy the dogs for two hundred dollars. I was aghast. When the man went out to feed his dogs I said, "Oh, Charley, you know that is all the money we have in the world."

He grinned sheepishly. "Well, the other day I happened to remember that back in Seattle I put three hundred dollars in three bills in an inside pocket while we were buying supplies. It must be there still."

Who knows where that money may be? But it does make me feel queer to think that we had enough at one time so that we could put that much away and forget it and consider it a whole fortune now.

Anyway we now own four dogs. Four really wonderful specimens of Alaskan dogs. Chippie—the leader—is a well-known dog, and has a reputation for finding the trail. Blatchford is selling them because two of the dogs are down with a bad case of distemper. If they pull through they will be worth at least eight hundred in the Spring. Blatchford is going out with some one who has dogs; so we are taking a chance with them.

I called them all by name, Chippie, Klondyke, Pedro and Jack. Strange dogs—they never bark, they never wag their tails, they never show the friendliness of outside dogs. Sometimes I wish and wish I could hear just once Manuel's clear, sharp little bark, instead of seeing these half wolves, as cold and silent as their land.

*February 19th.* We told Phillips today that we were not going back with him. The dogs are nearly well and I feel I have them under control. Best of all we ran across an Indian with a sleigh on his way to Holy Cross Mission. He is going to travel with us, since we have no money left to buy a sleigh. We are to feed him as far as Woodworth.

*March 3rd.* We made the trip back beautifully, no blizzards, and the dogs proved wonderful travelers. Three nights' sleep and three days' travel and we are home again.

I have learned things about dog teams now. "Mush on," is the term you use to start them, at the same time giving the sleigh a good wiggle to get it out of the ruts and free from sticking.

The Indians have finished making Saunders' sleigh. He is ready to start tomorrow after his wife, with lovely dogs bought down stream and a really gorgeous lot of robes.

We caused great excitement at Woodworth with our dog team. All the settlers who were in camp turned out to greet us.

*March 5th.* Back with the Indians again. It looks comfortable in my own little cabin with its lamp. How easily we get used to a certain set of things whether they cost much or little. But when I looked out at the bend in the river that never stirs an inch for all my straining gaze, I find I hate that as much as ever.

Not a word have Charley and I said about the real reason we went to Rampart—that weak hope that somehow some of our people might have sent us word and money. We both act as if the real reason we went there was to get the dogs.

*March 20th.* I am taking stock today of our resources. Our money is about gone. We hold several claims, including mine at Minook. Some are staked out, some purchased. We have four good dogs and heaps of grub—too much for people who are going out soon.

Charley tells me that young Saunders came back yesterday from Rampart and brought his wife back with him. She was sitting in the midst of the beautiful robes,

and his face was so happy Charley said it made him feel afraid for him. She is installed in his cabin again with all the comforts the Arctic can supply, and he keeps her absolutely to himself.

*April 28th.* I haven't the courage to write down here day after day the monotony of it all. Rain, gales, freezes.

Solitaire is our one diversion—every known kind and some we make up. Even about this Charley is acting queer. He calls me that he has solved it, and isn't it too bad there aren't witnesses to see it?

I am getting queer myself. I fancy when I look out of the window that I see people on the trail, dim in the

heavy blowing snows.

*April 30th.* The Indians went away today to their Summer places, and we are alone here at Indian Camp, just Charley and I. Today we saw geese, but they were too high for us to shoot. The Indians say that is their signal to go. We have only one thought now—when will the river break? And we have one other which we do not voice—is the Mukluk all right or wrecked?

*May 11th.* The breaking up of the river means freedom to move up or down. Up to Circle City, where there may be a letter and money, or the man whom we were to have met last Fall who was to show us the hydraulic mining process.

Up the river to Circle City, or floating down the river and back to freedom, giving up our quest. Which shall it be?

*May 12th.* Charley and I talked the matter over and we have decided that it is better for us to build a raft and float back. So this morning we spent in the woods blazing certain trees we thought would do for a raft, and all day that feeling of contentment has made us happy.

*May 13th.* Last night I woke up and thought of our plan, of our raft, of home and friends again. Then suddenly I visioned a raft with us two on it, with four dogs on it and all our grub—supposing it drifted out of its course and lodged somewhere out of sight of incoming boats. Suppose this cruel country which we had so carelessly invaded, played us a final trick and lost us forever—

And Charley this morning rested his axe suddenly and said, "Say, Sis, it would be mighty mean to leave this man Bailey waiting for us at Circle."

He looked at me anxiously and I said, "I'd just been thinking about that myself. Maybe we'd better go there first, and then go back if we want to." I don't think any Bailey will be waiting for us, and I guess Charley doesn't; but we must have some sort of an excuse to fool each other and ourselves. So tomorrow morning we are going to take our grub to White Camp.

*May 14th.* We had a good trip to Woodworth, happy and lively paced one. The people seem in a fairly good mood and there are indications that the river is about to break.

*May 18th.* The river broke in all its fury. It is a furious and fascinating sight. All day we have been watching it rise.

*May 19th.* It is still rising and looks bad for us here. Cakes of ice twenty-five feet high go sailing by and sometimes tiny islands with trees upright on them sail along down. It is noon now, and the water is in our cabin. I made tea and hunted for bread with water around my ankles.

*May 20th.* Tonight the river has apparently reached

## A WILD FANTASY ABOUT CHRISTMAS MOONS

By Vachel Lindsay

TO my own tunes I will chant my words. Let no men bring their tunes to twist them.  
Some are words to the Christmas moons that swept so low, I could not resist them.

Those twelve half-moons last Christmas eve, arranged in a ring round a cloud of wonder!  
And they turned to snow-bird nests on a bough, tossed in the night-wind's organ thunder.

Each nest had snow-birds flying around. As the thunder ceased, they spoke like dreamers.  
And they turned to angels in the nests—now boats of the air with tinsel streamers.

Will I let some other man sit down and spoil with his dots on his music-paper  
Sea-ripples I alone have heard while the ships grew great, each mast a taper?

Each mast a taper tall as the sky with fire on the top more bright than moon-fire!  
From the twelve gilt ships with singing lips, souls called my name as they passed the church-spire.

They sang lost words I had whispered before; awake all night till the Christmas day-break!  
A baby boy in my trundle-bed, who had never known a grown man's heart-ache!

When I ran bare-foot from my singing nest to that Christmas tree in that long-lost Springfield,  
There were twelve gay candles, twelve balloons, and candies sweet as the clover May field.

Noah's Arks, and apples fair, and my shouting cousins running the show there.  
And a filagree fairy lair for me:—A Christ-child book on a bough bent low there.

And to my own tunes I crooned to the book—let no men bring their tunes to twist them,  
Words from my own especial heart—I hear them yet and cannot resist them.



♦♦♦♦♦ MRS. ROBINSON AND THE ALASKAN DOGS THAT SHE CURED OF A BAD CASE OF DISTEMPER ♦♦♦♦♦



its limit, but it is rushing along like a race horse. Nothing matters now that we realize that slow awful rising has stopped.

*May 23rd.* The Mukluk is all right and still seaworthy! That is news enough for one day, and the faces of everyone in camp look different—a new hope is on them all. The men are loading her with enough wood, mending and patching her wherever the cakes of ice have scraped her. She isn't handsome but she looks mighty good to us.

*May 25th.* This is the day I don't believe I ever really dared hope for. By afternoon we expect to go aboard the Mukluk and go on up the river. Everybody is loading grub. We keep asking when we are going to start, but it depends on so many things.

*Late at Night.* This afternoon we learned to our sorrow that we could not take our dogs on the boat. I thought of William, who would care for them I knew till we got them later. William's summer home is only a few miles on the other side of the river, but crossing this river just now is no joke. You go a few miles up stream and then strike out to cross, and land far below.

The Mukluk loaned us a rowboat and we set out, our possessions not yet on the Mukluk. A friend of ours named Grimm and Charley and I are in the little boat. We poled away along the bank till we were two miles above William and then pulled out—all of us together. We pulled hard and made it, fixed it up with William, and got ready to hurry back. I was almost ready to stay with the Indians and dogs till Charley came back for us later. I am very fond of the dogs by now and they know me as well as they would ever know anything human—but I decided to go along, and left the poor howling brutes to William.

Going back the current was much stronger. We rowed and rowed till we were opposite the Mukluk, and then I could row no more and even the men were so tired they had to catch at willows and rest every little while. But we went on at least two miles farther and then struck out across. But we made no advance at all in the direction of the big boat. Down stream we were swept—instead of across. We came even with the Mukluk and flew past it, and they were so busy loading they didn't see us. An extra current caught us and swept us into the middle of the river, until, at least five miles beyond the Mukluk we went bump into a little island. We crawled out and slid over cakes of ice as big as a cord of wood before we found a stump to tie to.

Then a terrible sound rent the air—the Mukluk's departing whistle. She was starting and without us! As if at a signal we all jumped up, waved and yelled at her. She was moving—and we were left. All these bitter months to end in this. I heard Charley vaguely muttering something about building a raft. I wanted to laugh. The boat went on whistling and then steamed slowly out. We called and called, but no one heard us, and after a while we stopped.

I was staring at the boat as if I must make it hear us, but it just went on unheeding.

Then I thought something had gone wrong with my eyes, for it seemed as if the boat was not moving away, as if it were turning around and coming towards us. I thought I wanted it so badly I really saw it—or perhaps I had fainted and was dreaming. But just then I heard Charlie saying, "Good God, I believe she is coming for us." I was glad he had the same merciful thought and hoped we could hold it long enough to die easily.

But a minute later we all saw it was true—she was really puffing and steaming in our direction till at length we realized they saw and heard us. She landed and took

us on. And then we learned how unbelievably lucky we had been. She had come back, not for us—they had taken it for granted we had changed our minds and were staying on with the dogs, but they had come to take on a lot of wood farther down that was out last Winter and on the way some one saw us!

Well, we are back on, and our grub has been put

where something would turn up. Even if the man who was to meet us in Circle City—and no doubt that is what the family expected would happen—was still in the country he will not expect anyone to stay and wait for him here. So our best prospect is to get where there are people. Late in the day we all embarked again. After a few miles our rudder clogged with drift, and we had

the usual excitement again. Some jumped to shore as the boat swung one way and the other. Some called for life boats. There are two of them for a hundred and fifty people and when we launched them they promptly filled with water.

As a matter of fact our boat is so poorly constructed that many of us are afraid to stay on deck for fear it will collapse. And we are afraid to stay below for fear it will fall on us. When we were finally tied safely this last time, everybody gave a cheer and began to laugh with relief, but it is easy to see that although the faces bear the expression of laughter, underneath there is pent up hatred ready to leap out at any provocation.

*June 4th.* Little boats of all kinds are passing us continually, floating down river. Some have sheets made of blankets and grub for ballast. People on our boat are trying to get passage down on

them, offering nearly all the money they have left for a chance to get out, but no one is willing to take chances at overloading the little craft that is taking him back out of this accursed country.

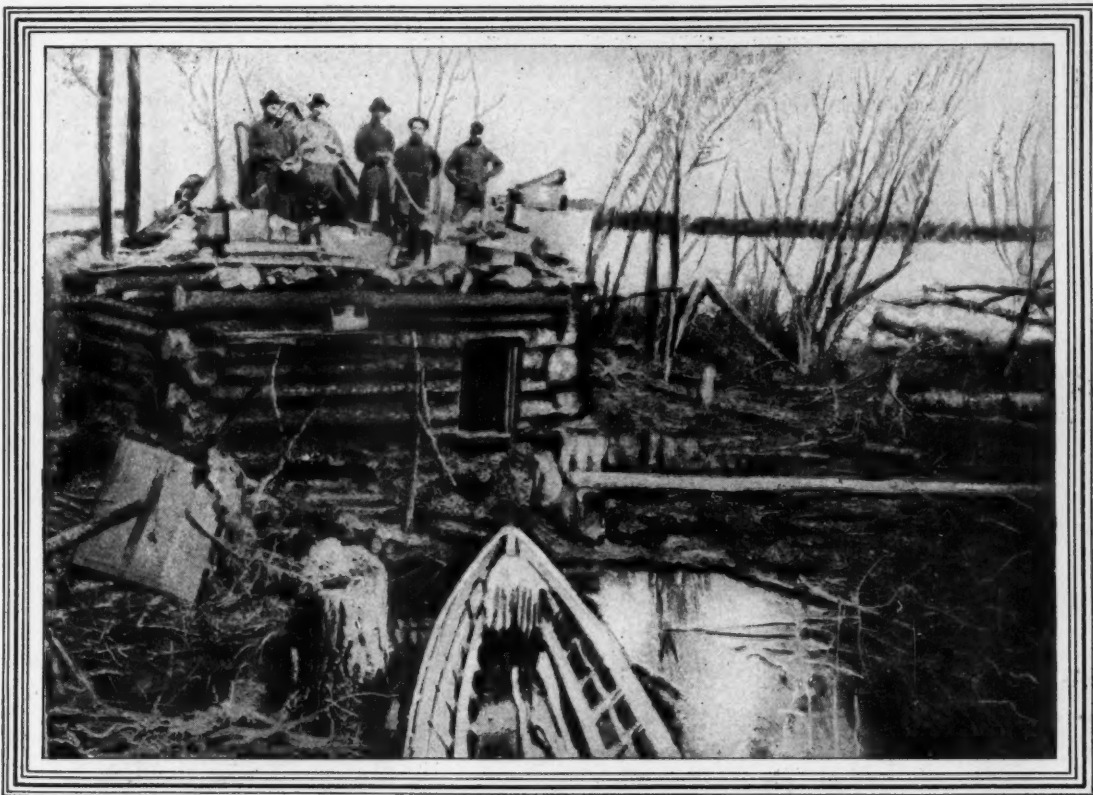
Twelve miles above Circle City we have run on the worst sand-bar yet. The river is falling fast too, and getting off looks more impossible with each hour. The Yukon is a quick worker. It knows how to rise when the ice breaks and it can go down just as fast. There is enough sand and gravel around the Mukluk now to make a nice promenade. Some one with a camera took a picture of me pretending to be panning gold.

*June 6th.* The whole boat is a mass of nerves, and it takes tact to keep out of trouble. The long dark disappointing Winter has turned them from human beings to something that can no longer reason a thing out. Charley and I

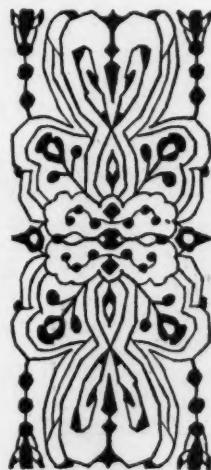
must be cautious in talking, for some half-crazed person may give us a crack over the head. Considering ourselves, then, still among the sane ones, we have very little to say—but I know that in my inner heart I agree with his inner thoughts—that a raft and the tide would be safer for us both. The people we should like to help are beyond reason; the company has no love for us.

*June 7th.* A boat with five men in it stuck and the men came over and talked. Last year, they tell us, only one sizeable boat got up the river on account of the bars and the fact that the Yukon falls very rapidly. This is bad news for us—so bad that it quieted our people. They are strangely quiet tonight—like a lot of prisoners who have escaped and been caught again, and have nothing to say of hope or even of despair. They are just staring ahead at the widening bar and saying nothing.

*June 8th.* Little boats are passing us by the hundred, drifting down. Sometimes we hail them, those among us who have money and want to be taken down, but none come near us. Once two lucky [Turn to page 78]



CAMP AT WOODWORTH AFTER THE YUKON'S TERRIBLE RISING



aboard, and I suspect, already divided up, for we found it in many different places. But the stencil on our bag proved it ours.

After the wood was loaded we went out again in midstream. It took us one hour to steam from the island into the middle of the river, so it is easy to see what little chance our rowboat had to make it.

*June 3rd.* We reached Circle City about eight tonight, after a terrible struggle with the river. The cabins are good here. We bought a felt hat for four dollars and a tin teakettle for two—but there is no candy to be had and I am hungry for some.

It seems queer to be here at last. This is the town where we meant to come when we started almost a year ago. We got our mail at last. Just to look at the envelopes sent a thrill of joy through me—the handwriting. I flew through Minnie's letter and Trix's and others, happy to know that all at home are well, or at least that they were a short time ago. To read about Minnie's new dress—and how good Manuel had been—and the new neighbors up the street—I was so busy that I forgot that Charley was reading mail too. His face was queer. He handed me the letter. It was from his brother, and my happiness turned to fear and foreboding when I read it. It told about an accident to the Robinson Opera House, involving much loss of life and subsequent damage suits, and it ended up by practically accusing us of criminal neglect because we were not there to help. From this plaint you would have thought we were off on a picnic somewhere, enjoying ourselves while others suffered. By the time they heard from us again and we got money almost anything might happen. Of check or money there was no sign.

We walked around Circle City, dazed, dumb, and I know neither of us got then the full import of the empty letter. But we talked things over and finally we decided to go with the expedition and perhaps some-



# The FOX WOMAN

BY NALBRO BARTLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS



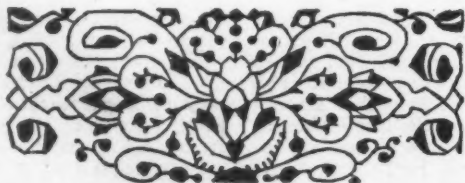
HER father, her friend's fiancé, her own husband, and finally Ames, her son—these among others in succession have been victims of Stanley's passion to rule. But there comes a time when in the battle between her son's personality and her own Stanley encounters formidable obstacles. Ames has met Carol, a girl of character and charm. Stanley forsores opposition and plans to destroy Carol's influence. In accordance with his habit of submission to his mother's will, Ames has allowed himself to become engaged to Telva—a girl of a very different type. Stanley regards this Telva as her chief weapon against the woman she fears.

TELVA was waiting at the hotel. "My love, there are many ways of obtaining an end—Luther preached and Cromwell fought—but Telva opened a bottle of 1879 port. The effect was marvelous and he will play the lead. We were in despair, about to beggar ourselves in sending to New York for some one. The lead is the whole show in this case and the thing might have fallen flat. Old dear, you look fagged. Do you know the latest stunt? To serve the *hors d'oeuvres* with an emotional stimulus? I'm still hunting to find what they are." "Don't be an idiot," said Ames somewhat roughly. Occasionally Telva aroused the impulse to be brutal. "What's this news about the lead and you sacrificing a bottle of 1879 port?"

They were driving to the squalid lake front. Dalefield has sacrificed her choicest district to factory sites and railroads but below the tracks and the great brick buildings where furnaces burned and roared twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four were huddled squatters' huts, one which was a recently opened and much frequented eating house—Nigger Heaven, by name—where one found waffles and chicken, creole salads and spoon bread, Judge Pomeroy's pudding of Alabama fame, syrupy black coffee



"I DON'T WANT TO MARRY YOU,  
I LOVE YOU TOO MUCH"



Charleston at the request of a table of guests. Adjoining the main room was a long, narrow apartment with a sanded floor and severe refectory tables and benches. Here one could play dominoes or bagatelle, or sit and sip *crème de menthe* or *crème de cacao* while reading foreign newspapers.

Threading their way through the crowded aisles they found a particular corner and a particular red-banded mulatto waitress who greeted them with a smile

and sugared pecans, imported claret, flakey cheese sticks, cordials. A colored quartette sang spirituals and plantation melodies and danced in between the numbers. Red-banded waitresses flew about with trays of food or paused to do the

from what my bitter mater says she might have had," blowing smoke rings and smiling at him through the fog.

"It isn't our job to pry into that," began Ames. "Of course not—merely because it is not interesting. I can't become used to the idea that one-half the time you are a prig and the other half—'tight'—was the customary summary. 'I almost wish I hadn't played quite so hard to get you. Ooof,' with upturned eyes, 'I thought it hopeless until the hurricane at St. Kitts . . . See here, my boy, let's understand each other which is much jollier than being romantically crushed and in line for an awakening. It is expedient to marry—oh, but it is—it suits your mother and I'm tired of being poor. I'll not be as impossible as you may think if I have a decent allowance.' Already Telva had cast ahead to the time when she should become Mrs. Van Zile and occupy the smartest apartment in Dalefield or something vivid in New York—with dutiful and frequent visits to the 'lovely lady.' It was not a terrifying sort of future—even if Ames was either a prig or more or less drunk.

composed of two rows of perfect teeth. She went off in quest of chicken gumbo soup without delay.

"Your mother would never come here, would she?" mused Telva ignoring her soup for a cigarette. "She is the lavender-and-old-lace sort that prefers tea and cinnamon toast in the palm room of a hotel. That makes things rather easy for me. If we were the same sort we'd clash about preferring orange pekoe or Russian blend! As it is we get along rather well," recalling the yards of point Venise which Stanley has given her, a pretty and fictitious story accompanying the presentation. More and more Stanley had determined to be the lavender-and-old-lace sort; nothing was more inspiring to chivalry.

"You java-and-mocha better than I," suggested Ames flippantly as he began his soup.

"But that does not matter these days. People do as they like. They need only agree in a mutually conventional background, engraved holiday greetings and an occasional family party. Your mother never had what I considered a bona fide husband—she married a page out of history; stupid history at that. I wonder if she never had her stray moments . . ."



She had a good-natured, annoyed sort of affection for him as nearly as she could express it; he never gave her a thrill but he would never cause her to shed a tear.

She wondered as to Ames' reactions. His clumsy efforts at love-making, his conscientious efforts to try to learn what she thought and wanted and intended doing; it amused her as one is amused by amateur theatricals where one is acquainted with every one who appears. Underneath this good-natured, annoyed good-humor lurked the desire to arouse in Ames what his square-jawed self hinted that he was capable of expressing. She longed to see him other than the dutiful sentimentalist, to have him fight desperately, even unfairly for something which he wanted to attain, to comfort his defeat or applaud his success—there was more or less of the cat in Telva, the cat who plays with its victim before it takes the trouble to kill.

"I don't regard things in just that way," said Ames severely. (He was all prig now!) "I look forward to our home and our children. Those are the paramount things in life. With new responsibilities we will develop, change," he put out his hand to touch the tip of her nicotine-stained fingers, a sense of unfamiliarity surging over him. It was an unwelcome thought that he was more or less tied to this strange girl.

He glanced across the room with its hum of junglish music, the sound of shuffling feet, the clash of silver and china and saw Blair's stooped yet graceful back and his grizzled, slightly too long hair. Blair was absorbed in talking to his companion—a beautiful young person in a modest black hat and a supple, ivory-tinted satin dress. Her blue eyes were looking at Blair's with friendly curiosity. It was Carol. Within Ames rose a sudden and unreasonable resentment that he should have so discovered her.

Following his glance Telva waited for him to make some comment.

Ames half rose as if to go over to them. Thinking better of it he leaned back in his chair.

"I didn't know that Blair ever came here," he said as if in apology. He resented Carol's being here with Blair. Blair was still dangerous!

Telva caught his thought. "Fascinating even yet, isn't

he?" she asked. "Be-ware, Ames, or you'll have to be his best man in spite of yourself! Carol is apt to go to housekeeping in a three-room flat, have twins and disillusionments and then pull Blair through delirium tremens."

"What an idea when they probably came for a mere lark." Ames could find no satisfactory reason.

"Um," Telva was more animated than usual. "They have something to talk over—I happen to know that Blair is to coax Carol to take the part of the model for the Players thing—you know the rôle? Wouldn't she be ideal? With her hair and eyes—" but Telva's enthusiasm rang a little false.

"What has Blair to do with the Players?" Ames neglected his chicken and waffles.

"He has consented to take the lead—that of an adorable old rake. The tryouts yielded nothing but

duds. Blair was the only one who could save us so I flattered and commanded and treated to enough drinks

## MARY SPEAKS FOR THE INN KEEPER

By Theodosia Garrison

SHE said "The shepherds had their certain sign,  
The kings, their certain prophets to obey,  
How might he guess that it was Son of mine  
He turned away?"

"Not with harsh words he bade us from his door,  
Having no little pity for our plight,  
Only he spake "My inn will hold no more"  
As was his right."

"How many a poor soul that night" she said,  
Crouched, all unsheltered, on the open way,  
But this man gave us all he had—a shed  
And fragrant hay."

She said "This man unto his beasts was good,  
Well-stalled they were and very fair to see,  
And his great oxen moving from their food  
Made room for me."

"My thanks" she said "My pity over all  
For one who never knew that he possessed  
That night within his gracious oxen's stall,  
My Son for guest."

until he promised—half sheepishly, half eagerly, as it seemed. My dear, that man once had a future on the stage—yet he gave it all up to become a newspaper "soak," with unflattering truth. "I think it's a little hard to do this part with a bunch of adoring amateurs," she nodded at Carol who had finally looked into that corner of the room, unconsciously attracted by Ames' stares. "Let's get together since they're probably going on to the rehearsal. Isn't Carol delicious? She's shocked and impressed and a trifle annoyed."

After dinner Telva and Ames invaded Blair's table. There was reproach in Ames' voice as he asked if he might drive them to the rehearsal. Telva had been letting him in on the latest developments.

"Thanks, old man," said Blair crisply. "I don't mind saying it s a v e s carfare," Blair's newly shaven face had a certain youthful glow; his eyes were wistful but alert as he looked at Carol. [Turn to page 94]



LIKE FAINT PERFUME FROM AN OLD ROSE JAR THERE  
LINGERED AN AROMA OF ROMANCE AND CHARM

# WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

## THE MYSTERY OF JESUS

By REV. JASON NOBLE PIERCE, D. D.

REVIEWED BY REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.



THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS

### THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

BELGIUM CARRIES ON

By COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE  
(COPYRIGHT BY McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 1927)

TWO thousand years ago Julius Caesar said that "all Gaul is divided into three parts one of which the Belgians inhabit," but it was not until twenty centuries later that these sturdy, virile people became the center of world interest.

When Germany violated the treaty insuring Belgian neutrality, and when the little Belgian army dared throw itself across the path the Germans had chosen to take to France, there was a universal burst of admiration and sympathy for them. We have the recent word of Field Marshal Haig that those few days in which the great German military machine was halted, made all the difference to the French and English troops in preparing for the shock of arms which was to come.

Throughout the war Belgium held the attention of Europe and America, and today the good wishes of all are with her. Immediately the war was over the Belgians began the reconstruction of their devastated area. This work was done with energy and determination and in consequence Belgium has recovered rapidly from the disastrous effects of the war. There is no unemployment and there is but little dissatisfaction among the laboring people as to the question of wages and living conditions. The general economic situation is much better than was thought possible a few years ago. The stabilization of the Belgian franc has been successfully accomplished on a basis of about thirty-six to the dollar. Perhaps stabilization came too soon, for if it had been known that France would come out of her financial troubles as well as she has, Belgium might have waited and the franc probably could have been stabilized at a better figure.

In 1925 the Government granted a concession to utilize the hydraulic power of the River Warche. This river is situated in the Belgian Ardennes, close to the German frontier. A pressure tunnel three miles long has been driven through the mountain and the project will insure a capacity of 25,000 horse-power, and will be capable of producing fifty million units a year. The output will be trans- [Turn to page 94]

DR. PIERCE is pastor of the First Congregational Church in Washington of which President and Mrs. Coolidge are members, and not only members but regular attendants, as I can testify—having conducted a mission in the First Church some time ago. To be "the President's pastor" is a distinction, but not without its difficulties, as anyone can readily imagine; yet Dr. Pierce fills his office with equal tact and ability.

Both of these qualities are revealed in the sermon here under review, in which Dr. Pierce makes us feel that the mystery of Jesus, so joyous and lovely at Christmas-time, is so great and deep that evasiveness and dogmatism are alike out of place. There is mystery about even the most ordinary person, while above the spiritually great, broods a profounder mystery which we may not penetrate. Dr. Pierce states it in a way to arrest attention:

"At the center of the Christian religion stands the person of Christ. Who is He? What is He? Was Jesus more than a man? Was He the Son of God in a sense which no other man can fill? Such questions are easy to ask but difficult to answer, because they take us into the field of personality where we are but children in our knowledge. What a man may be when all his marvelous possibilities unfold surpasses imagination. These questions cannot be settled glibly or all at once. The very fact that honest and Christ-minded people hold various opinions in their answer shows that more light is needed and more love must be exercised."

The crux of the matter lies in the question: What is the real mystery of Jesus? Surely not in His physical history, but in the spiritual splendor that shone in His bosom, transfiguring life, making even its dark riddle more merciful. The wonder of His life is that He lived what others in their highest moments only feel, or dimly see in moods of immaculate perception. Such heroic moral grace stirs us deeply; such spiritual beauty makes us wistful; and contact with it works wonders in the life of man.

"Cause and evidence are two different things," Dr. Pierce reminds us. "The former produces a thing, the latter manifests it. If Christ was divine, what made Him so? Clearly it was not caused by the manner of His birth or the wonders that He wrought—these were manifestations of it, interesting as such but not vitally important. The divineness of Jesus does not rest on His physical origin, but on His moral and spiritual character."

Such spiritual common sense, if we had possessed it, would have saved us from much angry debate about matters of which we know nothing, and over which reverence and delicacy would draw a veil. There can be but one cause of divinity and that is God. If millions of people hold Jesus to be divine—if when they think of God they find themselves thinking of Jesus infinitely enlarged—it is because they find in His life, His spirit, His character, His personality the unutterable mystery they mean when they use the word "God." It is a message to melt our materialism into the mysticism which is life.

### JESUS AND HIS MOTHER

By Genevieve Taggard

JESUS in the sweet hay-mow  
Didn't mind the chewing cow,—  
The animal noises when the dawn  
Woke the lambs. His mother on

The yellow hay was wide awake.  
All night she lay with slow heart-ache  
That she must put her little Son  
In a rude manger,—her Dearest One.

And even when the angels sang  
She didn't see the huge star hang  
Above the door, or the cattle kneel  
Close to her Babe. She could only feel

The chill for Him. And want to keep  
Him safe and cosy in His sleep  
Like all our mothers, Mary lay  
Impatient, on the winter hay.

She would have been pleased to know He lay there  
Under a star, while the happy air  
Clustered with angels. Jesus heard.  
But He and the lambs couldn't say a word.



# America's favorite hearty soup!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup has won a reputation with the women of America enjoyed by no other soup.

When they want a soup that contains a generous amount of solid food, this is their selection almost every time.

Every spoonful "heavy" with diced or whole vegetables, alphabet macaroni and barley, fresh herbs, invigorating broth of choice beef—blended and seasoned to the utmost deliciousness.

Fifteen different vegetables culled from the finest gardens. Thirty-two ingredients in all!



This vim and dash I always flash  
When on my way to dinner.  
With Campbell's fare to greet me there  
My appetite's a winner!

Here is a soup constantly served as a luncheon or supper with very little else—it is so filling and satisfying. At dinner, it supplies a real share of the needed nourishment.

And it tastes so good that even when the appetite is listless, it is stimulated by the delicious flavor and encouraged to receive the "real meal" that is in this soup.

Add an equal quantity of water, simmer a few minutes, and serve!

32 ingredients

12 cents a can



# Campbell's SOUPS

LUNCHEON

DINNER

SUPPER



# A washday *without* a washboard

## How Chipso *soaks* clothes clean

Here is the way millions of women get clothes really clean without a washboard. Will *you* try it?

You soak your clothes clean in Chipso's instant suds. You don't shave and melt soap. You don't rub your clothes on a board. You just put them in the Chipso suds and in 20 minutes or half an hour the suds have magically loosened all the dirt, *safely!* Then you squeeze the suds through them a few times, rub badly-soiled spots lightly between your hands, rinse and wring.

That's all there is to a Chipso washing. And the big 25c Chipso package will do

4 to 6 washings. Thrifty, isn't it, when an easier, quicker washday costs at the most—6c!

Also found:

30 golden minutes every day!

Chipso shortens dishwashing time too—by about one-third. And it's the hard third, too—the ten minutes or so you spend after every meal rubbing on greasy dishes or pans.

Try putting your china into Chipso suds while you dry your glass and silver. You'll find that Chipso loosens and dissolves most of the food traces before you even *touch* the dishes! Then, you can soak practically all the grease free from your cooking utensils the same way. A quicker, pleasanter dishwashing method, surely—and it costs less than 1c a day!

FREE—*Saving Golden Hours*. "How to take out 15 common stains . . . save clothes by soaking . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Saving Golden Hours*. Send a post card to Dept. CM-12, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Soaks  
clothes clean



Dishes in  
 $\frac{1}{3}$  less time

The most amazing success in the history of household soap



# WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD



JACOB BEN-AMI, WHO PLAYS THE LEADING ROLE IN PHILIP BARRY'S DRAMA



## THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

JOHN

By PHILIP BARRY

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

THERE were many people of taste and judgment who admired the fantasy and charming theme of Philip Barry's *White Wings* last season, and considered that the play deserved a much longer run than it got. The tragedy that Mr. Barry has now written and that the Actors' Theater, under the direction of Mr. Guthrie McClintic, has chosen for its opening venture, has as much and more talent in evidence as the other play, and more vitality, depth and significance.

*John* deals with a theme already famous in various theatrical forms, the best known of which are Oscar Wilde's *Salome* and the Strauss opera based upon it. But Mr. Barry has departed widely from the familiar treatments of this subject, in his dramatic idea, in his conception of the characters and in the diction employed. For the diction he has followed modern popular speech and colloquial idiom; the tongues of the people in his play are rugged, or sophisticated as the case requires, but never hampered by any tradition of historical formalism or epic style. The range of the characters is from the rough peasants, fishermen, soldiers and devotees who center around the revolutionary preacher, on up to Herod Antipas, Herodias and Salome.

*John* begins less absorbingly perhaps; the first act gets under way as best it can. But gradually we see the figure of the Baptist—strong, confident, wrapt in his mystical dream of redemption and of the Messiah at hand, who will restore the kingdom of Israel—growing more and more compelling, and more and more the dominating spirit of all that happens. Herodias, crafty, ambitious and scheming, is the chief opposing motive in the drama of John's cause; Herod, the Tetrarch, is only a figment, careful and frightened of Rome; Salome is not the exotic splendor and horror that we know but a neurotic girl, saucy, restless and empty. In the background, not seen on the stage, is the gentle mission of Jesus, preaching the kingdom of heaven within men, drawing men to Him, and meaning more and more with the [Turn to page 82]

## THE ART OF THE MONTH

THE SKYSCRAPER

By WALDO FRANK

IN all ages, man has builded as high as he knew how. The Greeks and Romans erected temples that seemed high to them; only their rules of construction prevented their rising higher. In Egypt, the pyramids and palaces were imposingly tall. King Solomon took thirteen years to "build his house," so high and broad it was. And in the earliest days, "when the earth was of one speech," men strove to put up a tower in the plain of Shinar—"a city and a tower whose top may reach unto heaven." But the Lord liked not their ambition—an expression of childish energy, not of true power—so he confounded them and the tower of Babel was never finished. Ever since, we have been trying to rebuild it.

The most famous modern attempt is of course the skyscraper of New York. In Paris, there is a structure known as the Eiffel Tower: it rises nearly a thousand feet and is hence taller than any building in America. Moreover, all Europe is filled with spires which are great enough to enter the skyscraper class. But the Eiffel Tower is a mere iron framework, no one dwells in it. The towers of the Cathedrals are only symbols of man's aspiration: a single point in each town or city quarter for the fixing of eyes and for the ringing of bells. And the lofty minarets of the Moslem mosques are but handy places whereto the *muezzin* clambers to shout down his command of prayer upon the prostrate people. The distinguishing feature of the American skyscraper is, first of all, that it is a common place in which men actually live: in which they enact their business and in which they dwell.

There is a notion abroad that buildings are so high in New York because Manhattan is an island: men were cramped for space so they had to build upward. This is a myth without truth. When skyscrapers began to shoot against the skyline of the Hudson river, the Island of Manhattan was full of empty lots and of deserted houses. Men left old, low buildings where there was plenty of room, for expensive and cramped quarters in new high ones. Side by side with the towers [Turn to page 82]

## THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

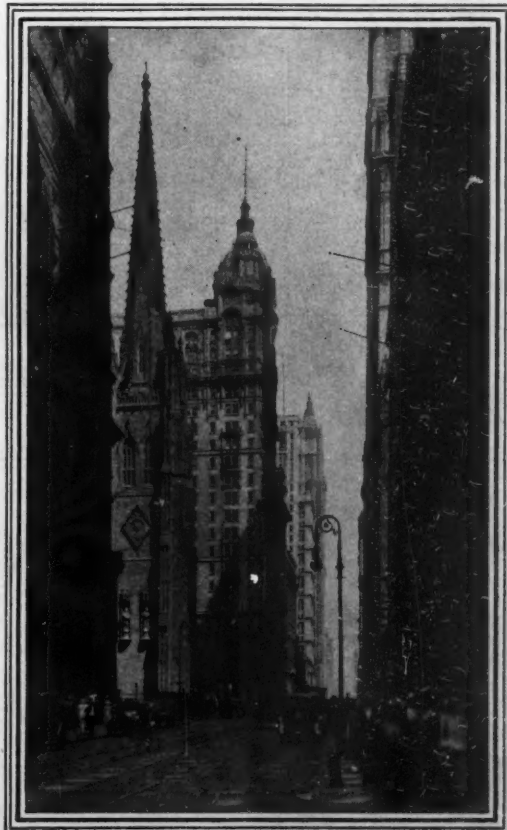
TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF MUSIC

By DEEMS TAYLOR

THE princes of the Renaissance were famous patrons of art, but two recent musical endowments in this country dim almost to insignificance the glory of their lavishness. Both, be it noted, are for the advancement of musical education, an encouraging sign of our dawning realization that the way to make a nation a seat of culture is not to import art but to develop artists.

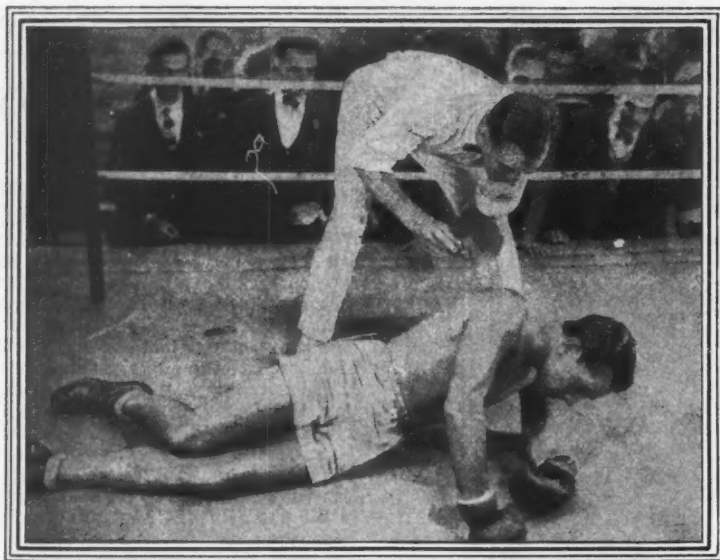
The first of these, the Juilliard Foundation, is a fund of upwards of \$15,000,000 set aside under the will of the late Augustus Juilliard for the furtherance of music in America. The foundation has been in existence several years, and an apparent lack of direction in its administration has occasioned considerable unfavorable comment in the past. But in the past few months the Juilliard Foundation has taken on a new lease of life. The Juilliard School of Music, which was started by the Foundation, has been merged with the Institute of Musical Art in New York, one of the best conservatories in the country, under the direction of Dr. Frank Damrosch. Furthermore, Ernest Hutcheson, famous both as teacher and pianist, has been appointed Dean of the graduate school, and John Erskine, the brilliant author of *The Private Life of Helen of Troy* and *Galahad*, who is likewise a piano virtuoso of professional skill, has been appointed Chairman of the committee of trustees to administer the fund. The Foundation's future is still uncharted, but under the leadership of these three men one can hardly imagine it as other than a brilliant and useful one.

Equally munificent is the endowment of the Curtis Institute of Music, in Philadelphia. The institution owes its existence to Mary Louise Curtis Bok, wife of the well-known editor and daughter of Cyrus Curtis, the publisher. Mrs. Bok, a passionate and self-effacing devotee of music, conceived the idea a few years ago of founding in this country an institution that would compare in policies, curriculum and personnel with the famous conservatories of Europe. The embodiment of that idea, the Curtis Institute, has so far outstripped its models that it is virtually unique in the world today. [Turn to page 82]

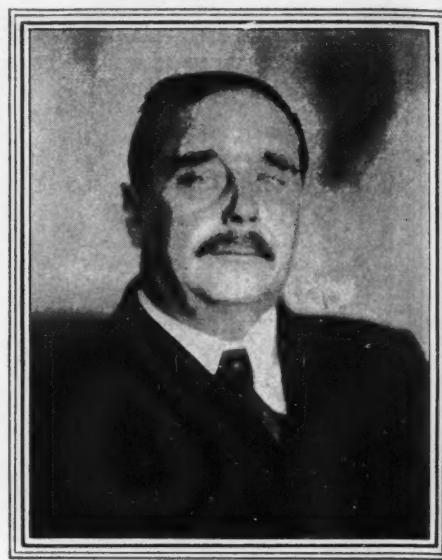


A MAN-MADE CANYON IN THE NEW WORLD METROPOLIS

# WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD



COURAGE OF A SORT THIS FIGHTER HAD, BUT NOT THE BRAVERY HE WAS LATER TO NEED



H. G. WELLS



## THE FILM OF THE MONTH

### THE PATENT LEATHER KID

STARRING RICHARD BARTHELMESS

REVIEWED BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

AN Englishman, just arrived on these shores, recently said to me, "You Americans may have been the last to go into the war, but you're also the last to forget it. At home we don't want to be reminded of it, while here you seem to be anxious to keep the subject alive, in your novels, your plays, your magazines and your films."

He had just visited the center of New York's theatrical district on Broadway and had observed that the biggest cinema palaces in town were offering such pictures as *The Big Parade*, *Wings*, *What Price Glory?* and *The Patent Leather Kid*, all of which dealt with the varied activities of the A. E. F. in France in 1918.

It is an extraordinary development—this belated outburst of popular interest in the war—and at the moment there are no indications that it is on the wane. Certainly the two most recent war films—*Wings* and *The Patent Leather Kid*—are proving enormously successful.

*The Patent Leather Kid*, of which Richard

Barthelmess is the star, is the story of a prizefighter who shirked the biggest fight of all. While the recruiting sergeants were calling for recruits, the Liberty Loan drivers calling for contributions, the bands playing *Over There*, this handsome young scrapper went on with his pugilistic career—refusing to engage [Turn to page 82]



H. G. WELLS calls himself Mr. Sempack in his new novel and he talks steadily for a good half of the volume. The story is one of a house party in Florence, where a great many uninteresting people are gathered. Into their midst comes a gentleman calling himself Mr. Sempack, who is in reality H. G. Wells himself. Thereupon begins the most fascinating talk yet recorded in the season's novels, with most of the talking done by Mr. Wells himself.

Mr. Wells is talking to a Mrs. Ryland, mistress of the house and wife of a wealthy coal owner. At first he is discussing life and progress and science and economics. Presently the house party wearies of such verbal diversions and goes in for the main purpose of house parties, namely, flirtations.

Mrs. Ryland discovers to her horror that her husband has been paying a rather unattractive woman the honor of his attentions. Shocked by her discovery, she rushes to Mr. Sempack for comfort. To her astonishment, she finds Mr. Sempack himself sitting in broad sunlight and kissing an English lady of quality.

Mr. Sempack, when he recovers his own self-possession, advises Mrs. Ryland to forgive her husband. The husband, in his turn, agrees to clear out and go back to England and interest himself in the great general strike of the trades-unionists there. He does so, becoming a friend of labor and a foe of rich coal owners. [Turn to page 82]



ABOVE—IN THE WASTE OF NO-MAN'S LAND THE BOXER'S HEART WAS TESTED

LEFT—RICHARD BARTHELMESS, LAWFORD DAVIDSON AND MATTHEW BETZ IN "THE PATENT LEATHER KID"

RIGHT—EVEN A PRIZE-FIGHTER MAY RESPOND TO THE LURE IN FEMINE EYES





D

MONTH

INGS

mpack in his  
a good half  
house party  
ng people are  
eman calling  
t. Wells him-  
st fascinating  
son's novels  
by Mr. Wells

Mrs. Ryland  
of a wealthy  
ssing life and  
nomics. Pres-  
of such verbal  
main purpos-  
tions.  
er horror that  
a rather un-  
of his atten-  
y, she rushes  
To her aston-  
k himself sit-  
ng an English

overs his own  
yland to for-  
d, in his turn  
k to England  
great gener-  
there. He  
labor and  
u to page 82



## "such a lovely skin!"

**T**O men—yes, and to women too; to old people—even to babies—a beautiful complexion makes a warm, instant, irresistible appeal.

Your skin can be beautiful—flawlessly smooth and clear—if you give it the right care!

Begin today to take care of your skin the Woodbury way—with hot or warm water, ice, and Woodbury's Facial Soap—the soap especially made for a sensitive skin.

Woodbury's was created by a famous skin specialist, especially for taking care of the fine, delicate skin of women. Society debutantes from New York to New Orleans—college girls from leading colleges and universities—women guests at America's most splendid hotels, most fashionable resorts—all say Woodbury's is "the only soap for a sensitive skin," "splendidly helpful," in clearing the skin of common skin defects and keeping it soft, smooth, flawless.

The right way to use Woodbury's for *your* skin

is given in the booklet of famous skin treatments that comes to you free with every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

If you are fortunate enough to have a clear, unblemished skin—you should use the famous Woodbury treatment for normal skins given in this booklet.

If you are troubled with blackheads, blemishes, excessive oiliness, or any other skin defect—use the special treatment recommended for that

trouble. Within a week or ten days you will see the beginning of a wonderful improvement.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks. Get your Woodbury's today—begin using it tonight! Learn how simple it is, with this wonderful soap, to gain the charm of "*A Skin You Love to Touch*."

**Send for the large-size Woodbury Trial Set!**

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1523 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me the new large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, the treatment booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch*," and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial."

In Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1523 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



A SKIN YOU

LOVE TO TOUCH

*Popularity belongs by Youth's divine right to every girl*  
 \*\*\*\*\* *Read and discover how to make ready for* \*\*\*\*\*

## YOUR GLAMOROUS HOUR

\*\*\* BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE \*\*\*

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE BENSON

THE Cinderella I know isn't just a girl sitting dejectedly among pots and pans, brushing up the ashes listlessly or looking mopeily out the window at the scurrying rats and the pumpkin vines trailing miserably over a cluttered yard. When I think of her, I always see in her face the things the Prince saw there, a look of dreaming, wondering expectancy, lips faintly curved for laughter, eyes lit like candles for her glamorous hour. For if she hadn't been ready for it—in her mind, I mean—all the ball-dresses and golden coaches in the world wouldn't have helped. Even when she protested to the witch that she had only the rags on her back, I'm sure her heart inside was all ready for a party. You see, I believe that there never was a popular girl who lacked that invisible cloak of glamorous charm. Whether her wardrobe boasts one dress or a hundred, it hangs there always, bright and shining, ready to be put on.

There are a few lucky girls who find the shining thing all ready when they arrive at young womanhood. And there are others who have to hunt for it, trying on this or that personality before they discover the raiment that fits. Like every other magic secret in the fairy books, it takes a diligent search. Rushing into rooms with loud laughter and strident voices, cultivating affectations of manner and dress, trying to achieve a "line"—all these are the obvious paths that lead straight away from the hidden goal.

The most popular girl I know used to be so poor that she had only one good dress in her wardrobe at a time. She was an ambitious young business person, so the dress had to be a becoming though inexpensive street dress. When she was invited out she'd come home from her job, hang the dress up to air, smooth it and freshen it. Then she'd take a long, luxurious bath, put on clean underwear, do her nails and brush her hair just so—and put the dress on again! She's successful now, still young and lovely, with a wardrobe full of smart gowns, but not a bit more popular than in the old days.

An important part of the magic formula is perfect relaxation, and on page 49 you'll find a before-the-party treatment that will take the fatigue lines out of your face and make you, externally, at least, your fresh and lovely best.

But did it ever strike you that the attitude of mind you assume when you get ready for a party has even more to do with it than the details of your clothes and grooming? When you sit down to comb your hair and powder, it's a good thing to smile in gay anticipation, even if you don't feel up to it. Of course you're going to have a good time! Oh, I know lots of girls think it's clever to be bored and blasé when they start out for an evening. Haven't you heard them, in the dressing rooms at dances, complaining about the music, the heat, the gowns they're wearing, the dullness of their escorts? Forced gaiety is pretty bad, but the air of world-weariness that young girls so often assume is worse. Sometimes I wonder why they go to parties, anyway. Long, long ago, men and women discovered that "dressing up" gave them a warm, happy feeling. Light, color, music and laughter all came into the world for a real purpose.

The best way to kill a party, to keep yourself from having a good time, is to start out with that "Oh, dear, this is going to be awful" state of mind. Think, rather, "It's a grand night; I know it's going to be a good party. I feel it in my bones, somehow—and my mirror says, 'You're all right.'" It isn't a crime, by the way, to express these sentiments, to admit to the rest of the world that you feel as if you're going



*Lips curved for laughter,  
 eyes lit like candles*

to have a good time!

As for clothes—if you can have only one lovely dress, see that it has everything right to go with it. It's infinitely better to have one perfect party costume than six that are carelessly assembled. Slippers, hose, the accessories and jewelry that are smart, not just any kind of jewelry; a wrap that belongs with the ensemble; the coiffure that goes with your gown (and if it's not like your everyday way of wearing your hair, so much the better, for then it makes you feel exotic, different, glamorous): this is Cinderella's formula for the party girl.

Glamour, like the end of the rainbow, sometimes eludes our very grasp. Haven't you often seen a woman, outwardly perfect as to dress, grooming and make-up, who lacked the charming something which should go with it? Sometimes it's because her eyes are cold, hard and lusterless. Sometimes the lips are tight, discontented and unsmiling. Sometimes, very often, it's a voice that's harsh or affected, or maybe it's restless hands and feet—any or all of these can completely spoil the picture of an otherwise beautiful girl.

We're beginning to realize at last that pretty features are only a very small part of beauty. Skirts nowadays expose our legs from the knees down; bobbed heads reveal the whole line of the neck and throat; straight tunic dresses show up bad posture as no other style ever has, and girls at school or in business just have to have beautifully cared-for hands. It's an exacting age, I know, and we must come up to its standards if we're to succeed, if we're to be called good-looking.

For most of us holiday time brings more social responsibilities, more parties, more good times, more need for clothes and all the rest. About this time letters begin fairly to pour in; plaintive letters, discontented letters, bewildered letters, curt letters, wistful letters, gay letters—all of them from girls and women who want to know how to keep looking their best during these weeks when gaiety and happiness fairly spill over all around us. Now, we know hundreds of practical hints on good looks; we've been gathering information on this subject for a long time for your benefit. Our HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY FOR EVERY WOMAN, for example, is just about the best and most thorough-going little manual we know of; lots of women on McCall Street have told us that they couldn't live without it.

But I wish—and now is the time for wishes—that I knew some recipe for charm, for glamour—something we could put on like face powder, something that would make us really lovely over night, just as good creams on one's face will often leave it surprisingly fine and smooth in the morning. Unfortunately I never meet any witches these days like the one who took Cinderella in hand, but I stick to my belief that even the most efficient witch couldn't have made

the little fireside drudge charming if she hadn't been so, at the time, deep down inside!

One last word to remember, when you're going to a party if you feel like singing while you're getting ready, go ahead and sing; if you feel like laughing, laugh. People may have seen your old rose taffeta dress before, but the real party feeling that comes from inside will always be new and fresh to them. Clothes pall, but the glamour that surrounds you like a cloak never gets shabby, once you know how to wear it.





# Are you a Skinflint toward your Beauty?

The business of keeping Youth and Beauty on Tiptoe is one of the Arts of Life!

**T**O guard in all its unspoiled freshness that lovely gift called Youth; to contrive to look twenty until one is thirty-five; and thirty years young when one is—well, beyond the guessing age—to be fleet as Diana, racing with the years! What could be for any woman a more thrilling pursuit?

But only the brave deserve the fair—ness! You must follow the aim of beauty courageously, with perseverance and patience! You can't be a skinflint toward your beauty, taking care of your skin just now and then! You can't give yourself a furious facial today, neglecting it tomorrow.

The cultivation of beauty must be recognized as one of the fine Arts of Life!



Strange as it may seem, however, few women have grasped these A B C's of beauty culture! Recently we asked hundreds of women in two average American cities to tell us how they take care of their skin. The answers were shocking!

Scores admitted they'd love to look young and pretty, but they just don't seem to know how! They pursue no beauty course with half the purpose with which they learn to cook or play bridge!

Others declare they know, but admit they forget! Piqued by a guilty conscience, they pursue an orgy of beauty cultivation once or twice a month, only to lapse spinelessly between.

**POOR DEARS**, how short-sighted! Giving the skin some simple form of daily care is as important as brushing one's teeth! Almost as easy! Ten times as much fun!

The woman who has a spark of imagination finds keeping herself in the bloom and freshness of an English garden, as inspiring as planning a new frock! Indeed, she even takes pleasure in devoting a few moments each day to this richly rewarding end!

If you'll follow for just a few weeks the simple program outlined here, we're sure you'll be better looking, more attractive, more vital than when you began. And if you

haven't acquired a soft, firm, beautiful skin, why,—we'll send you the Moon or anything you like, parcel post prepaid!

Perhaps you think your face is really clean! But is it? Examine your chin and nose in a magnifying mirror. You'll get a jolt that will send you skipping to the cold cream jar! Your skin needs a thorough, fundamental cleansing to free the pores of their deep accumulations of oil, powder, perspiration and dust, caked at the very roots. So at least twice a day your skin must be freed by the gentle ministrations of a pure cleansing cream.

For this try Pond's. You will delight in the fragrant lightness of its touch and the purposeful manner in which its pure fine oils, melting and spreading, go after the dirt in the



depths of your pores! Use it generously, applying with light upward and outward strokes. And for removing the Cream do you know about the perfectly exquisite Tissues you can buy now in any store? Pond's just simply had to make them. For the women we talked

to fairly begged us for tissues soft and fine enough. And, goodness knows, they needed them—for they were removing cold cream



with bath towels and washcloths and even their best linens! We felt we must put a stop to that! So now you can buy tissues of such good quality and so ample that they absorb all oil and moisture instantly, never rolling up into horrid little balls!

**H**ERE'S another thing that only a few women know about yet! These same women we interviewed gave us still another idea. They said, "What can you tell us that feels as fresh to the skin as a dip in a mountain pool?" We couldn't answer that question then. But we can now.

Pond's new Skin Freshener, used when you first get up in the morning gives you just this very sensation! There never was such a delicious awakening, such refreshment for the skin!



**Pond's Skin Freshener**—delightful for toning, freshening and firming the skin.

**Pond's Two Creams**—to cleanse and protect, are chosen by distinguished women everywhere.

**Pond's Cleansing Tissues**—as soft as fine old linen—exquisite for removing cold cream.

**SPONSORED by**

H. M. THE QUEEN of SPAIN    H. R. H. THE DUCHESSE DE VENDOME  
H. R. H. EULALIA, INFANTA of SPAIN    THE PRINCESSE EUGÈNE MURAT  
THE MARCHIONESS of QUEENSBERRY    LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN  
THE DUQUESA DE ALBA    THE COUNTESS of OXFORD and ASQUITH  
MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT    MISS ANNE MORGAN  
MRS. FELIX DOUBLEDAY    MISS MARJORIE OELRICHS

And you'll love it just as much, too, when you come in—weary—at the end of the day, with your skin feeling as thick and drawn as the top of a drum!

Patting new life into your face with the delicious Pond's Cleansing Cream; removing the cream with the new Pond's Tissues, soft as a butterfly's kiss; giving your skin a final refreshment with the new Pond's Freshener—this will simply make your face over for the evening—and your spirits, too!

Another thing. This new Pond's Freshener contains a special healing ingredient quite its own, which prevents any little roughness or soreness of the skin. So you need not fear its frequent use.

**W**ERE you ever so lovely as now? You look and feel as smooth and fair as a lily. Oh! But wait! There's one more touch—the lily must be given an added pearliness, a frosty glow, before she faces the world and stoops to conquer it!

Brush your skin ever so lightly over with the tiniest bit on your finger tips of that exquisite finishing Cream Pond's also makes. Of course you know it—Pond's Vanishing Cream. Feather-light, it gives your skin an alabaster glow, an almost miraculous fineness and smoothness.

Now you're ready for your favorite rouge, your lipstick in a harmonizing shade, and



your powder tinted to blend both with your natural coloring. Never did they go on so smoothly, so naturally—clinging so long!

Your skin looks perfectly lovely now, in its soft sheen of renewed youth. For these four products made by Pond's are all the most delicate skin requires to keep th: fresh, firm, unlined quality of youth.

If you use them faithfully every day, if you follow directions carefully, these same youthful looks may be yours, just as surely, in your maturer years. Send for the new Pond's products. Read the offer below.

**NEW 14¢ OFFER**—Send a dime and 4 cents in stamps for samples of Pond's Two Creams, Pond's new Skin Freshener and Pond's new Cleansing Tissues—enough of the latter two to last a week. Fill out and mail the coupon.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Z  
111 Hudson Street, New York City

Enclosed find dime and 4 cents in stamps for samples of Pond's Two Creams, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# "Lest we forget"



© 1927 W. L. I. Co.

"It has been in this house fifty years. You can't find another piece like it. This, ladies and gentlemen, is genuine! What am I offered for it? These old treasures are going for a song. Give me a bid."

—While the auctioneer rattles on, some of the neighbors think of the old days of entertainment and open hospitality in that house. They wonder how long the proud and lonely mistress has been fighting off the inevitable. Inside, she hears the auctioneer's words—"genuine", "fifty years in this house", "old treasures"—every word a thrust to her heart.

\* \* \*

**B**ABIES and old people are life's widest contrast and life's closest comparison. The younger they are and the older they are the more they need our love and care. For the helpless baby it is a sunny world. There is always someone ready to wait on him, to take care of him. Whether he laughs or whether he cries, the world smiles on him and tries to anticipate his every need.

But it is a gray, cheerless world for the tired, brave old soul who fails to get the care and waiting on and the affection she hungers for. And charity,

when clumsily bestowed, stings almost as much as neglect.

A big business man said recently: "I think the saddest sights in the world are the old people whose relatives regard them as burdens—especially when they realize the situation. I think it is fine to build churches and take care of babies and the growing boys and girls, but every dollar I can afford to give away goes to the old people. Sometimes I pay their rent and keep homes together, and sometimes I provide little comforts when their homes are broken up."

While charity takes care of the friendless and helpless, and science is finding out how to prevent physical aches and pains, it remains for "society"—and that means all of us added together—to prevent old age from suffering one of its greatest sorrows—penniless dependence.

The United States and Canada pay bigger wages than other countries. Nearly all their workers earn enough to provide for old age. If they plan ahead, they may have in their years of retirement, not merely bare existence, but real comfort.

Almost every man and woman must face these five great hazards of life:

**Death**—which may come early, before one's dependents have been provided for.

**Accident**—always sudden and often causing lessened earning power.

**Sickness**—which may cause want as well as suffering.

**Unemployment**—which may bring distress to others in addition to the unemployed.

**Dependent Old Age**—which must seek charity if self-support is no longer possible. "Society", through organized effort, with its millions of mutual life insurance policies, has done what no individual could do alone. It has found a way to meet four of the five hazards.

Annuities for old age, protection in case of death, accident or sickness—almost every financial requirement can now be met by insurance. Only one problem is still unsolved—Employment Insurance—and that will follow. The day must come when every family will plan to meet the great hazards of life so that no member of it will face the need of charity.

Thousands of Metropolitan policyholders have asked how much of the family income should be expended for immediate necessities; how much for clothing; how much for food; how much for fuel; how much should be laid aside for protection. Our booklet, "Let Budget Help," answers these questions. A copy will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

## FAMOUS HEROINES OF ENGLISH FICTION

BY JOHN FARRAR  
EDITOR AND CRITIC OF "THE BOOKMAN"

### ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Illustrated with a portrait of Lewis Carroll's heroine painted by Neysa McMein and appearing on the cover of this magazine



**A**LICE'S Adventures in Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass, and What Alice Found There are not only great child fantasies, but they present a philosophy of life and a commentary on life's codes and manners.

If you will read over again these two great books you will find that Alice, seven and a half years old, with her wide eyes and her straight hair, with her quaint sense of humor and her love of animals, is not only the children's heroine, but the heroine of old and young.

What does Alice represent that no other heroine in all the long list can equal? She is first of all the healthy, normal little girl, not the perfect child (like Dickens' Little Nell, or Mrs. Burnett's Little Lord Fauntleroy); but the happy, mischievous little girl who thinks, "What's the use of books without pictures or conversation?" Then, preeminently, she is imagination! She is the imaginative human being who finds fun and frolic in the exploration of her own mind! And she is escape! She is escape from things as they are into the marvelous world of things as they might be, where life is roundabout and backward, and no one is any the worse for it. There one meets no ordinary people, but flowers who talk, caterpillars who smoke, chess-men who fall from horses, and the fascinating Cheshire Cat, who grins and grins and who appears or disappears at will. There, most important of all, every one is amusing, and jokes are a part of the day's routine.

Pity the child or the grown-up who cannot play with Alice, who cannot dream with her, who cannot weep with her. Into the rabbit hole she goes, into a

world where one can become large or small, almost at will. Wouldn't it be fun to do away with ladders! There's the Christmas tree now, and the gold star is waiting to be put on the top. How convenient to pick up a very small cake marked "Eat Me" and shoot up to the ceiling, put the star on the tree, then wave the White Rabbit's fan and become tiny enough to explore a rabbit's warren.

In Alice we have the dream child of a man who lived in the late Victorian period; whose life, we know, was dry and without much lightness. He found the ladies of the time rather dull and strait-laced, in the most irritating sense. He turned to little girls for simplicity and naturalness, and his mind, trained to consider the abstract values of that tremendously difficult science, mathematics, sought relief in whimsy, in the writing of nonsense rhymes, in preaching (in his own way) that life is not such a staid and serious matter after all; and in his odd, brilliant manner he told the world that the fundamental doctrine of Christianity was being forgotten amid the pomposities of the period.

I can think of no heroine in all literature more fitting to remember at Christmas time, more fitting to consider as the final one in this series of sketches and portraits; for she represents the best that is in any of us, she is the fun and joy, the imagination, the inspiration and the kindness of life. When the Christmas angels sing across the land, bringing peace and good-will to men, they might breathe a prayer—"And may you all have simplicity, and the ability to enjoy, and the saving grace of laughter."

## CONTENTS

DECEMBER · 1927

COVER DESIGN: FAMOUS HEROINES OF FICTION—ALICE IN WONDERLAND

PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYSA McMEIN

POEMS WRITTEN ESPECIALLY FOR McCALL'S CHRISTMAS ISSUE BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY, EDWIN ARINGTON ROBINSON, ELINOR WYLIE, DOROTHY PARKER, VACHEL LINDSAY, WILLIAM ROSE BENET, JOHN V. A. WEAVER, GENEVIEVE TAGGARD, THEODOSIA GARRISON.

### FICTION

THE STAR IN THE WELL..... 5  
THE SHADOWY LADY OF NOEL..... 8  
BY REQUEST II..... ETHEL M. DELL 10  
THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM III..... 14  
IN CHAINS..... JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD 16  
THE FOX WOMAN IV..... ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING 22  
NALBRO BARTLEY

### ARTICLES

AROUND OUR VILLAGE..... 7  
JEANNE JUDSON STILES  
SAINT NICHOLAS..... 13  
REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D.D.  
A POOR LITTLE RICH BOY'S CHRISTMAS..... 18  
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT JR.  
A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH III..... 19  
JOSEPHINE DEMOTT ROBINSON  
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD..... 24  
A REVIEW OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES BY COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE, ROBERT SHERWOOD, LAURENCE STALLINGS, STARK YOUNG, DEEMS TAYLOR, REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D., WALDO FRANK.

YOUR GLAMOROUS HOUR..... 30  
HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

FAMOUS HEROINES OF ENGLISH FICTION 32

—ALICE IN WONDERLAND—JOHN FARRAR

HIGH TEAS FOR THE HOLIDAYS..... 34

SARAH FIELD SPLINT

LITTLE HOLIDAY DINNERS WE ATE IN PARIS..... 39

DAY MONROE AND MARY I. BARBER

AN HOUR FOR REST..... 40

E. V. MCCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS

WHAT TO GIVE—AND NOT TO GIVE YOUR CHILD AT CHRISTMAS..... 42

CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.

BECAUSE I AM A MOTHER..... 50

VISCOUNTESS EREIGH

GIVE YOUR CHILD BEAUTY..... EMILY POST 52

WHEN YOU GO OUT FOR THE EVENING 54

MARIE CUTTER

DO YOU BELIEVE IN CHRISTMAS?..... 56

ISABEL MOSHER

FOLLOW THE ROAD TO CHRISTMAS..... 59

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND..... 60

MARGUERITE ALLAN

GIFTS YOU CAN MAKE AT HOME..... 64

ELIZABETH LOUNSBERRY

EDITORIAL..... 70

LET'S TALK IT OVER..... 113

WINONA WILCOX

THE HEALING INFLUENCE OF GARDENS..... 120

GENE STRATTON-PORTER

### FASHIONS

FASHION TALK..... ANNE BITTENHOUSE 98

THE VOGUE FOR VELVET..... 103

FASHIONS IN COATS..... 104

FROCKS IN WHICH WE DINE OR DANCE 105

MISCELLANEOUS NECESSITIES..... 106

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS..... 108

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT THAT IS DIFFERENT..... 113



# This Keen Action of Mind, of Body, Comes of Right Eating

1—At Breakfast 2—At Luncheon



"On their toes" every minute  
...for such men, Puffed Grains  
answer the breakfast question.



Puffed Grains start by tempting  
the wayward breakfast appetite...  
they build stamina and endurance.



Keen-minded men require food that pro-  
vides the necessary nourishment without  
overtaxing the system by being too heavy.



*Grain foods with the dynamic energy elements the daily drain on your  
system demands—grain foods so alluring, you eat them because you  
love them and forget they're "good" for you!*

**T**HE modern idea in diet tends to foods  
so tempting that the appetite cannot  
resist them, yet so easily assimilated that  
they do not impose on the digestion.

That kind of food at breakfast means ac-  
tive mornings. And at luncheon; brighter,  
less logy afternoons.

That's why Quaker Puffed Wheat is the  
breakfast dish of millions; Quaker Puffed  
Rice, the ideal cereal luncheon.

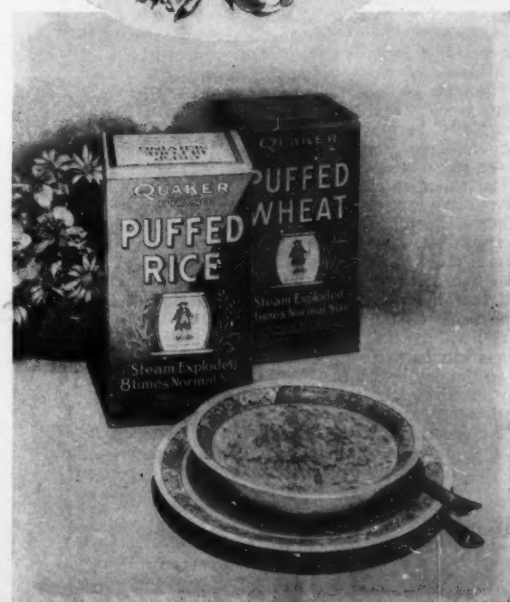
They taste like toasted nutmeats, and crunch  
in the mouth like fresh toast. They're as entic-

ing as confections. Each grain is steam puffed  
to 8 times normal size, then oven crisped.

The Puffed Wheat contains almost 20% of  
bran, but to eat it you would never know it.  
Vital minerals, etc., of wheat are contained.  
Also, when served with milk, the vitamins.

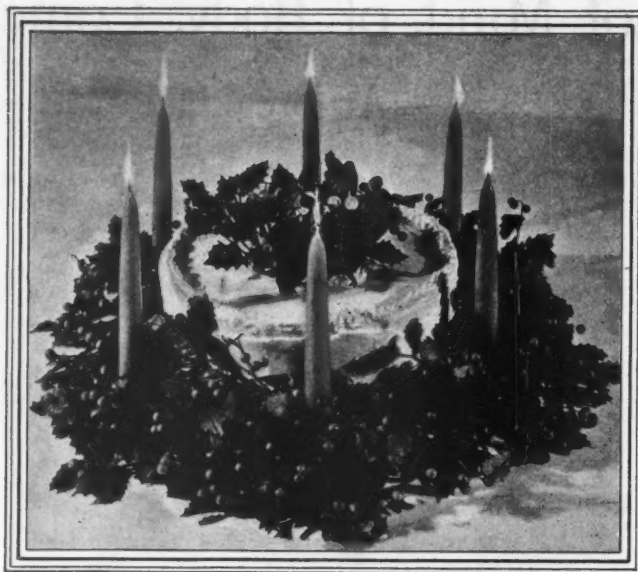
Puffed Rice supplies the carbohydrates of  
finest rice. And as the wheat, the vitamins  
when served with milk.

For the Great Adventure of Variety at  
breakfast, for the less logy afternoons you  
seek — try these remarkable grain foods.



THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

*"I give you Christmas—Christmas Eve, my friends, when the shepherds heard the angels sing, 'On Earth, Peace, Good Will to Men'"*



Photographs by G. W. Harting

*A frosted Christmas cake decorated with holly and candles makes a noble centerpiece for the feast*



## HIGH TEAS *for the* HOLIDAYS

*Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen*

BY SARAH FIELD SPLINT, *Director*

ILLUSTRATED BY MILDRED ANN OWEN

PERHAPS this year it is your turn to have "the clan" gather at your house for its Christmas celebration. And perhaps Christmas dinner is the only method of entertainment approved by the members of your family and the in-laws—especially the in-laws. In that case you have no choice but to do as you have always done. But if you feel you can alter a time-hallowed custom, make the experiment of inviting your guests for "high tea" on Sunday or Monday.

High tea is merely another name for a hearty early supper, in this case especially planned to keep alive the traditions of Christmas feasting, while cutting down much of the work.

Invite your guests to come at three in the afternoon, and plan to serve tea at five. In those two hours you can distribute gifts and enjoy some leisurely visiting such as you could not possibly find time for if the preparation of a big dinner were staring you in the face.

The table you will set, of course, before the guests arrive. For a center-piece use the Christmas Nut Cake illustrated, surrounding it with holly and red candles. (See the recipe for it at the end of this article).

The menus I am giving on this page you may or may not want to follow. Possibly your family has certain favorite dishes you will like to substitute. But if you make any changes bear in mind that you should spend not more than half an hour in the kitchen before tea, and that the menu should consist of wholesome foods on the children's account.

You will see that most of the foods in these menus can be prepared either in the morning or on the day before the party without in any way impairing the flavor. Cold roast turkey, for instance, is all the better if it stands uncarved for twenty-four hours in a cool place, since it absorbs some of the flavor of the stuffing. Here is the recipe I use:

### SAVORY STUFFING

- |                          |                               |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 small onion            | 2/3 cup melted butter         |
| 5 cups soft bread crumbs | 1 teaspoon salt               |
| 1/4 teaspoon paprika     | 1/4 teaspoon pepper           |
| 1/4 teaspoon celery salt | 2 tablespoons chopped parsley |
|                          | 2 teaspoons poultry seasoning |

### Three High Teas

#### MENU I

- |                                                  |                               |
|--------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| <i>Cream of Tomato Soup with Cheese Crackers</i> |                               |
| <i>Cold Stuffed Roast Turkey</i>                 |                               |
| <i>Sweet Potato Soufflé with Marshmallows</i>    | <i>Spiced Cranberry Jelly</i> |
| <i>Molded Grapefruit Salad</i>                   |                               |
| <i>Hot Baking-Powder Biscuit</i>                 |                               |
| <i>Marron Ice Cream</i>                          |                               |
| <i>Christmas Nut Cake</i>                        |                               |
| <i>Candies</i>                                   | <i>Coffee</i>                 |

#### MENU II

- |                                              |                      |
|----------------------------------------------|----------------------|
| <i>Roast Virginia Ham</i>                    |                      |
| <i>Scalloped Potatoes</i>                    | <i>Currant Jelly</i> |
| <i>Hot Parker House Rolls</i>                |                      |
| <i>Vegetable Salad with Russian Dressing</i> |                      |
| <i>Mince Meat Tartlets</i>                   |                      |
| <i>Salted Nuts</i>                           | <i>Coffee</i>        |

#### MENU III

- |                                              |                       |
|----------------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| <i>Cream of Corn Soup</i>                    |                       |
| <i>Paprika Crackers</i>                      |                       |
| <i>Individual Chicken and Vegetable Pies</i> |                       |
| <i>Cream Scones</i>                          | <i>Stuffed Olives</i> |
| <i>Tomato Surprise Salad</i>                 |                       |
| <i>Bavarian Cream</i>                        |                       |
| <i>Mints</i>                                 | <i>Coffee</i>         |

Chop onion fine and fry until a delicate brown in 2 tablespoons of the butter. Add to bread crumbs with remaining butter, salt, pepper, paprika, celery salt, parsley and poultry seasoning.

If you prepare the tomato stock for your cream of tomato soup on the morning of your party, you will only have to reheat and add it to the hot thickened milk just before serving. Here is one of our recipes:

#### CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP

- |                        |                      |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| 2 cups canned tomatoes | 1/4 teaspoon pepper  |
| 2 teaspoons sugar      | 1/2 teaspoon soda    |
| 1 slice onion          | 2 cups milk          |
| 2 whole cloves         | 4 tablespoons flour  |
| 1 teaspoon salt        | 4 tablespoons butter |
|                        | 1/4 teaspoon paprika |

Cook tomatoes with sugar, onion, cloves, salt and pepper for 15 minutes. Scald milk, add flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water, and cook until thick and smooth, stirring constantly to avoid lumping. Add tomatoes slowly to the thickened milk, stirring until well blended. Add butter and paprika and serve at once.

Or one of the good canned soups may be used, adding equal quantities of milk to the contents of the can, if the soup does not already contain milk. Serve the soup in cups and sprinkle chopped parsley over the top. Cheese crackers are a delicious accompaniment and can be gotten ready in the morning to pop into the oven five minutes before you serve the meal. This is how you make them.

#### CHEESE CRACKERS

Spread saltines or any thin unsweetened cracker with butter. Sprinkle with grated cheese and put a dash of paprika on top. Lay on a shallow pan and place in a hot oven until crisp and slightly browned.

#### SWEET POTATO SOUFFLE

- |                                |                       |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------|
| 3 cups hot mashed sweet potato | 4 tablespoons butter  |
| 1 teaspoon salt                | 2/3 cup milk or cream |
| 1/4 teaspoon pepper            | 2 egg whites          |
|                                | Marshmallows          |

[Turn to page 46]



erds  
n"



delicate  
Add to  
salt, pep-  
poultry

or your  
of your  
d add it  
serving.

pepper  
oda  
flour  
butter  
aprika

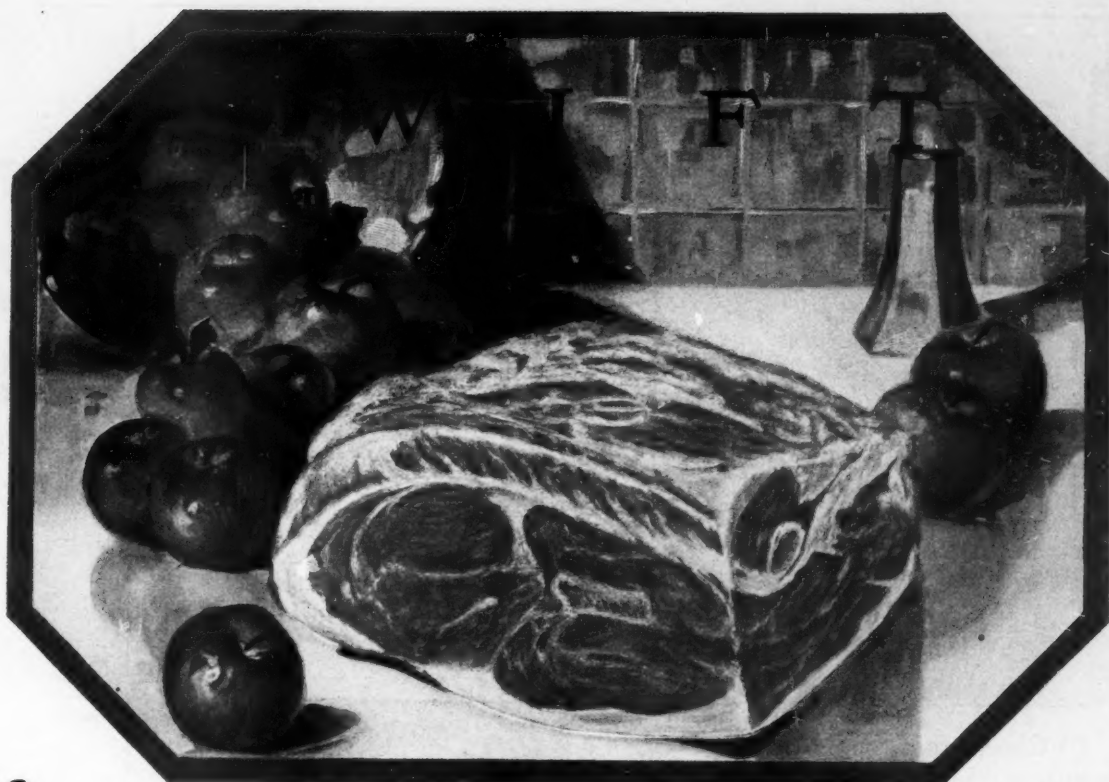
cloves,  
d milk,  
a little  
smooth,  
add to-  
stirring  
paprika

may be  
to the  
not al-  
ups and  
Cheese  
nt and  
to pop  
rve the

etened  
grated  
p. Lay  
n until

butter  
cream

Pork Roast, Pommes Farcies  
—a delicious dinner dish, easy  
and inexpensive to make. This is  
just one of the delightful new  
recipes given in the special Swift  
recipe cards described on this  
page and which will be sent you  
free on request. Simply mail the  
coupon below.



# From France.... these interesting new ideas on meat

*Special recipes for appetizing dishes that are  
surprisingly easy and economical to make*

**T**O French genius in cookery the world has long paid homage. To French pastries, French salads and, above all, to those wonderful French ways of cooking meats!

Steaks and roasts and cutlets with the most delicious sauces! Tempting combinations of meat and vegetables! Savory meats en casserole, ragoûts, patties, stuffed meats!

In all these famous dishes there is the double genius of French skill in preparation and of French thrift! Centuries of experience have taught French women how to make, from the

less familiar cuts of meat, dishes that are as practical and inexpensive as they are delicious.

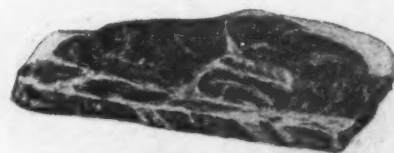
*A new aid to the most delightful  
variety of delicious meat dishes*

And now there is a new aid to the making of these dishes—a valuable new set of recipe cards, "Tempting new meat dishes adapted from the French," giving ten of France's most prized recipes for serving pork.

These recipes reveal the most delightful variety of pork dishes, so good you would never guess how little they cost and how easily they are made! And to show just how to buy the delicious, less familiar cuts of pork that are so inexpensive, a chart has been prepared. Each cut of pork is pictured—a graphic help in shopping, and in making new meat dishes, too.

Wouldn't you like a set of these recipe cards? And the pork chart? They are free—a part of Swift service. Through our more than 400 branch houses, through our 7,500 miles of private telegraph wires, through our great fleet of refrigerator cars we supply your dealer with the choicest fresh meat, wherever you live. Further than this, it is also our aim to help you get the most enjoyment out of our meats. That is why the new recipe cards and the instructive meat chart are offered you. To get them, simply mail the coupon today.

Swift & Company



Pork Shoulder—one of the less expensive cuts that lends itself to the most appetizing combinations of chops or roasts and vegetables. The new Swift recipe cards, free on request, give special recipes for serving Pork Shoulder. You will find them unusually interesting.



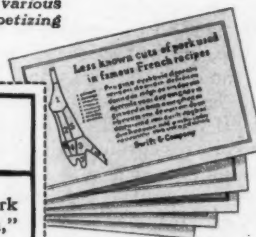
Pork Cutlets—tender, savory meat that can be served in many ways. Packed in shining pails from which your retailer will weigh out just the amount you need. The new Swift recipe cards, sent free to you, will tell you how to cook Pork Cutlets.

© S. & Co.



Pork Roast, Pommes Farcies—shown above, is as attractive to serve as it is good to eat. This is one of the recipes given in the new Swift recipe cards.

**FREE!** Mail this coupon now for the set of ten new Swift pork recipe cards, "Tempting new meat dishes adapted from the French," and special meat chart showing how to buy the various cuts of pork used in these appetizing recipes.



Home Economics Dept.  
Swift & Company, 4350 Packers Ave., Chicago

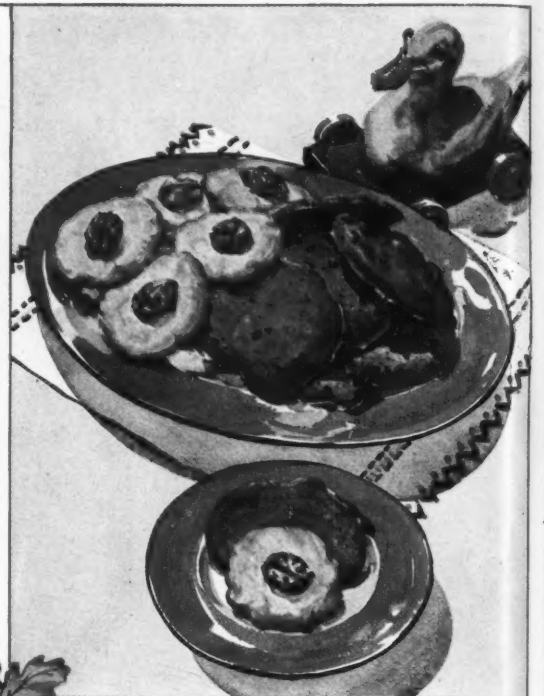
Please send me free of charge your special set of new pork recipes, "Tempting new meat dishes adapted from the French," and your chart picturing the various cuts of pork.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....



# Better cookies in half the time

Oh weary mothers, rolling dough  
Don't you wish that food would grow?  
How happy all the world would be,  
With a cookie bush, and a doughnut tree.



## 50 Chocolate Drops (above)

Chocolate cookies are a real treat when made with Crisco.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco	2 cups flour	3 squares melted chocolate
1 cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda	1 cup broken walnuts
1 teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	1 cup cut raisins

Cream Crisco, sugar and salt. Add eggs, then chocolate, nuts and raisins. Sift flour with soda. Add alternately with milk. Drop, flatten with spatula. Bake 10 to 15 minutes.

## 50 Date Dreams (above)

Crisco keeps them crisp, fresh and sweet a long time.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco	$\frac{3}{4}$ cup dates cut fine
1 cup brown sugar	1 $\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour
1 egg (beaten)	2 teaspoons baking powder
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup rolled oats	1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	

Cream Crisco, sugar and salt. Add egg, rolled oats and dates. Sift other dry ingredients. Add alternately with milk. Drop, bake 15 minutes.

## 25 Coconut Cookies (below)

Made with Crisco they are short, tender, crisp; not too rich.

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup Crisco	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon	2 teaspoons baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar	juice or extract	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
1 egg (beaten)	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour	2 cups coconut
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk		

Cream Crisco and sugar. Add egg, then lemon juice. Stir in coconut, then milk. Last add flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. Drop, allowing space to spread. Bake 15 to 20 minutes.



## 70 Walnut Cookies (above)

You can use raisins instead of the walnuts if you prefer.

4 cups pastry flour	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups Crisco
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt	1 cup finely chopped walnuts
1 teaspoon baking powder	5 beaten eggs
1 cup sugar	70 walnut halves

Sift all dry ingredients twice. Rub Crisco in with the hands until thoroughly blended. Stir in the nuts, last the eggs. Mix well. Follow method for Party Cookies. Put walnut meat in center of each. Bake 15 minutes.

## 100 Raisin Drops (above)

A fine, tasty cookie which keeps well when made with Crisco.

1 cup granulated sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cloves
1 cup brown sugar	4 eggs (beaten)
1 cup Crisco	4 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup warm water
1 teaspoon salt	1 cup raisins

Cream sugars and Crisco. Add eggs, molasses, then raisins and nuts. Then soda and water, last spices, salt and flour sifted together. Drop. Bake 10 to 15 minutes.

## 18 Pecan Wafers (below)

These snappy, nutty wafers are delicious when made with Crisco.

2 tablespoons Crisco	$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup pastry flour
1 egg (beaten)	2 tablespoons milk
1 teaspoon baking powder	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped pecans
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice	18 pecan halves

Cream Crisco and sugar. Add egg, pecans and lemon juice. Sift flour, baking powder and salt, add alternately with milk to first mixture. Mix well. Drop. Press flat. Put  $\frac{1}{2}$  pecan on each. Bake 10 to 15 minutes.



MY way of making cookies, of course, isn't quite as easy as picking them off a bush. But it is a great deal quicker and easier than the old time-taking method of rolling and cutting each cookie. And there is no mess to clean up—no table or board, no rolling pin, no sticky hands to wash afterwards.

This method makes crisper cookies, too—the last one just like the first; not dry and breadly from extra flour added with repeated rollings.

I made all the cookies on these pages with Crisco, by the time-saving method illustrated on the opposite page. And, I will confess, I have had many nice compliments on my cookies. If you will read the Blindfold Test on the opposite page, you will discover *why* my Crisco cookies taste so good.

And, of course, a shortening as wholesome as Crisco makes wholesome, digestible cookies. Then, too, Crisco is so sweet and fresh itself that Crisco cookies stay fresh a surprisingly long time.

Winifred S. Foster







### Children's Party Cookies (right)

Grown-ups too will love these snappy, spicy Crisco cookies even without the icing.

- |                        |                              |
|------------------------|------------------------------|
| 2 cups pastry flour    | ¼ teaspoon soda              |
| ¾ cup sugar            | 1 teaspoon salt              |
| 1 teaspoon cinnamon    | 1 teaspoon ginger            |
| 1 egg beaten           | ¾ cup finely chopped walnuts |
| ¾ cup Crisco           | ¾ cup raisins cut fine       |
| 3 tablespoons molasses |                              |

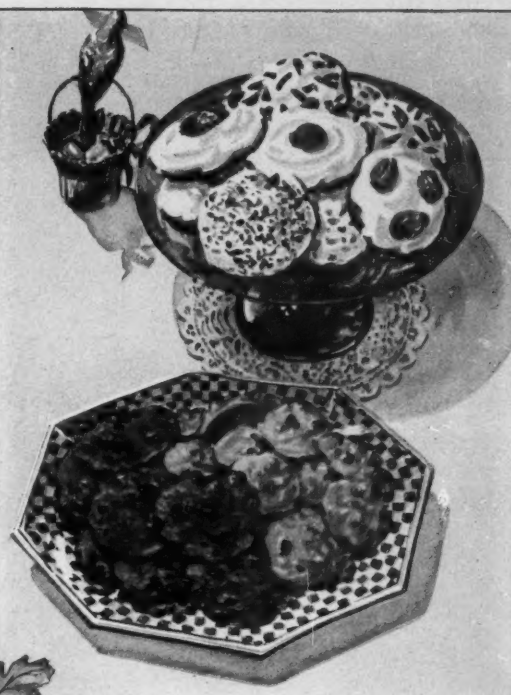
Sift dry ingredients. Rub Crisco in with fingers. Add walnuts and raisins, then egg and molasses mixed together. Should mixture be too dry to hold together, add a few drops of water. Take bits of dough the size of a walnut and roll into balls. Lay 2 inches apart in Criscoed baking pan. Press balls flat with bottom of glass dipped in sugar for each cookie. Bake 10 minutes. Ice each cookie and decorate with ½ cherry or whole walnut-meat.

Plain Icing:  
1 egg white, unbeaten

2 tablespoons cream  
Confectioner's sugar

Mix egg white and cream together. Stir in enough confectioner's sugar to make a consistency which will spread easily.

ALL measurements level. All these cookies baked in a moderate oven 350° F. About 2 in. space should be allowed on each pan for cookies to spread. Let cookies stand in pan a minute before removing to board to cool. Do not pile or put in jars until quite cold. Flatten only when specified in recipes. All recipes on this page tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute.



### 35 Honey Wafers (above)

A dainty little Crisco wafer, which will keep fresh and crisp as long as Crisco itself.

- |                      |                             |
|----------------------|-----------------------------|
| ½ cup Crisco         | Grated rind of lemon        |
| ½ cup strained honey | 2 cups pastry flour         |
| 1 whole egg          | 1 doz. almonds chopped fine |
| 1 egg yolk           | 1 egg white                 |
| 1 teaspoon salt      | 2 teaspoons baking powder   |
| ¾ cup sugar          |                             |

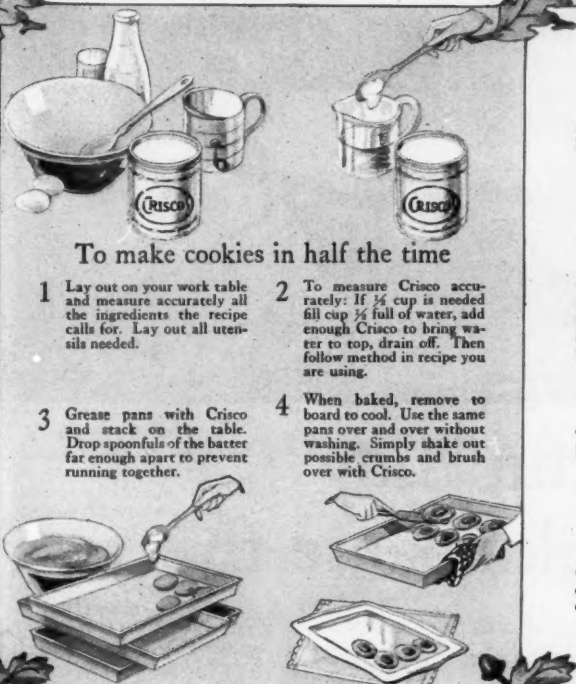
Cream Crisco and sugar. Add egg and yolk, then honey and lemon rind. Stir in flour, salt and baking powder sifted together. Drop. Flatten with bottom of glass dipped in flour, then brush top with egg white slightly beaten and mixed with the almonds. Bake about 15 minutes.

### 65 Soft Molasses Cookies (above)

These will remind the grown-up children of grandmother's famous ginger cookies.

- |                     |                           |
|---------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 cup molasses      | 1 ½ cups raisins          |
| 1 cup sugar         | 1 teaspoon ginger         |
| 1 cup melted Crisco | 1 teaspoon cinnamon       |
| 1 cup sour milk     | 1 teaspoon soda           |
| 2 eggs (beaten)     | ½ teaspoon salt           |
| 4 cups pastry flour | 3 teaspoons baking powder |

Mix together molasses, sugar and Crisco. Add spices, salt, then soda dissolved in one tablespoon cold water. Add eggs, then raisins, then sour milk. Last stir in the flour sifted with baking powder. Drop. Bake 10 to 15 minutes.



### To make cookies in half the time

- 1 Lay out on your work table and measure accurately all the ingredients the recipe calls for. Lay out all utensils needed.
- 2 To measure Crisco accurately: If ½ cup is needed fill cup ¾ full of water, add enough Crisco to bring water to top, drain off. Then follow method in recipe you are using.
- 3 Grease pans with Crisco and stack on the table. Drop spoonfuls of the batter far enough apart to prevent running together.
- 4 When baked, remove to board to cool. Use the same pans over and over without washing. Simply shake out possible crumbs and brush over with Crisco.

### 60 Bran Cookies (above)

Now the children may enjoy their bran. You couldn't find a healthier combination than these Crisco bran cookies.

- |                             |                      |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| ½ cup sugar                 | 1 cup cut raisins    |
| ½ cup Crisco                | ½ cup broken nuts    |
| 2 eggs unbeaten             | 2 ½ cups bran flakes |
| ¾ cup sour milk             | 1 cup pastry flour   |
| ¼ teaspoon soda             | 1 teaspoon cinnamon  |
| 1 ½ teaspoons baking powder | ½ teaspoon salt      |

Cream sugar and Crisco. Add eggs, beat until light and soft. Add sour milk and soda beaten together. Sift flour, baking powder, salt and cinnamon twice. Mix with bran, raisins and nuts. Add to first mixture. Stir all together. Drop. Flatten with back of spoon. Bake 10 to 15 minutes.

### 50 Love Drops (above)

Crisco, oatmeal and raisins make a delicious, wholesome combination you are sure to "Love."

- |                          |                               |
|--------------------------|-------------------------------|
| ¾ cup Crisco             | 2 cups rolled oats (uncooked) |
| 1 cup sugar              | 2 cups pastry flour           |
| 2 eggs (unbeaten)        | 1 cup raisins                 |
| ½ teaspoon soda          | ¼ teaspoon salt               |
| 8 tablespoons sweet milk |                               |

Cream Crisco and sugar. Add eggs, beat well. Add milk, rolled oats and raisins. Sift flour, soda and salt together. Mix thoroughly. Drop. Bake 10 to 15 minutes.



I really don't know how I could keep house without the good things Crisco gives me: Cakes that you simply cannot tell from butter cakes; tender, flaky pie crusts; fluffy, golden biscuits; crisp, digestible fried foods, without smoke, unpleasant odor or waste.



### An Astonishing Blindfold Test

See if this doesn't give you the greatest surprise of your whole cooking experience!

Put a little Crisco on the tip of one spoon. On the tip of another place a little of the fat you are now using; have someone blindfold you, and give you first one, then the other to taste.

Now did you ever imagine there could be such a striking difference in the taste of cooking fats? Think what an improvement Crisco's own sweetness and freshness will make in your own cakes, pies, biscuits, and fried foods.

To test your cooking fat, taste it.  
Crisco's sweet flavor will astonish you.

## Free! COOK BOOK

### "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes"

A new and unusual cook book. Into it we have gathered 144 tested recipes, all chosen because they are simple, easy and quick to prepare. Yet each makes a perfectly delicious dish. There are dozens of suggestions, too, that will save you endless time and trouble. To receive the book, simply fill in and mail the coupon below.

12 dozen  
time-saving  
recipes



PROCTER & GAMBLE,  
Dept. of Home Economics, Section L-12,  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me free the cook book entitled "12 Dozen Time-Saving Recipes."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....



# What a wonderful "buy" Diamond Walnuts are this year!

## They're Better— Yet Lower in Price

For this year, in California's famous Walnut districts, nature and science have combined to produce the ideal combination: an *even higher* quality (due to favorable weather conditions); yet a crop of over sixty million pounds, large enough to insure a *lower price*.

This year, there's no reason on earth why you shouldn't enjoy top-quality Walnuts often. A heaping bowl on the holiday table! Tradition and good taste naturally call for it. And what surer way to give that *final touch* to the Thanksgiving menu, than by adding plump, flavorful Walnut meats to salads, fruit cocktails, desserts, and candies!

### Diamond Walnuts Are BETTER WALNUTS

Give Walnuts the place they deserve on your shopping list. And be sure you get the *best* Walnuts—full-meated, fine-flavored *Diamond Walnuts*—the pick of California's finest crop to begin with—then graded and selected by hand and by ingenious machines (including an air-suction process more precise in

selection than a human could be).

Fortunately, you can be sure. For modern inventive genius has taken the guess out of Walnut buying. Last year—after seven years of experiment—we found a way to brand each Walnut with the Diamond trade-mark—*right on the shell*.

Now you can buy Walnuts just as you are accustomed to buy other quality foods—in a "trade-marked package." The only difference is, this "package" costs you nothing. We brand Diamond Walnuts 20 pounds for a cent—thirty times as cheaply as we could pack them in the simplest 1-pound carton.

### Look For The Trade-mark —And Be Sure

As there is usually such slight difference in price, surely it's worth your while to insist upon Diamond California

Walnuts: *in the shell*—each nut branded with the Diamond trade-mark—or *shelled* (mixed halves and pieces—kept always fresh and sweet in two sizes of vacuum-sealed tins, for instant use).

Your grocer's *fresh* stock of new-crop Diamond Walnuts has just arrived. Order a supply today. Then write for our new book, "FOR THAT FINAL TOUCH—JUST ADD WALNUTS." It's free—and full of interesting suggestions for "dressing up" every-day meals.

### CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION

Address Dept. E-5, Los Angeles, California  
*A purely cooperative, non-profit organization of 4340 growers  
Our yearly production over 60,000,000 pounds*

### A Special Message to Quality Buyers

As a discriminating buyer, can you afford not to insist upon Diamond Walnuts—in fairness to over four thousand American growers—and to yourself?

You know, as we do, that farming today is a precarious business. Particularly Walnut growing—where years must elapse between the planting of the tree and the harvesting of the crop.

Selection of varieties, budding, cultivation, pest control, irrigation—all these quality steps for your protection require great expense and labor. Then when the crop matures, it takes courage to sort out a large percentage of the nuts in order to insure the uniform high quality of the remainder. The temptation always is to take the easy way—and let quality barriers down.

The associated Walnut Growers of California have resisted this temptation. When nature has been unkind—as last season—they have taken their losses. In good crop years—such as this one—they have passed on a large share of the benefits in lower prices to you.

As a consumer, you benefit from this cultural skill—this painstaking care in grading and selection. Can you afford not to look for the Diamond trade-mark when you buy Walnuts—in appreciation of the quality ideals of these American growers—in justice to yourself!



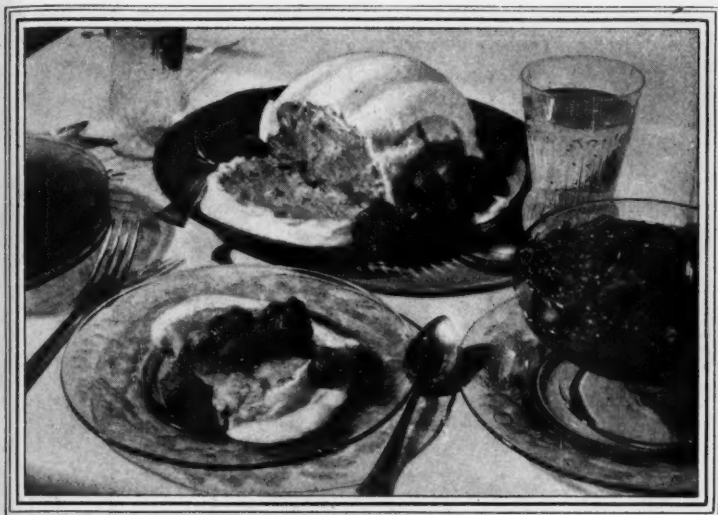
Look for this Diamond  
on every Walnut

# DIAMOND WALNUTS

California's Finest



## The Christmas feast par excellence lives in the memory of those



Strawberry Surprise Made with Preserved Fruit is a Festive Dessert

## LITTLE HOLIDAY DINNERS

### We Ate In Paris

BY DAY MONROE AND MARY I. BARBER

LAST year the Editor asked us to tell you about the delectable Christmas dinner and New Year's supper that Madame prepared for our especial honor in Paris. This year we have received the command, "Tell McCall readers about the other dinners Madame serves to her guests during the Holidays."

"The success of the little dinner is measured by the pleasure of the hostess," says Madame. So in her planning she chooses dishes, delicious yet inexpensive, which she can prepare in advance. Then when she greets her guests she has no worries as to what may be going on in the kitchen.

This is one of Madame's easily prepared yet never-to-be-forgotten party menus:

Onion Soup  
Normandy Pork Chops  
Candied Sweet Potatoes Brussels Sprouts  
Coupe Seville

"Onion soup for a company dinner!" you may exclaim. But you have not seen Madame's onion soup, appearing in a creamy yellow earthenware tureen, looking like an entrée with its top covered with a golden layer of toast and cheese, and served steaming hot. And the flavor! After the first bite no one can doubt that this should be reserved for company—the most select and appreciative of one's guests.

Of the Normandy Pork Chops which are prepared in a casserole, Madame says, "The casserole was invented for the woman with no maid or with a maid none too clever. With the casserole there is no last-minute broiling of steaks or chops, no agony if a guest is delayed; a few minutes more of cooking will make it just so much better."



Brussels Sprouts are a favorite vegetable, adding, according to Madame, color and flavor to the dinner. The candied sweet potatoes were introduced into this household by American friends and have been found incomparable as an accompaniment for pork chops. The dessert, Coupe Seville, is named for the Spanish city famed for its oranges. Probably in our country we would rechristen this golden dish Coupe Florida-California!

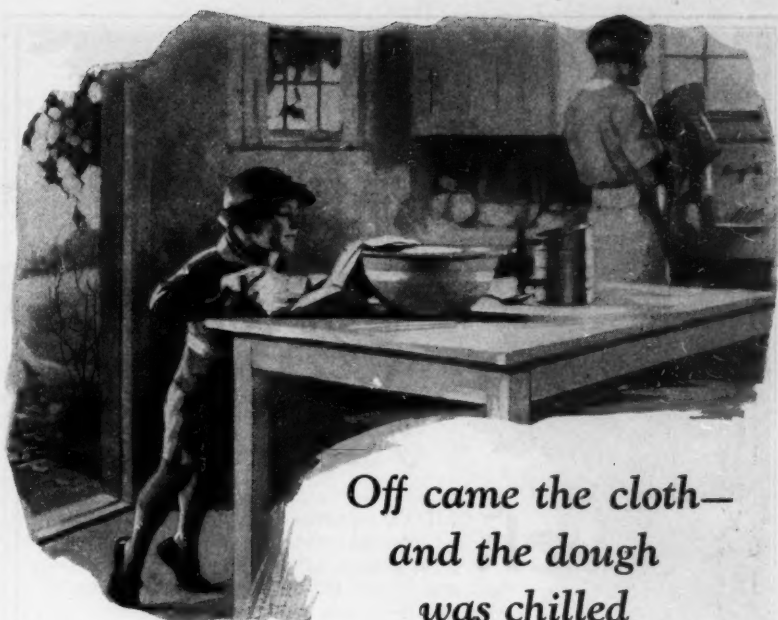
There is another dinner which has lingered in our memory. Madame planned it thoughtfully. Here is her menu:

Julienne Soup  
Beef Birds  
Scalloped Tomatoes and Corn  
Artichoke Salad  
Strawberry Surprise

The Julienne Soup is prepared according to a recipe created by a famous chef, Jean Julian, more than a hundred years ago. It is made from root vegetables, carrots, turnips, onions and root celery, cut into strips as thin as matches and about as long. These are cooked in a well-seasoned stock. In some of our American markets we are unable to procure root celery so we use celery stalks instead. One-fourth cup of "Julienne mixture" should be allowed for each person to be served. The stock should be clear and free from fat. It should be highly seasoned by having been cooked with plenty of vegetables, and well colored. Too bland stock loses its identity when onions are added. Bouillon cubes may be used effectively for the basis of this soup instead of prepared stock.

Madame was pleased to give us some of her choice recipes. Here they are!

[Turn to page 54]



Off came the cloth—  
and the dough  
was chilled

HER small son decides to investigate, and quietly pulls the cloth off the bowl. And a cool breeze comes across the room from an open window, strikes the exposed dough and checks its rising.

If her flour had been of that sensitive variety which must be handled as carefully as old lace, this youthful prank might have meant a baking failure—rolls lacking in flavor, heavy, and coarse in texture.

But not with Pillsbury's Best Flour. Here is a flour of generous quality—such trifling accidents, as might upset a flour less carefully milled, have no effect on the things you bake with Pillsbury's Best.

Pillsbury's Best Flour is judged not merely by the way it works under the ideal conditions of a laboratory test kitchen. It is milled to a still higher standard—it must meet the demands of the everyday home kitchen, where accidents will happen to the best of cooks.

Pillsbury's Best Flour is tested every hour as it is milled. It is made from wheat bought by men who ransack the country for just the proper grade. It will bake anything you want—delicious pastry, biscuits, or good bread—with absolute certainty. And it will rise to an emergency because it has more strength and a higher quality than you usually need.

### Have you ever tried

the Pillsbury Basic Recipe Method? It shows you how to bake a hundred delicious foods from only four basic recipes. Now you can easily serve a greater variety of baked delicacies—housewives continually tell us it is the most convenient and successful baking method they have ever found. We will be glad to send you the whole method free—write for our booklet, "100 Foods from 4 Basic Recipes."

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



# Pillsbury's Best Flour

Generous quality—for bread, biscuits and pastry

Spend this

# Christmas

UNDER the  
**Orange  
Trees**  
of Southern California

**H**OLIDAY memories that will last a lifetime—Christmas among fruit-laden orange trees, or in gardens aglow with brilliant poinsettias—and roses! Hillsides green with verdure; roadsides lined with red-berried pepper-trees; a mile of gaily-lighted giant Christmas trees at Altadena; snow-laden mountains in the distance. An astounding yuletide picture! A different Christmas—you will find it here in Southern California.

From far behind the glistening snow peaks comes the spirit of Christmas into this balmy, spring-like Southland, spreading glad carols, gifts, and festive turkey feasts! *Everything*—and more than a night-before-Christmas dream could promise for your happiness.

What a day to be in Southern California—and all the wonderful week that follows, with Pasadena's Tournament of Roses and the East-West football game on New Year's day!

Will you let yourself experience this new and enchanting Christmas? Here, amid the sunshine and flowers of Southern California you will find new scenes—new things to do. Take limitless scenic motor trips, visit Old Spanish Missions, golf on ever green links; thrill at the quiet of a colorful winter desert or the rolling surf of the placid blue Pacific!

Come by way of Los Angeles, metropolis of this joyous land of new fun and new opportunity. See all this Southland. You will marvel at its remarkable development. Los Angeles County figures for 1926 alone show astounding growth. Think of live stock, agricultural and citrus products worth \$116,500,361; wells pumping 122,554,276 barrels of oil and a port turnover of 22,094,976 tons!

Decide quickly—as you read this. Be out here well before Christmas eve! See your nearest ticket agent at once for rates and reservations. Now is the time to make arrangements.

*We have issued one of the most complete books on vacations—winter or summer—ever printed. 52 pages, illustrated, tell you just what you can see and do in this strange land of oranges, palm trees and Old Spanish Missions. Send the Coupon.*

## Southern California

"A Trip Abroad in Your Own America"



All-Year Club of Southern California  
Dept. T-12, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,  
Los Angeles, California

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked.

- |                                             |                                        |
|---------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Los Angeles        | <input type="checkbox"/> Santa Barbara |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Los Angeles Sports | <input type="checkbox"/> San Diego     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> San Bernardino     | <input type="checkbox"/> Riverside     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Orange             | <input type="checkbox"/> Ventura       |

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....

*Make your Christmas happy  
and Healthful too, by taking*



Photograph by Harry Healy

*There's better health value in an hour of story telling  
before the fire than in many bottles of medicine*

## An HOUR for REST

By E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS

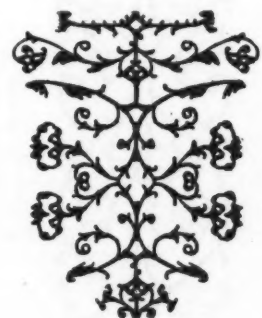
School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

**D**EPRESSION, anxiety and absorption in self—these are the unpleasant nervous reactions we observe in the faces of nearly every one we pass in the street. To a keen observer the faces of almost all those who have advanced beyond adolescence reveal the prevalence of ill health; the person who radiates comfort, good-will and hopefulness is rare.

So much is known about the causes of cumulative fatigue and impairment of the nervous system that it is possible to teach boys and girls of high school age how to avoid most of the unfortunate situations which bring on physical and mental distress. Yet only a feeble beginning has been made in this direction. We are teaching our children almost everything except how to live successfully and happily. Physical tiredness brought on by working through the day does one no harm and is beneficial to health, since a good night of rest restores one to a normal, rested condition.

There is one remarkable difference between the effects of physical and nervous fatigue. In the former there is a desire for rest, whereas in the latter there is an increased tendency to irritability and a progressively increasing inability to take rest. Little things which do not affect normal people intrude into the consciousness and command the attention of those whose nervous systems are over-fatigued. Frequently this condition is the result of wrong habits of thought and wrong action. Neurasthenics—who are often persons of outstanding talent and intelligence—belong to this class; they have wrought great damage to the nervous system and have allowed it to get beyond control.

We are all painfully familiar with the



man, or woman, who carries too many obligations and sacrifices too much for family or business, and is so irritable that little things cause outbursts of temper, lack of consideration for others and a tendency to self-centered thoughts. In other words, he is what is generally described as a confirmed dyspeptic.

The digestive function is inseparably connected with the proper

working and health of the nervous system. Conversely, conditions and agencies which chronically disturb the nervous system are liable to induce digestive disturbances. The headaches from which many people suffer periodically are often of obscure origin and their cause can be discovered only by a physician's careful study. They may be due primarily to nervous fatigue and irritation, to autointoxication from an unhygienic alimentary tract, or to eye-strain.

It is not enough, then, for us to select food which provides everything needed, in a chemical sense, for nutrition; we must take care of the body and allow it to repair the effects of waste. Those who tax the body's powers in the digestion of food and in the elimination of the waste products, may expect fat paunches, squeaking joints, double chins, injured colons, diseased gall bladders, exhausted livers, hardened arteries, high blood pressure, damaged kidneys and impaired hearts.

Those who seek to regain lost health need, most of all, a sense of proportion and an appreciation of the real things in life. Those who still possess health, should adhere rigidly to regular habits of living—to a frugal and simple diet, regular rest, recreation and sleep. This will accomplish what can be gained by no amount of curative medicine, nor by enforced idleness, after health is lost.



ing

# Elizabeth Arden has a charmingly appropriate gift FOR EVERY WOMAN ON YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST



A gift of Elizabeth Arden's important Preparations is always useful and always welcome. The name Elizabeth Arden on your Christmas package enhances the gift in any woman's eyes.



A dainty holiday gift—Elizabeth Arden's Indelible Lip Paste in a gay little galalith box. \$1, \$2.



Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Dusting Powder, a delightful luxury, a smooth fine powder, pure, soft and lightly perfumed. A large box gaily flowered, with a big puff. \$3.

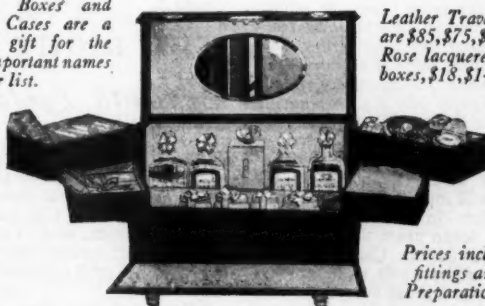


Elizabeth Arden's Jasmine Soap comes in a charming trinket box of jade green. Allamanda Soap in a lapis blue box. \$3.75.



THEY are gifts of the sort that every woman loves—exquisite powders, smart travel cases, bath salts, jewel-like compacts—intimate little accessories that express delightful things to a woman. Every Elizabeth Arden Preparation is made with immaculate purity, and with a background of scientific knowledge which makes each specialized Preparation surely effective. And so your gift of Elizabeth Arden's Preparations is pleasantly useful to the recipient. And it carries a message of subtle flattery, too, for Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are used by the most distinguished women all over the world. They are sold at smart shops everywhere.

Elizabeth Arden's Beauty Boxes and Travel Cases are a perfect gift for the most important names on your list.

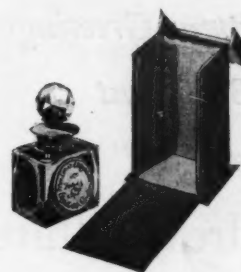


Leather Travel Cases are \$85, \$75, \$60, \$30. Rose lacquered metal boxes, \$18, \$14, \$3.85.

Prices include fittings and Preparations.



Elizabeth Arden's Bath Salts are delightfully fragrant and refreshing. A favorite gift at all seasons. Rose, Russian Pine, and Nirvana. \$1.75, \$3, \$5.



Mon Amie Elizabeth, a perfume created especially for Elizabeth Arden. Smart cut glass bottle in satin-lined box. \$27.50.



Poudre d'Illusion, Elizabeth Arden's most exquisite powder, in a satin-lined box. Illusion, Rachel, Ocre, Minerva, Banana and White. \$3.



Petite O'Boy, Elizabeth Arden's smart compact, a chased gilt case, containing powder or rouge or both powder and rouge. \$2.50.

Elizabeth Arden's Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops all over the United States, Canada and Great Britain, and in the principal cities of Europe, Africa, Australasia and the Far East, South America, West Indies and the U. S. Possessions.

## ELIZABETH ARDEN

LONDON: 25 Old Bond Street

NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE

PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix

CHICAGO: 70 E. Walton Place  
PHILADELPHIA: 133 South 18th Street  
BOSTON: 24 Newbury Street

WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Avenue  
DETROIT: 318 Book Building  
PALM BEACH: 2 Via Parigi

SAN FRANCISCO: 233 Grant Avenue  
ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block  
LOS ANGELES: 600 West 7th Street

BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta  
CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries  
© Elizabeth Arden, 1927



© Harold Stein, N. Y.

*"Christmas Greetings  
Broadcast  
Good Will," says*

**J. Andrew White**

*dean of radio announcers*

To send out cards of good will to one's friends and relatives at Christmas time is part of Christmas. And many a thoughtful person assembles lists of orphans—sick folks—old people in institutions—and to this wider circle, too, broadcasts the precious greeting.

Buy your Christmas Cards early—and mail them early.

*Wherever this seal is displayed  
you will find complete assort-  
ments of Greeting Cards*



*Scatter Sunshine  
with Greeting Cards*

*Gifts for the Child! Christmas means that  
in every Home—you too may want to know*



*"The personality of an honest doll ought to outlast her head—nay, several heads"*

## *What to Give—and Not to Give* **YOUR CHILD AT CHRISTMAS**

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. H. TAFFS

THERE are many kinds of children—types we may call them—and there are as many types among the young as among the elders.

All normal children at the different ages show similar constructive mental traits in like manner and they adjust themselves to the same grades in school. In behavior, however, and in their reaction to control and the capacity for effort to accept discipline, there is a wide divergence even among the members of the same family. Rarely are any two among four or six alike in their mental reactions.

There is a common ground, however, where all meet and it is the spirit of Christmas that places them all on the same level. It will impress the reader as a strange situation in which a normal healthy boy of seven years showed no interest whatever in his Christmas gifts which were of many kinds and most expensive, and covered about everything that would delight the heart of a boy. This unfortunate youth represents the extreme type of his kind. His father had in a few years acquired great wealth and his business and social engagements occupied every hour of the day and much of the night. The boy's mother had her own interests which she cultivated assiduously and saw the boy only at short intervals nearly every day. He was brought up by nurses, frequently changed, and later by a governess who was sufficiently uneducated to possess a wide variety of visionary fads relating to child rearing, all of which were tried out on the boy. He was developed and fashioned according to rules. Every physical demand was carried out in a most exhaustive fashion and he developed physically into a wonderful young animal,



### THE RIGHT GIFT FOR THE RIGHT CHILD

*By Edith London Boehm*

BECAUSE so much generous giving to the young is at the cost of much self-denial on the part of their elders—it seems a pity that so many of the toys bought, and so dearly paid for, are often left unused and discarded after the first little spell of interest on Christmas Day.

"Unappreciative, new style children," I can hear a disappointed father say.

But has it all been a mistaken waste of generosity on unappreciative children? Or, is there perhaps something wrong with the kind of toys selected for them?

Do we not often forget that the child's life is quite different from our own, and that whereas the adult considers play rest from work, the child actually wants work for his play? So that, where the grown-up may be attracted by ingenious workmanship, attractive boxing, and perhaps carried away by price, the child thinks only in terms of what the toy means to him and how it fits into his scheme of things. He tries it out, and if it has working possibilities, he accepts it, regardless of price, color or creed. This [Turn to page 44]

strong and sturdy. Playmates were not allowed because of the fear that he would "catch something," which of course referred to the infectious diseases. The child had not one boy or girl friend or com-

panion, and intimate friendship with his parents was denied him. At times the boy rebelled at the monotony, and because of the absence of childish thrills such as going to a party or a picnic or a movie there were terrific brainstorms when he smashed everything within his grasp and which left him sleepless, exhausted and repentant.

In order to square themselves with conscience which whispered personal neglect the parents showered gifts upon him of every kind and description. I have the mother's word for it that she never returned home from a daily outing or a shopping expedition, which meant every day, without bringing the boy a toy or a gift of some sort. Nothing was left for him to desire, there was no opportunity for a play of the imagination. Every day was a holiday or a birthday and it was a bored small boy that I would take by the hand and accompany to the playroom to inspect the Christmas gifts.

Peter is a few years past ten at this minute. I am watching his development with much interest. His inheritance, be it understood, is all that could be desired but Peter is bored and has been since he was a few years old. Peter is the logical product of over attention on one hand and neglect on the other, but Peter is not alone. One of the great mistakes of well-to-do parents is the cheapening of the joys of life for a child by habitual indulgence. As soon as the child develops powers of reasoning he should be made to appreciate events by their scarcity.



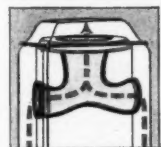
Again this year, the Estate Heatrola — *that perfect home-heater* — is transforming tens of thousands of old-fashioned "parlors" into modern living-rooms



*Upstairs and down,  
the whole house smiles  
a welcome*

The Estate Heatrola brings not only a new beauty to the living-room, but also a new cheerfulness to the whole house. No more "stove huddling," no more "arctic corners." Instead, every room flooded with moist, healthful heat. Delightful coziness!

This is because the Heatrola has a double air-circulating system, built around the famous Intensi-Fire Air Duct. This remarkable device, exclusive with the Estate Heatrola, is located directly in the path of the flames and absorbs and blocks much of the heat which ordinarily goes up the chimney. And because the fire is perfectly regulated, it holds overnight. Think of the joy of dressing and eating breakfast in a home comfortably warm!



#### *Healthful heat in every room*

Heatrola heat is friendly heat—healthful and breathable—not like dry "stove heat" that smarts your nose and throat. The heat is moistened by means of a vapor tank built in the rear of the cabinet. As your doctor will tell you, this moist Heatrola heat will go far towards preventing winter colds and other illnesses.

#### *As for cleanliness—*

Heatrola is ash-dust-smoke-and-fume-tight—so clean and so easy to keep clean. Its mahogany-

colored, vitreous enamel finish, grained to resemble natural wood, will last a lifetime. You need only dust it with a cloth to keep it looking like new.

#### *Cuts fuel bills nearly in half*

We asked Heatrola owners in the coldest parts of the country just how much fuel they saved with the Estate Heatrola. Their answers show that the average saving is 45%—nearly half! Heatrola really pays for itself in money saved.

#### *So easy to own one*

There is a Heatrola dealer near you. He will tell you all about the advantageous and exclusive features of the Estate Heatrola—the original first-floor, warm-air heating plant. He will tell you, too, how easily you can buy it. See him, or mail the coupon for beautifully illus-

trated booklet. Address, The Estate Stove Company, Dept. 3-B, Hamilton, Ohio, or any of the Branch Offices.

Branch Offices:—243 West 34th St., New York City; 714 Washington Ave., N., Minneapolis; The Furniture Exchange, San Francisco; 829 Terminal Sales Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

#### *And now the GAS HEATROLA*



For small homes, where either manufactured or natural gas is available. Every inch a Heatrola—in beauty, in efficiency, in construction—it will circulate great billows of healthfully moistened heat to every nook and corner. Home heating with the Gas Heatrola is merely a matter of turning on the fuel. Write for interesting booklet.

*Mail the coupon  
for free booklet*

THE ESTATE STOVE CO., Dept. 3-B, Hamilton, Ohio  
Gentlemen: Please send me illustrated booklet and full information regarding:

(Check which)  
☐ The Heatrola for Coal ☐ The Gas Heatrola

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

There is only *One* Heatrola — Estate builds it

# *Estate* HEATROLA

HEATS EVERY ROOM — *Upstairs and Down*



## Homemade Jams and Jellies make Ideal Christmas Gifts



There are many different kinds you can make right now—and with only one minute's boiling!

**SPARKLING**, full-flavored grape jelly from bottled grape juice. Delicately flavored pineapple jam from canned crushed pineapple. Jams from dried fruits—apricots, figs and prunes. And from cranberries, so delicious and inexpensive now, jams, jellies, marmalades and various cranberry combinations with all the rich, full flavor of the fresh cranberry.

Mint jelly, orange jelly, green pepper jam, and an endless variety of colorful jams and jellies made at a small investment in time, effort and money if you use Certo.

Certo is the natural jelling substance of fruit itself—refined and bottled for your convenient use. With it any fruit or fruit juice jells perfectly every time—so quickly and easily that you will enjoy making up a liberal supply of jams and jellies to use as gifts as well as for daily home use.

Order Certo from your grocer today—a recipe booklet comes with each bottle.

### Grape Jelly from Bottled Juice

Measure 3 level cups sugar and then 2 cups grape juice into saucepan, stir and bring to a boil. Stir in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup Certo and bring again to a full rolling boil and boil for  $\frac{1}{4}$  minute. Remove from fire, let stand 1 minute, skim, pour quickly and cover hot jelly at once with hot melted paraffin. Makes 6 glasses at a cost of less than 10c per glass.

Miss Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Cooking Editor, Woman's Home Companion, has this to say about Certo: "I earnestly advise all housewives to get a bottle of Certo and try making up at least one recipe. One trial will convince you that the best way to make jams and jellies is 'The Certo Way.'"

**Free!**

Poinsettia labels for your jelly glasses and illustrated booklet—"How to make jams, jellies and marmalades—How to serve them." If you want trial half bottle of Certo send 10c (stamps or coin).

### At the Church or Club Sale

A table of homemade jams and jellies is the most popular spot of all, and the most profitable one, too. We will be glad to outline to you a plan for making money through the sale of jams and jellies if you will simply write Elizabeth Palmer, c/o Certo Corporation, 85 Granite Building, Rochester, N. Y.

CERTO CORPORATION, 85 Granite Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.  
(In Canada address: Cobourg, Ont.)

Kindly send me free jelly glass labels and illustrated booklet.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check here and send 10c if you want trial half bottle of Certo.



## The Right Gift FOR THE RIGHT CHILD

[Continued from page 42]

often is hard for the adult to understand.

It is not what one spends for the children's Christmas, but what one spends it for, that counts. Take the group of hand-work toys; clay for modeling, paints, crayons, plenty of good sized sheets of Manila paper, workable tools and wood. These are not spectacular, manufactured toys, but raw materials which encourage the child to make his own things.

So many people think that unless the child is a genius he need not paint, or model, or draw, except perhaps when he has tonsillitis or gripe and must do something to kill time. But this is a mistaken idea. Children love to work with their hands.

Furniture bought for the child's use should be able to pass muster for longer than the Christmas Day enthusiasm. What is the use of a table and chair so poorly constructed that you must constantly caution the child to handle them carefully?

In toys, as well as in food, there must be balanced rations, and they should be varied enough to meet the child's needs. Mary, perhaps, is absolutely devoted to her doll and carriage one day, and then won't touch it the next; but is distractingly persistent about skates, though the doll is a very recent acquisition. Do not worry, the doll will have her day again.

The toy shelves and closets should inventory some of each kind of these playthings. A big order, you say, and yet a



few, well chosen toys of each type may be planned for in the child's collection, so that he may shift from one interest to another, and always find something to stimulate and carry him on his way.

In planning this varied group of playthings, the child's age and ability must be given careful consideration; because no matter how fine a toy may be, if it is too intricate for the child to handle, or if he has outgrown its interest, it will not meet his need.

"Aren't we to give the children what they ask for?" you say. We do not give them every kind of food they ask for, to protect their physical health, so the suitability of playthings may be left to the discretion of the adult, to protect their mental health. A stomachache may be cured, but bad attitudes of mind toward certain activities become deep-rooted and difficult to eradicate.

May not the discarded, unused playthings strewn about the house be due to generous but unplanned gift giving, rather than lack of appreciation on the part of the child? They are eager and expectant. They try a thing, and if it is found wanting, they simply do not incorporate it into their lives. But with what keen interest and pleasure one watches the gifts become part of the children's activities, not only on this one gleeful day, but on scores of others during the long, full year, is known only to the giver, who has planned—the right gift—for the right child.

## A Christmas Prayer

By FAITH ELLEN SMITH

THE stars were bright that Christmas Night,  
And in the stable bare  
The cool night winds held carnival,  
No cozy crib was there  
To shelter tender baby limbs  
From frosty winter air.  
(Oh, cruel cold, those winds, as when  
They struck that shrinking flesh again,  
Stretched naked on a Cross!)

The rough straw bed for baby head  
Held hidden prick of thorn.  
No silken pillow bore its weight,  
As other babe's new-born—  
That restless, tossing baby head  
By rough-cut stubble torn.  
(Was there, mixed with that very hay,  
Slip of the vine that should grow one day  
To make a Crown of Thorn?)

The world is old and hearts are cold,  
This distant Christmastide.  
His people hold high carnival;  
But he is set aside—  
For eyes long fixed on wordly things  
Grow blind with human pride.  
(Make, O my heart, of thy very best,  
A warm, soft bed for His peaceful rest,  
Against His Passiontide!)



# "Starched Hands!"



**Hands—brittle and hard, that's what November meant before the days of FROSTILLA!**

Now you can have your choice this winter—chapped hands bitten by wind and wet and weather, or *Frostilla* hands—limber, lithe, supple, smooth and white. Everyone hates the horny, corrugated kind. Not everyone knows *Frostilla*!

Once introduced, there's no more excuse for chapped hands than there is for the mild torture that goes with them.

*Frostilla* is a friendly guardian for hands, face, ankles, and feet—a soothing, fragrant lotion with marvelous faculty for keeping the skin soft and white and healthy.

It not only brings instant relief to the roughened, red, harsh surfaces, but protects the

skin against all kinds of weather in all kinds of climes. And, it leaves no trace of stickiness.

*Frostilla* comes in a new, beautiful large bottle—at 50c. Many choose the convenient and economical \$1.00 size—for family use. Your favorite store clerk will be glad to show you *Frostilla's* new, blue-labeled packages. Or, you can order direct from us by mail!

The Frostilla Company, Elmira, N. Y.  
Sales Representative: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc.  
Madison Avenue at 34th Street, New York City

## FROSTILLA! FOR NOVEMBER!

There's nothing that equals it... To soften "starched" hands, all chapped conditions, and to heal cracked lips... To soothe the sting of windburn, and make the complexion silken-smooth... It's a helpful foot-massage before or after shopping tour or a dance... It keeps the nails from breaking, and the cuticle pliable and smooth... It's an ideal base for powder... It's a refreshing lotion for men, before and after shaving.

**101 Uses for our sample!** You will find 101 uses for our get-acquainted sample of *Frostilla*. It's a handy ounce of prevention to have in your purse, grip, or desk. A dime brings it to you, together with a useful little 64-page Address and Information Booklet, entitled "Keep Your Dates."

The Frostilla Co., Dept. 524, Elmira, N. Y.  
Please send me your handy sample bottle of *Frostilla*—and the useful Memo Booklet, "Keep Your Dates." I enclose 10c, stamps or coin.



Name .....

Street .....

City .....

(In Canada: address 10 McCaul Street, Toronto)



*"I like these Practical Presents that make a Merry Christmas last the whole year through"*

What mother, sister, sweetheart, wife or friend would not be overjoyed with such gifts as these! UNIVERSAL Electric Home Needs seem especially made to reflect from their bright surfaces the faces of those we best love to remember at Christmas time. Indeed they are gifts supreme; for with each day of use they bring new joy in ministering to the pleasure of others. You need not go outside the complete UNIVERSAL line of Household Helps to choose the gift appropriate and practical for each one upon your list.

### UNIVERSAL Household Helps

Although sold at popular prices, costing little or no more than ordinary lines, UNIVERSAL Appliances offer the best values obtainable, whether those values are measured by quality of materials, attractiveness of design and workmanship, or by service rendered. Every appliance is unconditionally guaranteed to satisfactorily perform the task for which it is intended.

For every Home Need there are UNIVERSAL Household Helps, only a few of which are shown in the border. Ask your neighbor or your dealer about their merits—they know and will be proud to tell you.

UNIVERSAL Household Helps Sold by All Good Dealers

Write for Booklet No. 72 showing many other UNIVERSAL Helps every home should possess

Landers, Frary & Clark, New Britain, Conn.

Manufacturers of

The Famous UNIVERSAL Household Helps for Over Half a Century

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

# UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.



And here is a cake with edible holly. Citron has been cut in the shape of leaves while angelica and hard red candies make the stems and berries

## HIGH TEAS for HOLIDAYS

[Continued from page 34]

Season potatoes with salt, pepper and butter. Add milk or cream and beat until light and fluffy. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered baking-dish, set dish in shallow pan of hot water and bake in a moderate oven (375° F) about 30 minutes. If you want to dress up the soufflé a little more put a layer of whole marshmallows on top. In this case bake it covered, except for a few minutes at the end to brown the marshmallows. If you prepare this in the morning you will only have to slip into the kitchen to light the oven about 10 minutes before you start the last half-hour of supper preparation.

### MOLDED GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

2 tablespoons gelatin	1 cup sugar
¼ cup cold water	3 cups grapefruit pulp and juice (fresh or canned)
½ cup boiling water	½ cup walnut meats
3 tablespoons lemon juice	

Soak gelatin in cold water 5 minutes, then dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and cool. Add lemon juice, grapefruit juice and pulp and nuts. Let stand until mixture begins to thicken, mix well and turn into individual molds dipped first in cold water. Chill until firm. When ready to serve, turn from molds onto crisp lettuce on individual plates and serve with Mayonnaise Dressing. (Make the salad and dressing the day before and keep in the refrigerator).



### SPICED CRANBERRY JELLY

1 quart cranberries
2 cups water
1 piece stick-cinnamon
4 or 5 whole cloves
2 or 3 allspice berries
2 cups sugar

Pick over and wash cranberries. Add water, cinnamon, cloves and allspice and cook slowly about 20 minutes. Rub through a sieve, add 2 cups sugar and cook 5 minutes longer. Turn into fancy mold or jelly glasses and chill.

### TUTTI FRUTTI SAUCE FOR VANILLA ICE CREAM

1 cup sugar	¼ cup candied cherries
½ cup water	¼ cup macaroon crumbs
½ cup figs	¼ cup chopped walnuts
¼ cup raisins	

Boil sugar and water together for 5 minutes. Add figs, raisins and cherries which have been put through the food chopper. Cook 3 minutes longer. Cool slightly; add walnuts broken in small pieces and macaroon crumbs.

### CHRISTMAS NUT CAKE

1 cup shortening	1 cup milk
2 cups sugar	4 egg whites
6 egg yolks	1½ cups walnut meats
3½ cups flour	1 teaspoon almond extract
1 teaspoon salt	1 teaspoon vanilla
5½ teaspoons baking-powder	

Cream shortening and sugar together thoroughly. Add [Turn to page 117]

## Christmas Candles

By JEAN DWIGHT FRANKLIN

Oh, I shall hang no glittering ware  
Upon my Christmas Tree,  
But only candles bright and fair,  
Each for a friendship rich and rare  
That makes my world for me.  
And at the top, the very top,  
And nearest to the Star,  
I'll name the ones I love the best,  
That fill my life with joy and zest,  
And, dearest, — there you are.

And should you have a Christmas Tree,  
Oh, won't you name a light for me?





*Christmas Cookies From Many Lands—Memories of the Yuletide in Germany, Norway, Sweden. Long forgotten recipes revived in the Gold Medal Kitchen. Kitchen-tested recipes with Kitchen-tested flour—perfect results every time you bake.*

## Cooking Experts Agree that this "Kitchen-tested" Flour doubles your chances of perfect baking results

*Now this new method of testing eliminates 50% of the cause of baking failures*

**T**HE biggest single thing that has happened recently in the art of baking is the discovery that flour is over half the cause of baking failures. Only recently chemists, and cooking experts, working together, found that while chemists' tests might prove two batches of the same brand of flour exactly alike chemically, these two batches might act entirely different in your oven—bring fine results in one case and spoil a good recipe another time!

That is why we, some time ago, inaugurated the now famous "Kitchen-tested" for Gold Medal Flour. Every time one of our mills turns out a batch

One view of the Gold Medal Kitchen where every batch of Gold Medal Flour is Kitchen-tested before it goes to you.



of flour, we bake cakes, pastries, biscuits, breads—everything—from this batch according to standard recipes. Unless each batch bakes to standard, the flour is sent back to be re-milled. This means one flour for all your baking. Over 2,000,000 women now know there is no better flour for cakes and pastries. Why pay more?

### Money-Back Guarantee

Last year we re-milled more than five million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Our chemists reported it perfect, but it didn't act right in our test kitchen ovens.

So, today, every sack of Gold Medal Flour that comes into your home is "Kitchen-tested" before you receive it. The words "Kitchen tested" are stamped on the sack.

We guarantee not only that Gold Medal is a light, fine, snow-white flour. We also guarantee that it will always act the same way in your oven. Your money refunded if it doesn't.

### Special—for the South

Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-rising) for our Southern trade is milled in the South at our Louisville mill. Every batch is "Kitchen-tested" with Southern recipes before it goes to you.

**WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY**  
GENERAL OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS  
MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO,  
LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL, OGDEN



*For six years!* "I always used a cake flour and never thought I would change. Now I am using Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour with such splendid results I feel I will never use anything else."  
MRS. HELEN HILBERT,  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

*Won my friends!* "My friends say they are going to buy a sack of Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour. They have seen the wonderful results I always have with it."  
MRS. MAYME RIDINGS,  
Cary Station, Ill.

*After 19 years!* "I have been married 19 years, and have always done my baking. I used one flour for bread, another for cake. Have now bought two sacks of Gold Medal Kitchen-tested Flour and find that I have nicer bread. Used it for a couple of cakes with good results."  
MRS. CHAS. SHOUR,  
Meadville, Pa.



### Special Offer "Kitchen-tested" Recipes

Recipes we use in testing Gold Medal Flour are rapidly becoming recognized standards. We have printed these "Kitchen-tested" Recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes. Handy for you in your kitchen. We will be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only \$1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box. Just send coupon with check, money order, or plain dollar bill. (This offer only good if you live in U. S.) If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we will be glad to send you selected samples, including Christmas Cookies From Many Lands—FREE. Check and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.



### Betty Crocker

**Send coupon now  
A new delight awaits you**

**MISS BETTY CROCKER**  
Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.  
Dept. 302, Minneapolis, Minn.

☐ Enclosed find \$1.00 for your box of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes. (It is understood that I may, at any time, send for new recipes free.)  
☐ Please send me selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" Recipes—FREE.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

**Listen for Betty Crocker and her "Kitchen-tested" recipes over your favorite radio station.**

Copyright 1927, Washburn Crosby Company



# Flavor added to flavor ... as a painter mixes colors

... the first coffee ever  
to please the  
critical men and women  
of the entire country

**N**O SINGLE coffee grown has ever pleased them—those many Americans to whom their breakfast cup is a real event in the art of living well.

For years all the rare coffees of the world have been brought to this country for them to choose from—the harvest of over forty different tropical lands. Yet of them all, the critical men and women of America have never found one coffee on which they could agree.

"The flavors we most enjoy," says a famous writer on food, "are rarely given us ready made by nature. They are created by some one who has added taste to taste as a great painter mixes colors."

And so it is that the first real nation-wide fame has come to no single coffee grown, but to a rich mingling of flavors—to a blend created years ago in the South.

No one had ever tasted it

A southerner born with a genius for flavor, growing to manhood in a land of good things to eat and drink, Joel Cheek dreamed of a coffee flavor that no one had ever tasted.

In the coffee blend which he finally perfected, it was a particular shade of mellow richness that won the approval of the great families of old Dixie. Long ago Joel Cheek's blend became the favorite coffee of the whole South.

Today the news of its special, mellow taste has travelled swiftly through the United States. In city after city Maxwell House Coffee has brought a new experience to those who understand the good things of life.

Known to the South alone a few years



ago, Maxwell House is now by far the largest selling coffee in the entire country.

An adventure awaits your family in the rare flavor and rich aroma of this famous blend. Your first taste will tell you why that shade of difference has now so swiftly captured the whole nation. See what new pleasure it brings. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in the famous blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles, Chicago.



"Good to the last drop"

## MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

Years ago Joel Cheek's blend first won fame at the Maxwell House in Nashville—the most celebrated hotel in the old South



*If you'd always look your best  
♦ just try these beauty aids ♦*



*First you must relax; drop that tired feeling like an outworn garment*

## When You Go Out FOR THE EVENING

BY MARIE CUTTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JULIE GRISWOLD

**B**EFORE your bath smooth a quantity of your favorite cleansing cream on face and neck. Move your fingers softly in a light massage, then wipe off the surplus cream with tissues, and pat up with a fragrant skin freshener lotion.

After a warm bath you are ready for a constructive facial treatment. If your skin is overly dry, pat on nourishing cream, then wet the middle of a folded small towel or bandage with astringent and draw it firmly around the chin, pinning it at the top of the head. Slip your index finger in, pushing the folds of skin upward, so that you rest with your face in "smile formation." If your skin is over-oily, make a gauze mask slightly wet with astringent and mold it into the contours of the face. The eyes should be covered first with pads of cotton wet with eye lotion; or they may be softly creamed with an eye-cream. If your skin is neither oily nor dry, you may use any light nourishing or massage cream.

Now lie down flat on your back with a warm comfy bathrobe on and the windows open. Let your hands rest, palms up, at your sides. Sleep for a few moments, if you can, but if you do not go to sleep easily, just let your mind sink into a pleasant nothingness.

After relaxing take off the mask and tie-up, or, if you have used cream only, wipe it all off gently with tissues. Some skins bloom when washed lightly with soap and water after this operation. Others

need to be patted up with a skin tonic or, if there are blemishes, with a liquid powder to cover. If your skin still seems "asleep" and sluggish, your circulation

is at fault. Older women are advised by salon specialists to use a circulation ointment sparingly on throat, chin and forehead (not near the thin-skinned regions around the eyes and nose) and to leave it on according to directions.

Now stand before an open window and breathe deeply at least ten times.

A quick skimming of ice wrapped in a cloth or a dash of cold water, or skin freshener sprayed from an ice-cold atomizer, will take that faint sticky cream feeling from your face. Blink your eyes rapidly to shake the sleep out of them.

Remember, when putting on make-up, that you can use rather more at night because of the brilliance of our electric lighting. When using paste rouge, blend it on the cheeks with a little cream or lotion. Brush the eyelashes up, and down, with a tiny brush moistened with a bit of cream. Never allow your lids to look dry and powdered.

If your neck looks darkened, even after a thorough cleansing, apply liquid powder with a piece of cotton. Make the line at the jaw blend perfectly. And if your hair seems to lack final smoothness, run a fine comb through the surface. A touch of brilliantine will keep straying wisps in place around your face.

Now, that you're all ready, run along and have a good time!

**N**EW SKINS for Christmas! Now, at holiday-time, we all want to be our very loveliest. This month's Quest of Beauty list was prepared to fit just this need. A self-addressed, stamped envelope will bring it to you. If you're bothered about any special good-looks problem, don't hesitate to ask us about it. For getting the most out of one's looks on these special gay days there is nothing more reliable and thorough-going than our **HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY FOR EVERYWOMAN**. It's illustrated, and indexed, with a list of chapters on every possible good-looks question. Send ten cents to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

## CLEAN

Your dentist will urge you to use a dentifrice for one reason only—to keep your teeth clean. If you think your teeth or gums need treatment for any disease, don't expect a dentifrice to cure you—go to your dentist at once.

*Colgate*  
Est. 1806



Miss Lota Sanders

# Her SMILE

*hasn't aged a day  
in 18 YEARS*

*Like others who have used this dentifrice, her teeth are sound and beautiful beyond the average*



Miss Sanders, as she was in 1909

**A**S a very little girl—when her mother first showed her how to clean her teeth—it was Colgate's that she squeezed out on the brush.

Today—a grown woman with teeth perfectly preserved—it is still Colgate's. Her smile is as radiant as ever. It flashes a clear message to you and everyone else anxious to keep teeth healthy and attractive for years to come.

Choose your dentifrice on the basis of results. Follow the lead of those who have already kept their teeth sound for years. Simply adopt for your own use the dentifrice most popular among people with well-preserved teeth.

In this country, and in foreign countries the world over, you will find thousands and thousands of men and women who began using Colgate's ten, fifteen, even twenty years ago, and whose teeth today are exceptionally sound and beautiful.

Many of these people are grateful enough to write to us. Some send their photographs also. Each day the postman brings a few more letters to add to an already bulging file.

Many of these letters are from someone who has brushed with Colgate's for at least a decade. We could fill the pages of this magazine with quotations from them—sincere, unsolicited reports from people proud of the sound-

ness and attractiveness of their teeth.

There is nothing mysterious about these enviable results. The men and women fortunate enough to secure them did nothing that you cannot easily do yourself. They visited their dentists for periodic inspections. And they used Colgate's.

In such a vital matter as the care of your teeth, could there be any safer guide than the actual experiences of people like yourself?

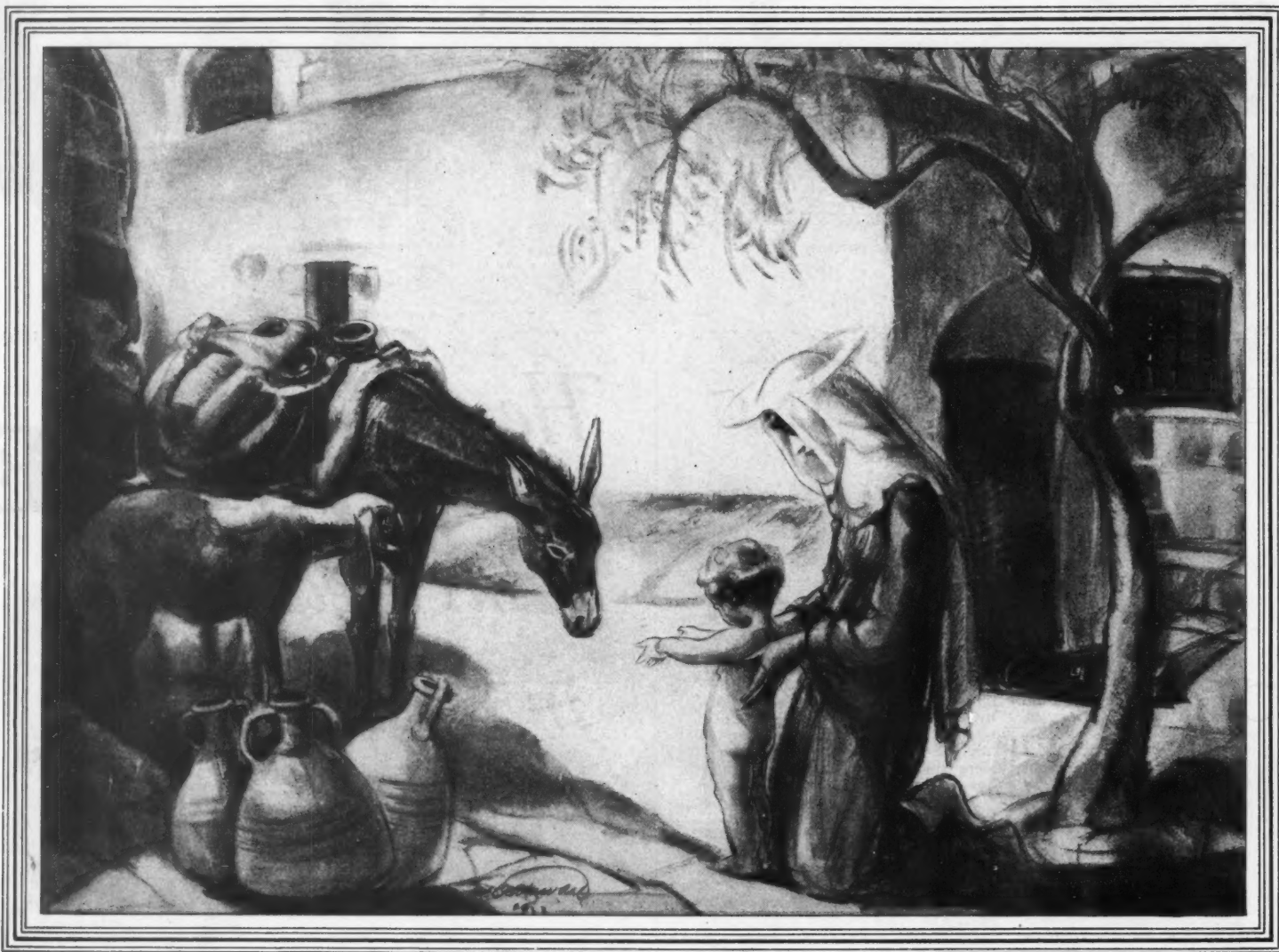
So, for lovely teeth—for teeth that make your smile the social and business asset that it should be—ask your druggist today for Colgate's. Or, if you prefer, try the free sample offered in the coupon.

FREE



Colgate & Co.  
Dept. 205-L, 595 Fifth Ave., N. Y.  
Please send me a sample.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
In Canada, Colgate & Co., 73 St. Andrew St., Montreal

♦♦♦♦♦ If you have been following the brilliant articles on ♦♦♦♦♦  
*Child Psychology by Dr. Watson, you will welcome this intimate reply  
 from a famous English woman who is also an authority on Mothercraft*



*Then comes—as there must have come to Mary—that piercing moment when the Young Child turns from our arms to other interests*

## BECAUSE I AM A MOTHER

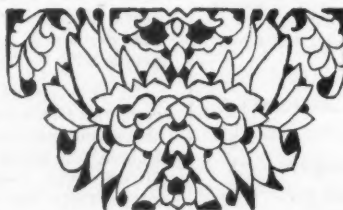
✂ BY VISCOUNTESS ERLEIGH ✂

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD



*Eva, Viscountess Erleigh*

HEREDITY and environment are well known to be the two main factors affecting the psychology of the child. No one will dispute that the mother plays an all important part in both, or that whereas she is only partly responsible for the heredity of her child, she is generally entirely responsible for the environment. Child specialists argue the interesting question as to which is the more powerful influence, heredity or environment, but we, who are mothers, have to concern ourselves with that which lies within our power for good or evil, and that is unquestionably the power of environment. If we have studied the question of child upbringing



ing at all—and what mother in these days has not?—we appreciate the magnitude and importance of our task. Most of us read eagerly the most up-to-date books on child psychology and we endeavor to put their precepts into practice; but how many mothers are not baffled and sorely perplexed in their sincere efforts when the principles of child training that they endeavor to apply somehow fail to work out according to rules?

It is our own faulty psychology that so often thwarts us in our endeavor to secure the best for our children. We all know grown persons who confess to being still frightened of the dark, and though they may do their best to disguise the

fact when with their children, yet it is not improbable that that fear will at some time or other be silently communicated to the child. Inherent fears in parents give rise to a whole host of problems. All of us know, as Mary must have known, that poignant moment when the Young Child turns from our sheltering arms to a world of other interests—and dangers. It is so difficult to be always on one's guard against an instinctive fear. At some moment one is almost sure to be caught unawares, the warning cry to the child escapes, and the seeds of fear are untowardly sown. Children are so highly sensitive and suggestible that the mere fact of being afraid, even if completely controlled, will often be felt by the child. The path of the nervous mother is indeed beset with difficulties if she would avoid the same fate for her child. Her only course is to endeavor to rid herself of her fears—a very formidable, but not always impossible, task. If she is nervous when her children climb trees, or ride, or swim, it is really best for her to absent herself when these matters are in progress, or to watch only from afar. There is nothing so calculated to make a child lose confidence as a horse, or up a tree, as the presence of someone who is over anxious. Fear can take many forms. The most usual is that of expostulation and warning, but it may sometimes act in a quite opposite manner. The effort to control it may make a mother almost foolhardy so that she refuses to see quite obvious danger and will urge her [Turn to page 51]



reply  
craft

# Never Before—Such Smiles!



(Above) THE EYES OF AN AUDIENCE often wander from dancing feet—to brilliant smiles like those worn by Ann Pennington and Buster West in George White's "Scandals." That is why these celebrated stars take care to insure the permanent beauty of their teeth by daily use of Pepsodent.



(Above) MRS. DAVID CABOT returns from shopping with the charming smile so many know. Pepsodent and nothing else she trusts to keep it sparkling bright.

Gain Them  
by Removing  
Dingy FILM  
from Teeth

New Way Dentists Widely Advise

Accept 10-Day Tube to Try



(Left) THE PRACTICE OF DENTISTRY is on the same high scientific plane today as that of medicine. See your dentist twice each year, use Pepsodent twice each day, to keep teeth white and healthy. Mrs. David Judd of Boston and Betty do this on specialist's advice.



(Above) DOLLS FROM FRANCE are greeting Betsy Farman with a surprise party. Each receives a smile that only Pepsodent could keep so gleaming white.

**G**LISTENING, white teeth mean simply film-free teeth. If your teeth are "off color," dull, lustreless, they are film coated.

Properly protected teeth and gums mean the same thing—film-free teeth. According to present-day dental findings, if your teeth are film coated, both your teeth and gums are left unguarded against bacterial attack.

Ordinary brushing does not successfully combat film. And that is why, largely on dental advice, thousands are adopting Pepsodent. For Pepsodent is a *Scientifically Developed Film-Removing Agent*, different in formula, preparation and effect from any other dentifrice.

Film is a grave and dangerous enemy of both teeth and gums. Run your tongue across your teeth now and you can feel it; a slippery, slimy coating.

Germs by the millions breed in that film. And germs, with tartar, are a proved cause of pyorrhea. Film, too, fosters the bacteria which invite the acids of decay. Discolorations from food and smoking lodge in it; teeth look dingy and off color. You must remove film TWICE daily, say leading dentists.

Pepsodent has largely changed the tooth-cleansing habits of the world. It removes that film completely—thoroughly, and in safety to enamel. It acts to firm tender gums. It alkalizes the mouth's saliva to combat the acids of decay. It cleanses the teeth as no old brushing method has ever done.

It meets—your dentist will tell you—the dominant, dental exactments of today, for whiter, healthier teeth and healthier gums—in nine important ways. In big tubes, wherever dentifrices are sold. Or mail coupon for 10-day trial tube.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,  
Dept. 1317, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co.,  
191 George St. . . . . Toronto 2, Can.  
42 Southwark Bridge Rd. . . . . London, S. E. 1, Eng.  
(Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St. Sydney, N. S. W.  
Only one tube to a family 2628

**PEPSODENT**  
The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth

\*\*\*\*\*

*"To our grown-up World  
the Child comes as a Guest,  
to be received with  
GRACIOUSNESS  
and girded round with  
BEAUTY,"  
says Mrs. Post in this  
special Christmas editorial  
for the Mothers  
on McCall Street*

\*\*\*\*\*



*No memory of my childhood is  
half so vivid as the fascination  
this older aunt had for me*

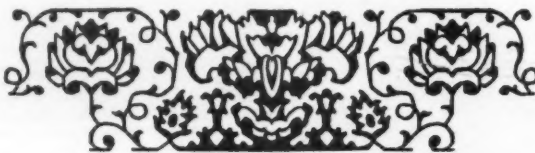
## GIVE YOUR CHILD BEAUTY!

BY EMILY POST, Author of "Etiquette" the Blue Book of Social Usage

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. SUTTER

IT is surprising how many women seem to be blandly unaware that children, instead of being unknowing, uncaring little animals, needing merely to be housed, clothed, and fed, are super-sensitive to beauty in almost every phase. Beauty is a vital necessity to a child, whereas it is a luxury to the average husband.

The appeal of mere beauty quite apart from any personal feeling of affection or tenderness is typical of nearly all children. An incident in my own memory will do for illustration: When I was very little I lived in the house of my grandparents. I had two aunts, a younger whom I have always adored, and an older whom I have never loved at all. And yet no memory of my earliest childhood is half



so vivid as the fascination this older one had for me because of the enchanting exquisiteness of herself and her surroundings. Although I knew she disliked children, I would, whenever I got the chance, dart into her room—occasionally to be tolerated, often to be slapped, and always to be sent out again.

To this day a cream paneled room with blue brocaded cushions in curved cream colored furniture and above all, the blended perfume of tea roses and orris sachet, brings back a sensation of fairytale enchantment. When I was about four this aunt married, my younger aunt moved into the vacated rooms, and I ran in and out of them as much as I pleased. But the syren, the tea roses and the priceless ornaments that I was never allowed to touch were gone. It was just a room like my mother's and my grandmother's; very pleasant and big but not worth smuggling myself into.

In contrast to this memory of beauty is a second one which is horrible; I was about seven when the nurse I loved went back to Europe, and I was given into the complete control of a foreign governess. My parents had every confidence in her; that I could be unhappy never occurred to them. But I hated her as a child should never know how to hate—not half so much for her temper and her gloomy humorlessness, or for the continuous tasks and punishments she meted out to me, as for her loathsome lack of personal daintiness. She used to slipper-slopper about in the rooms we shared in common, in an old dressing-gown with more spots on it than ground material, and her unwashed hair hang-

ing in snaky strings down her back. She used to say frankly that she thought much washing and changing of clothes injurious to health. I suppose she washed her face and hands, and that her appearance in public passed muster, but I can remember wishing that she would fall down in the street so that every one might see her mud-edged petticoat. Why I never told my parents a word in complaint of her, I don't know. It did not occur to me, I suppose, that

anything I could do would free me of her, which is probably the reason why children rarely, if ever, do complain of anything that makes them deeply unhappy. A masterful person so strongly establishes fear in the immature mind of a child that it does not dare show its fear, even to those who love it most.

The oppression of a cross or gloomy nurse is not possible when there are several children in the family, because they have the relief in companionship of each other. It is the segregated, only-child in the care of an unsympathetic grown person whose spirit is snuffed into perpetual gloom.

As the child grows older his dependence upon brightness decreases and his sense of beauty value—if it is being trained—naturally develops. He becomes aware of a well-run house in contrast to a sloppy one, of good food in contrast to bad, of tasteful furnishings, and of clothes, that are enhancing.

The very little child, on the other hand, distinguishes chiefly between lightness and dark, brightness and gloom. A baby of six months will cry if picked up by a woman wearing a crepe veil. All little children are half fearful of black, just as they are half fearful of going alone into the dark.

The little child who is dearest to me in the world, came into my room the other day when I was putting on a black dress. At once he cried, "I don't want you to wear that ugly black! I'll get you a pretty dress to put on!" So of course I presently sat on the floor to build blocks with him in the cream velvet he had selected for me to put on instead. (This is, I suppose, going to the other extreme! But what better use can a best dress be put to, than to be worn for one whom I love far more than "company"?)

A child responds with its whole being—unless ugliness has stultified it—to everything that is beautiful. Little children in the country invariably pick flowers (with stems an inch long to be sure) that they carry home with the heads of gradually wilting blossoms nestling close in their tightly closed fists. Birds, butterflies, soft-furred little animals, everything that is bright and gay, soft and graceful; all things that promise companionship in the fairy realm of imagination are manifestations of beauty that contribute their share to the perfect flowering of the spirit of childhood.



*To what better use can one's best be put than to be  
worn for one whom I love far more than "company"?*





**T**HE food the Pilgrims had at their first Thanksgiving season would be stern fare for us to-day. Those who now give thanks, even in the bleakest spots in America, can feast upon fruits from California, vegetables from every fertile field, and milk from the finest dairy sections.

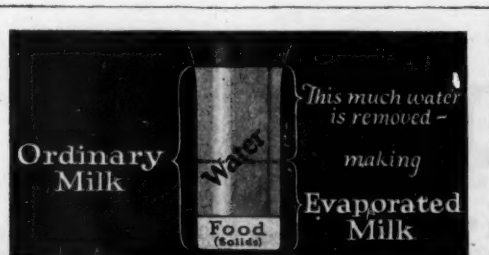
*How much the world has changed* since the first Thanksgiving Day. How rapidly we are moving. Yesterday we didn't know of many things our comfort now demands. Our grandmothers feared the canned foods which this year make a part of every Thanksgiving dinner. Only now has science assured us that they are the safest, most wholesome of foods.

*We now know*, better than ever before, that milk is the most important single item in the human diet. We have long known that it is the most fragile of foods. It needs the utmost of care and protection. Millions of women are now realizing that Evaporated Milk sterilized in sealed cans has solved the years-old problem of safety and wholesomeness in this most important of all foods.

*Do you know what it is?* Have you thought of Evaporated Milk as a substitute for milk? It isn't that at all. It is milk—and it's better milk—pure milk from the best dairy pastures and farms of America—put in a sealed container while it is fresh and sweet—protected from everything that could impair its richness and freshness and purity. Nothing is added to the pure milk. Nothing is removed but part of the water. It is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk. Evaporated Milk is richer and safer than any other milk. It is the last step in the long struggle for an absolutely safe and wholesome supply of milk for everybody, for every use in every place and season.

Eighty-seven and one-half per cent. of cows' milk is water. . . . Twelve and one-half per cent. is butterfat, milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts (solids).

In ordinary milk the butterfat (cream) begins to separate as soon as the milk comes from the cow.



In making Evaporated Milk sixty per cent. of the water is removed. . . . Therefore every drop contains more than twice as much cream and other food substances.



It is never skimmed milk . . . the butterfat never separates . . . the cream is kept in the milk.

**ONLY WATER IS REMOVED — NOTHING IS ADDED**

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION

231 So. LA SALLE ST. CHICAGO ILLINOIS



## Once Upon A Time ~ and Now



*The flavor is different.* The distinctive flavor of Evaporated Milk has two causes:—The extraordinary richness, and the certain safety—sterilization. If the flavor seems "queer" it is only because you are unaccustomed to it. When you are accustomed to the flavor and know the cause of it, you'll like the milk because of

its flavor. Food made with Evaporated Milk has a flavor that is definitely due to the flavor of the milk—a rich flavor that makes the good food taste better.

*The modern cream and milk supply.* Evaporated Milk serves in place of cream—not as a substitute, but as a better item of food. It has the richness and consistency

you want when you use cream. But it has more than that. Cream is rich in only one food element of milk—butterfat. Evaporated Milk has an equal richness but the richness consists of *all* the food substances of milk—the substances which make milk—not cream—the most important of all foods. In coffee, on cereals and desserts—wherever you use cream—Evaporated Milk takes the place of cream—with the *better* richness—at less than half the cost. It can be diluted to suit any milk need—the cream is always in the milk—it costs less than ordinary milk.

*Safer, richer, more economical, more convenient, more wholesome* than milk in any other form—these are the reasons why Evaporated Milk has become the favored cream and milk supply in thousands of homes—why it will be *the* milk supply in the future for everybody, everywhere. All grocers have it now.

*Let us send you our free booklets demonstrating the adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every cream and milk use—*an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.



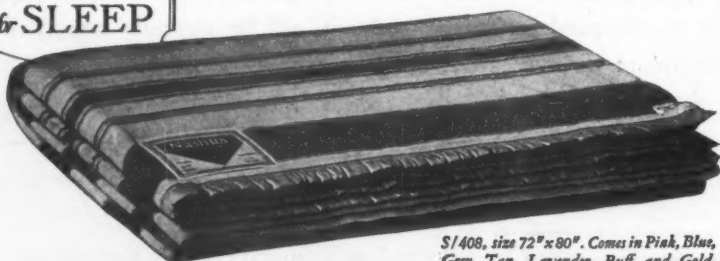
## Keep an EXTRA Nashua at the Foot of the Bed *and* Open Windows Wide

**D**ON'T avoid fresh air just because the winter nights grow colder. Put an extra Nashua on the bed and keep another at the foot. Then, you are prepared for a night of quiet, untroubled sleep that builds health and restores energy for tomorrow.

While Nashua Part Wool Blankets are quality blankets—big, fluffy, soft—they are by no means expensive. Among the wide variety of distinctive patterns and colors there are part wool Nashuas priced as low as \$4.50 a pair. To be sure of genuine Nashua quality, insist upon seeing the Nashua ticket on every blanket you buy.

Amory, Browne & Co. Dept. 603, Box 1206, Boston, Mass.

for **WARMTH**  
for **BEAUTY**  
for **VALUE**  
and  
for **SLEEP**



S1408, size 72"x80". Comes in Pink, Blue, Grey, Tan, Lavender, Buff and Gold.

# Nashua Blankets

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PART WOOL "Quality Blankets  
at Attractive Prices"

## LITTLE HOLIDAY DINNERS *We Ate In Paris*

[Continued from page 39]

### ONION SOUP

- 4 medium-sized onions,  
sliced thin
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 5 cups soup stock
- 6 thin slices toast
- 1 cup grated cheese

Fry onions in butter until golden brown. Drain and add to stock. Cover and let simmer about 20 minutes until onions are very tender. Pour soup into tureen or large baking-dish. Add small slices of toast which will float on top. Sprinkle slices liberally with grated cheese, add to each a dash of paprika. Place tureen under flame of boiler or in oven until cheese browns slightly. Serve at once, with extra cheese for those who wish more.

### NORMANDY PORK CHOPS

- 6 pork chops
- 1 teaspoon salt
- Flour
- 4 apples
- 1½ cups cider
- 1 cup prunes

Select chops about ¾-inch thick. Sprinkle with salt and dredge with flour. Sauté until golden brown. Slice apples thin and put into bottom of greased casserole. Lay pork chops on apples. Add cider. Cover casserole and cook in moderate oven (350° F) 1½ hours or until pork is tender. Turn chops over during cooking so both sides may be seasoned by apples. Baste occasionally with cider. A half hour before chops are done, add uncooked prunes, which have been soaked 8 hours or over-night.

### BEEF BIRDS

- 1½ pounds round  
steak, sliced very  
thin
- 1 egg, beaten
- ½ cup bread crumbs
- ½ cup cooked ham,  
finely chopped
- 3 tablespoons  
pistachio nuts
- 2 tablespoons grated  
cheese
- 2 teaspoons chopped  
parsley
- Stock, to moisten

Cut steak into six pieces, about 2 by 4 inches in size. Lay on board well dredged with flour, sprinkle on top with flour and pound until steak is about ¼-inch thick and fibres are sufficiently broken to make it tender. Mix together bread crumbs, ham, nuts, cheese, parsley and egg, adding enough stock to moisten well. Spread stuffing over each piece of steak, about ¾-inch from edges. Roll each piece and tie to keep in shape while cooking. Put 2 tablespoons bacon fat or other shortening and 1 teaspoon chopped onion in frying-



pan. Add "bird" and cook, turning until well browned on all sides. Remove from frying-pan and place in casserole. Put enough additional shortening in frying-pan to make 3 tablespoons. Add 3 tablespoons flour, stir and cook until brown. Add 2 cups stock and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and free from lumps. Pour over "birds" in casserole, cover casserole tightly and cook in moderate oven (350° F) 1 hour or until meat is tender.

### ARTICHOKE SALAD, PARISIEN DRESSING

Arrange 2 or 3 canned artichoke bottoms in a nest of crisp lettuce. Serve with French dressing to which has been added finely chopped red and green pepper, chopped celery, minced parsley and a very little finely chopped onion or shallot. These ingredients may be mixed together and kept in a jar in the refrigerator ready to be added to French dressing just before serving.

### STRAWBERRY SURPRISE

- 2½ cups preserved  
strawberries
- 3 cups boiled rice  
Italian Cream

Add 1 cup berries to boiled rice and heat in double boiler until rice has absorbed juice of berries. Put rice into greased mold or deep round cake-pan. Set in refrigerator to chill for 3 hours. When ready to serve, unmold on serving plate, and cover thickly with Italian Cream. Garnish with the largest berries.

To serve, cut in slices like cake and over each slice pour some of remaining fruit.

### ITALIAN CREAM

- 1½ cups sugar
- ½ cup water
- 2 egg whites
- 1 cup whipped cream

Cook sugar and water together in sauce-pan, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Continue cooking until sirup spins a thread when dropped from tip of spoon (to 240° F). Pour slowly over well-beaten egg whites, beating constantly while adding. Continue beating until cool, then fold in stiffly-beaten cream. Spread thickly over rice mold. This Italian Cream is less sweet than frosting and more flavorful than whipped cream.

## BECAUSE I AM A MOTHER

[Continued from page 50]

child to greater feats of daring than the bravest parent would contemplate with equanimity! The nervous parent will often permit and encourage a child to do some act, while inwardly secretly afraid, and then when the child fails or hurts himself let forth a storm of anger and reproach which is due purely to re-action from the nervous tension preceding it. Undue solicitude, and undue anger, when a child hurts himself are frequently due to fear on the parents' behalf for the child, and neither constitutes the right attitude in such emergencies.

Patience, we all know, is of paramount importance when dealing with a child! But here again there are many difficulties. There are those who are constitutionally impatient; there are those who are particularly impatient over certain things—the habit of dawdling, perhaps, particularly annoys them, or a certain manner of eating or replying to a question. Many people who are normally patient and even-tempered lose those qualities when they are

worried or over-tired; and what mother does not know what it is to be both? The condition of health affects the command of patience more than anything else.

When all does not run smoothly, a mother should endeavor to be honest with herself, a difficult proceeding for anyone, and see if the fault lies in herself or in the theory she is endeavoring to apply. The ability to apply a little self-analysis is invaluable. Quite unconsciously we are often influenced by excess of personal pride; when one of our children misbehaves we feel it is a reflection on ourselves, and in proportion as the misdeed hurts our estimate of ourselves do we feel offended by it. "That my child should have done so and so" is the unforgivable sin, and a true sense of proportion is temporarily lost. There exists also the temptation to "show off" a child if he is very pretty or intelligent.

It is not only what we say or do that influences our children; it is far more what we ourselves are.



# THE STAR IN THE WELL

[Continued from page 61]

a horrible place and she wished she didn't have to live in it.

And going home she would wail: "What makes you say such things?"

"Because I believe them."

"You don't really believe them, Michael. It's just that you're puffed up with pride of intellect."

And Michael would laugh triumphantly. "I argued it rather well, didn't I?"

"Too well."

For that was the trouble with Michael. He adored blazing trails and breaking down old beliefs, and being called brilliant and broad-minded. So he had thrown overboard everything he had been taught as a child, and he had presented his theories to Mary with such stupendous eloquence that in spite of herself she had been swayed, and now here she was high and dry, and facing what she had to teach Mary-Alice.

And Michael said, "Don't teach her anything. I refuse to let my child be bounded on the right and left by prohibitions. Let her arrive at her beliefs by her own route."

Then Mary challenged him. "She is bounded now by prohibitions. We want her to be strong and well, so we make her eat spinach and drink milk, though we know she hates them. Educationally, she follows our program. We don't let her arrive at learning French without teaching it to her. We don't expect her to be an expert musician without practicing. We tend to her physical needs and her mental needs. We force our theories on her as to diet and to dancing lessons, yet when it comes to matters of the spirit we leave her without guidance."

But Michael wouldn't listen. He lifted her up in his arms. "Go and put on your periwinkle blue," he said, and there it was all over again, with a dinner and a dance, and Michael as gay as a grig and as splendid as Lucifer.

IT was just a month before Christmas that Michael came home with a cold in his head. He was very hot and feverish and had to be put to bed. After a while the cold went down to his throat and then to his lungs. And he had pneumonia.

And they sent Mary-Alice up to the country to be with her grandmother.

Mary-Alice's grandmother was Michael's mother, and she lived in the South where it wasn't very cold, and she had a great old house with portraits going up and down the stairs, and high beds with carved posts, and high old clocks that ticked and tocked and chimed and struck all at once and everywhere, and a fat silver service was always set before Mary-Alice's grandmother when she poured coffee. In the kitchen there was an old black cook with her head wrapped in a white handkerchief, and her name was Mammy Sue and she made waffles and corn cakes and fed them to Mary-Alice surreptitiously, and she stirred up puddings and stuffed chickens, and while she worked she sang strange old tunes in a wailing voice that made little shivers go up and down Mary-Alice's spine. And there were two old hunting dogs who slept on the hall hearth and who thumped their tails when they heard your step, and rose to greet you like gentlemen. And out-of-doors were tall oaks with bare branches, and straight still pines with their rich dark green, and there were borders of box about the old-fashioned garden, and a sundial with ivy leaves twined about it, and in the woods were holly and mistletoe and crow's-foot.

There was a fireplace in Mary-Alice's bedroom.

She asked her grandmother, "Why don't we have radiators?"

"My dear child, what would Santa Claus do if he tried to come down the chimney?"

"There isn't any Santa Claus," said Mary-Alice, serenely.

Her grandmother, somewhat taken aback, said, stoutly, "There's a Christmas spirit."

"There isn't anything," said Mary-Alice, "there isn't any Wise Men or Babe in the Manger, and the Star is lost."

"Who told you that?" her grandmother demanded.

"Daddy."

That night Mary-Alice's grandmother wrote a long letter. In it she told her son Michael what she thought of him. "You are no more learned than your father, Michael, and not half as brilliant. But he used his brains to make men better."

But when she had finished the letter, Mary-Alice's grandmother read it over, and read it again, and then she tore it up, and dropped on her knees. "Lord," she said, with her hands folded, "Oh, Lord, he's sick unto death, and I mustn't send it. And show me what to say to Mary-Alice."

But she didn't say anything. She just mothered her in her old arms, and at night before the child went to bed she read to her from a Book, and sometimes Mary-Alice would fall asleep before her grandmother finished, and through the fabric of her dreams the words she had heard would run like a shining thread . . . of still waters and green pastures, and tall white lilies that neither toiled nor spun.

And there came a night when there was a story which was not out of the Book. "It's a legend," Mary-Alice's grandmother told her. "I heard it when I was in the Holy Land. They showed me the Well of the Magi. And they said when the Wise Men were traveling towards Bethlehem with the Star guiding them that the morning came and the stars were blotted out by the dawning light, even the great Star which they had followed. And the Wise Men wandered on their way, weary and wondering what they should do. And at last they came to a well and stopped to drink. The waters of the well were deep and dark, and as the first Wise Man bent above them he saw mirrored in the deep, dark waters the Star they had lost. And he called to the others and they bent and looked, and behold, there was the Star!"

Mary-Alice who had been listening sleepily, sat up, wide awake: "But they couldn't see a star in the daytime, Grandmother."

"Yes, they could. I've seen stars in our well. Some day I'll show you."

"Tomorrow?"

"Yes. Tomorrow morning."

So the very next day, Mary-Alice went with her grandmother to look into the old well that stood at the edge of the garden. There was a stone wall about it, and a wooden bucket with a chain. The water was sweet and pure, and Mary-Alice reached for the dipper to have a drink.

But her grandmother said: "Before you trouble the waters, look down and you will see the star."

So Mary-Alice looked, and there it was, shining.

And Mary-Alice said, "Then it isn't lost any more?"

"No," said her grandmother, "and it will never be while the world stands."

Now, back in the city at Mary-Alice's home, Michael was fighting for his life. He had two nurses to take care of him, and his wife, Mary, was always in and out. He wanted her all the time, but now and then for her own sake he would send her away. "I mustn't keep you shut up with me, my darling, go and take a walk and come back with your cheeks rosy."

But with her nights of vigil the roses had gone from Mary's cheeks, and the best she could do when she came in to see Michael was to touch them with color which came out of a little box, so that he might think her gay while it seemed that her heart was broken.

And when she took her walks, she saw everywhere people buying and buying for Christmas. The windows were full of gifts of all kinds, gifts for Father and gifts for Mother, and gifts for Junior and gifts for Daughter, and toys for the children. People went in a mad rush from counter to counter buying brocade smoking jackets, and diamond brooches, and radios and polo things and skating things.

"They remind me of ants, running about," Mary-Alice's mother said to herself. "What a wonderful thing it would be for the world if all the shops should vanish from our sight, and we should find ourselves crossing a wide plain and kneeling at the threshold of a stable."

And then, in her worry about Michael, she would feel that she [Turn to page 65]



## CHARIS

Adjust it yourself  
--to fit yourself--  
Such Comfort - Never Before

Patented  
Exclusive Features  
of  
CHARIS

CHARIS, a delight to every woman who wears it, improves the figure with healthful comfort. Whether she has the angular tendencies of a school girl or finds it necessary to control matronly proportions, CHARIS enables her to bring the lines of her figure into pleasing conformity with the demands of fashion.

CHARIS is a simple, light, one-piece garment. By its exclusive and patented inner belt (see illustration), which may be adjusted in an instant for snugness and height, every woman procures the support and comfort that she herself requires. The outer garment, also adjustable, slenderizes or rounds out, giving the utmost in smooth, pleasing lines.

CHARIS is made in all sizes and in a variety of beautiful materials. It is dainty and launders perfectly. Detachable shoulder straps make possible separate washing. Yet with all its advantages CHARIS costs less than the ordinary garments it replaces.

CHARIS is never sold in stores

It will be gladly demonstrated free in your own home by a trained representative. Just write, or phone the local CHARIS office.

Many women of refinement are enjoying lucrative employment of their time by representing us. Our complete and handy selling aids are easily grasped, and they insure profitable results. If you would like to have a worthwhile income please fill out and mail the attached coupon. There may still be an opportunity in your vicinity.

Write for a descriptive folder

THE FIFTH AVENUE CORSET CO., INC.  
Allentown, Pa.

Price \$6.75  
(\$6.95 west of the Rocky Mountains)

FIFTH AVENUE CORSET CO., Inc.  
Dept. M-12, Allentown, Pa.  
Please send me further information about CHARIS

Name .....

Address .....

If you wish to know how you can become a representative, check here ( )



THE ORIGINAL ONE-PIECE GARMENT WITH ADJUSTABLE INNER BELT



*"The snow in the street and the wind on the door"*

## DO YOU BELIEVE IN CHRISTMAS?

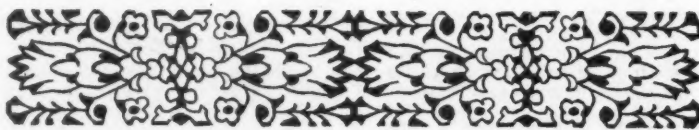
Because We Do In Our Town Noël Reigns

BY ISABEL MOSHER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAJORIE LUNT

EVERYONE who has seen Barrie's immortal Peter Pan remembers that breath-taking moment when Peter comes to the front of the stage before the foot-lights and asks of the audience—"Do you believe in fairies? Up go scores of hands all over the darkened theater pit, and from dozens of voices, some very young, some not so young, some frankly middle-aged, comes the quick response: "We do. Oh yes, indeed we do!" It never fails.

If you were to ask anyone in our town: "Do you believe in Christmas?" that is exactly the response you would get. Not "in Santa Claus," mind you; or "in presents"; or "in big dinners for the well-to-do and comforting texts for the poor, but in Christmas, which is, after all, a very different thing. For we believe in Christmas in our town, and because we do, the whole holiday season from Thanksgiving to New Year's Day takes on a new significance. The lights behind the window panes seem to shine with a more golden glow; the voices of the children at play are gayer; the greetings of neighbors as they meet in The Street—we have but one so it needs no other name—are cheerier, kinder. One catches it in the joyous, oft repeated refrain that comes from the opened door of the Congregational Church where the town choir is practising—alto, soprano, tenor and bass singing in parts—that vigorous carol of William Morris':



"From far away we come to you,  
The snow in the street and the wind on the door.  
To tell of great tidings strange and true:  
Minstrels and maids, stand forth on the floor."

You find yourself humming it as you walk homeward along the snowy path. And at every step your spirits are lightened. It is the way we keep it that makes Christmas in our town different from Christmas anywhere else in the world. Christmas with us is no longer merely a day of family reunions around groaning dinner tables; it is not just a day of present giving and receiving; instead, it is a great annual community celebration in which everyone, rich and poor, old and young, Catholic, Methodist, Baptist and Greek, takes part; when there is not one household of the four hundred listed on the assessors' roll in which the spirit of Christmas does not enter

and abide. Not a door along the street but carries a green garland, not a window but shows a lighted taper to shine on the pathway of the Little Lord; not a hungry table, or lonely person or unremembered in the whole town.

This sounds like a Utopian dream, but it isn't. It is the sober truth.

We found our way to this sort of Christmas keeping by being threatened one year with having to do without Christmas at all.

It was the second year after the war when so many businesses tottered on the brink of ruin. Along with the other mills up and down the valley, the stocking factory on which our town depends for support, closed its doors. For the first time in nearly sixty years there was no humming whir of looms, no seven, and twelve and five o'clock whistles for housewives to set their clocks by, no stream of children running cross-lots carrying dinners in the midday recess. And, of course, without work, there was no money. And without money there seemed no chance of Christmas.

That is how some of us saw it, sitting in pessimistic concave one afternoon early in December. The factory had been closed nearly three months, and already poverty had begun to peer in at some of the windows. It was beginning to be generally accepted among us that there would be no Christmas for any of us that year.

[Turn to page 62]





## Arm & Hammer Baking Soda is Pure Bicarbonate of Soda

**K** NOWN and used nation-wide as a necessity when cooking, Arm & Hammer Baking Soda is equally helpful *outside* the kitchen—it is Bicarbonate of Soda of the highest test, of a purity exceeding the U. S. P. standards, prepared with utmost care and untouched by human

hands until the package is opened by the consumer. Ideal as a dentifrice, delightful for bathing, a first aid for burns, it has Sixty-Eight Uses. Send for interesting Booklet explaining the many uses of Arm & Hammer Baking Soda (Bicarbonate of Soda)—a Household Remedy—write today.

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.  
80 Maiden Lane, New York

COW BRAND BAKING SODA AND ARM & HAMMER BAKING SODA  
—BOTH ARE BICARBONATE OF SODA IN ITS



\*\*\*\*\*  
**E**VEN the familiar everydayness of the front yard has been changed by the snow magic into something new and strange. The scarlet fruits of the barberries are splashed extravagantly against the white expanse. There's a tang of adventurous achievement in retracing your own footprints from the gate to the house door—and here the road ends—as all the roads of best adventure must—in the lights and welcoming voices of Home  
\*\*\*\*\*

# Such delightful Christmas recipes are in the new, free booklet *"Through the menu with Jell-O"*

*Send for it...*



## Jell-O Grapefruit Cubes

1 package Lemon Jell-O      2 grapefruits, sections free  
1 cup boiling water      from membrane  
1 cup grapefruit juice and water      2 tablespoons sugar

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Scoop sections from grapefruit, sprinkle with sugar and drain off the juice. To this juice add enough water to make 1 cup. Add to cool Jell-O before it has begun to harden. Turn into shallow pan, chill until firm, and cut in cubes. Serve cubes and grapefruit sections mixed in grapefruit shells or in glasses. Serves 8.

## Jell-O Cranberry Mold

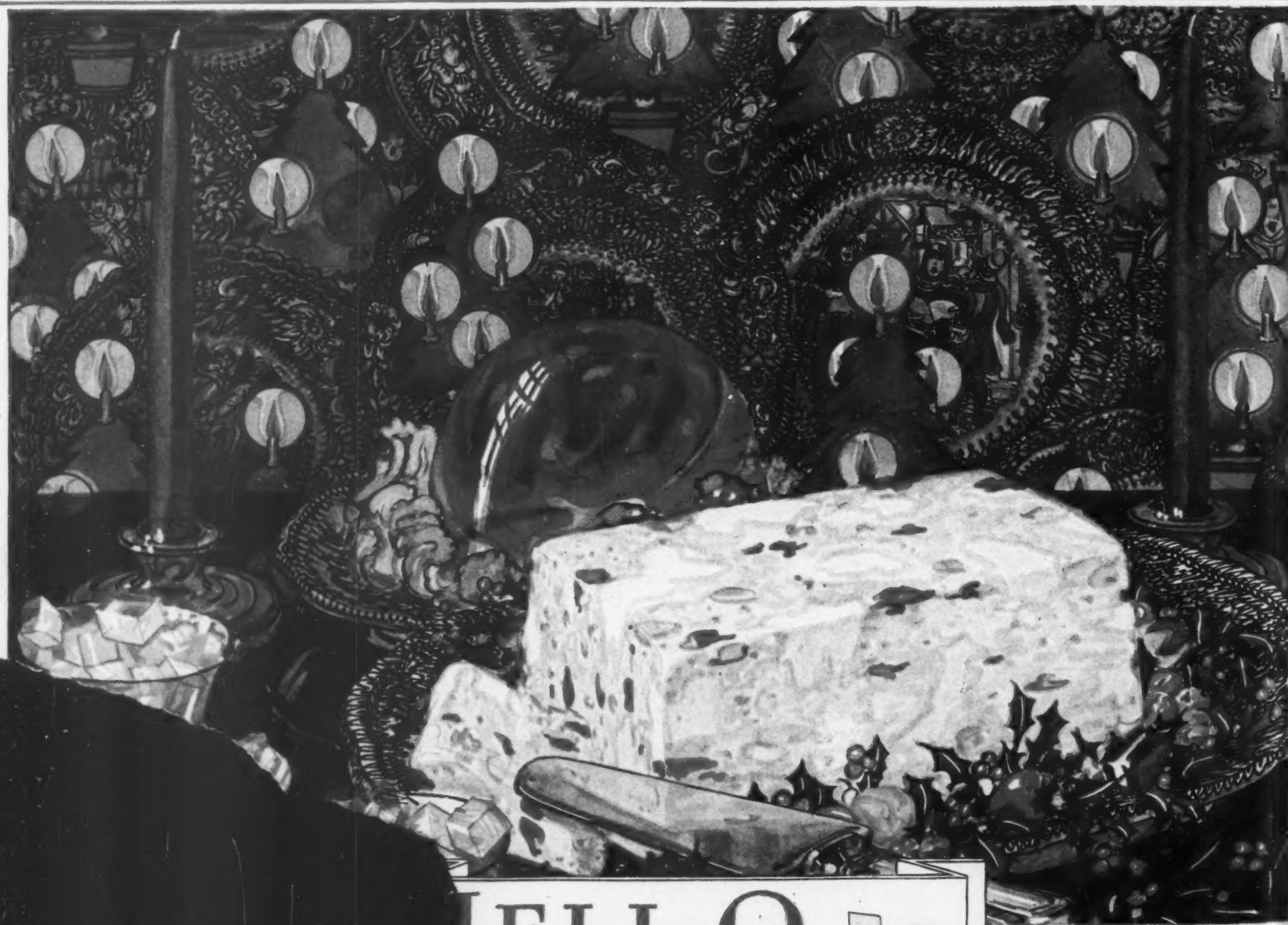
1 package Lemon Jell-O      ½ cup celery, finely cut  
1½ cups boiling water      ½ cup pineapple, shredded  
Juice of ¼ lemon      1 cup thick cranberry sauce, sweetened

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. As it begins to thicken, add lemon juice, celery, pineapple, and cranberry sauce. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing. Serves 6.

## Jell-O Paradise Pudding

1 package Lemon Jell-O      12 maracchino cherries,  
1 pint boiling water      coarsely cut  
½ cup blanched almonds      6 macaroons, crushed  
12 marshmallows, cut very      ¼ cup sugar  
fine      ¼ teaspoon salt  
1 cup heavy cream, whipped

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. When cold and slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg-beater until consistency of whipped cream. Mix and add cherries, nuts, marshmallows, macaroons, sugar and salt. Fold in whipped cream. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Serve in slices. Serves 8.



# JELL-O

Trade-mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Five flavors  
from  
sun-ripened fruits

ance! Crystal-clear gelatin—  
O's ingredients. An excellent  
—that are so important to the  
it's in a class by itself—and  
ation and a better dinner, give  
b imitations—inist on the real  
and flavor. The new recipe

THE JELL-O COMPANY, INC.  
Le Roy, N. Y.

Please send me the new booklet, "Through the menu with Jell-O".

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

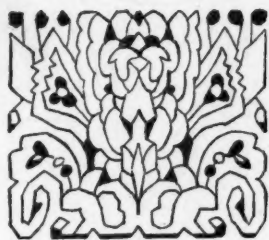
In Canada: address, The Jell-O Company of Canada, Ltd.  
812 Metropolitan Bldg., Toronto 2, Ontario

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

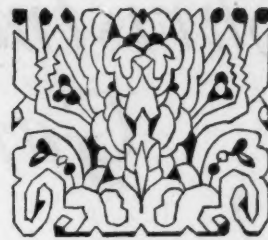
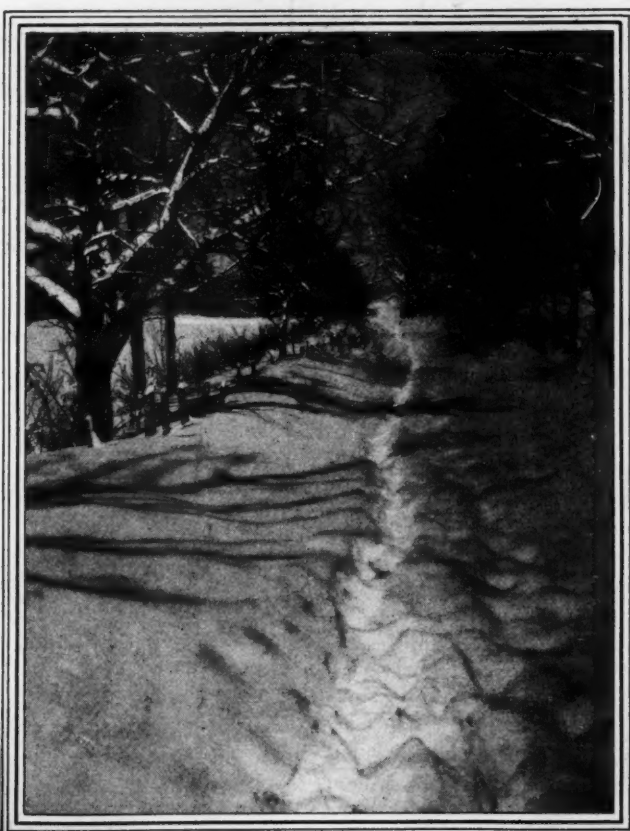
J-McC-183



# FOLLOW THE ROAD TO CHRISTMAS!



IF Christmas were fashioned of tinsel and tissue paper only, if the Yuletide meant nothing more gracious than presents and extra big dinners and Christmas puddings to be boiled and eaten—and digested—then were we poor indeed! Too often, alas, the homemaker who has all these tasks on her hands and on her mind becomes housebound; she keeps her Christmas in the kitchen and so misses the silver significance of the Star



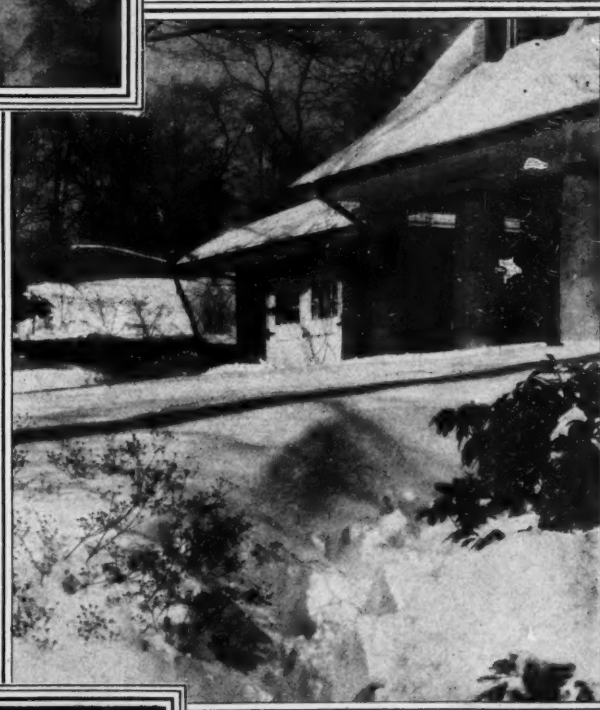
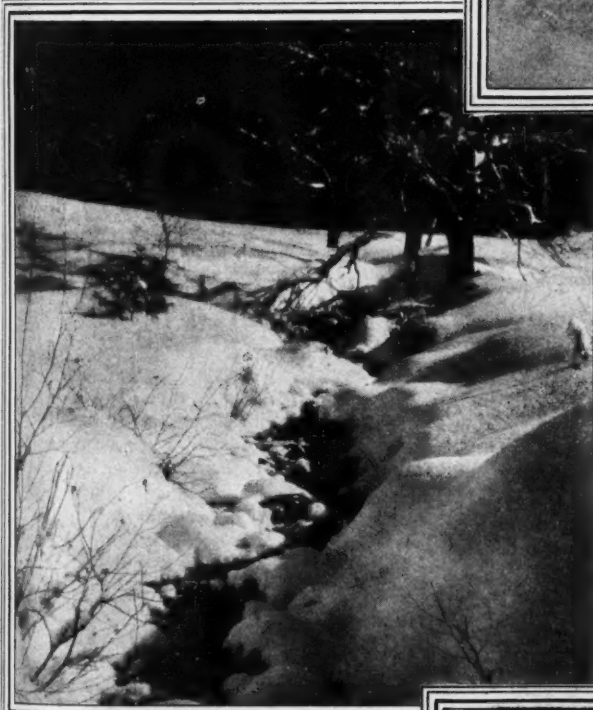
IN this season of high holiday, let us give ourselves a day off. Let us shut our house doors resolutely on the seemingly never-ended tasks of tying up and tidying up, and go out—not along the familiar streets of our everyday excursions, but out into the "real" country which lies so much nearer to every city and town than many of its dwellers are aware of, and so find for ourselves the High road to Christmas



THE white roads of Winter have a magic that is all unknown to the green meanderings of Summer lanes. No sound penetrates the snow enfolded solitudes—only the plumph! of snow dropping from over-weighted hemlock boughs—A rabbit scuttles across the path—or a covey of partridge rises on whirling wings through the soft, still air



Photographs by  
HARRY HEALY



EVEN the idle Summer chatter of the brooks is hushed—awed by the majesty of Winter. Bend down and look close; you will see fronds of the Christmas fern keeping faithfully green between the dark waters and their thin ice veil. A patch of wintergreen peeps from beside a stone, beside it an acorn awaiting Spring's signal to sprout. Brush away the snow and here are arbutus buds plump and green—so may you enter upon the treasures of the snow!



EVEN the familiar everydayness of the front yard has been changed by the snow magic into something new and strange. The scarlet fruits of the barberries are splashed extravagantly against the white expanse. There's a tang of adventurous achievement in retracing your own footprints from the gate to the house door—and here the road ends—as all the roads of best adventure must—in the lights and welcoming voices of Home

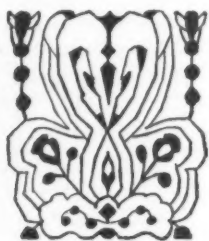


# A Christmas Garland

## Verses and pictures

by

Marguerite  
Allan



### Needlework

I'll make a cotton daisy  
With thread so white and fine,  
And maybe seven daffodils  
Standing in a line.

With rosy silk I'll fashion  
A ragged lovely pink  
And weave the stems together  
With thread as black as ink.

So with the season's passing  
My flowers shall not fade,  
But keep for years—forever  
Their bloom and tint and shade.



*With rosy silk I'll fashion — A ragged lovely pink*



### Would You?

If you saw an elephant  
Digging with a spade,  
Of that clever animal  
Would you be afraid?

If you saw a touselled goat  
Reading from a book,  
Wouldn't you be prone to stop  
And take another look?

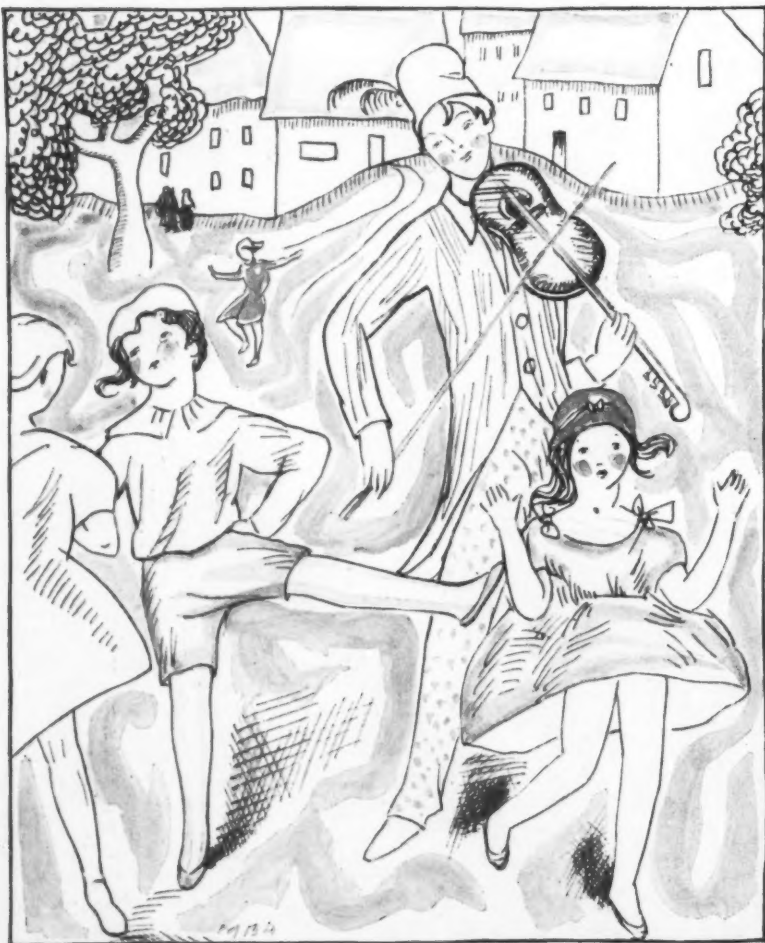
If you saw a jaguar  
Eating some ice-cream,  
Wouldn't it exactly be  
Like a funny dream?

If a watching angel leant  
From the tented sky  
Hearing laughter, seeing tears,  
Would he wonder why?



### The Fiddler

HERE is Fred the Fiddler  
Straight from Dorking Town  
With his precious fiddle  
Sweet and old and brown.  
Ray - do - sol sings fiddle  
Do - ray - sol - me - ray  
Come, come, everybody  
On this Christmas day  
Dance and shout, my children,  
Lay your worries down,  
I am Fred the Fiddler  
Straight from Dorking Town.  
Madam, what's your fancy?  
Any tune I'll play  
While you trip a measure  
Fleet and light and gay . . .  
Ray - do - sol - sings fiddle,  
Do - ray - sol - me - ray.



*I am Fred the Fiddler — Straight from Dorking Town*





## TEACHING A NATION TO AVOID SEVERE COLDS



## Children's Colds relieved without "dosing"

### Millions of Modern Mothers Now Use External Treatment

MOTHERS assume an unnecessary risk when they constantly "dose" their little ones for colds. Medicines taken internally often upset children's delicate stomachs. This lowers their precious vitality, thus inviting fresh colds and other diseases.

Yet, every cold should be treated promptly; if neglected, it may pave the way for serious complications in later life.

### Rub on Vaporizing Salve

The modern and effective way to treat head and chest colds, spasmodic croup, bronchitis, sore throat and other cold troubles, is to rub the throat and chest with Vicks VapoRub and cover with warm flannel. Being

externally applied, Vicks cannot disturb the digestion and can be used with perfect safety on the smallest child.

### Acts 2 Ways at Once

This modern vaporizing salve acts two ways in bringing relief:

- (1) For hours after Vicks is applied, its ingredients, vaporized by the body heat, are inhaled direct to the inflamed air passages, loosening the phlegm and easing the difficult breathing.
- (2) At the same time, it acts through the skin like a poultice, or plaster, "drawing out" the soreness and helping the inhaled vapors to relieve the congestion.



### Equally Good for Adults

This twofold action of Vicks has made it successful in relieving cold troubles in millions of homes. Actual use by men and women, for over twenty years, has proved it just as good for adults as it is for children.

# VICKS

VAPORUB

NOW OVER <sup>21</sup>~~17~~ MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

# Last call to enter POSTUM'S \$10,000 PRIZE CONTEST

1001 CASH PRIZES - THREE \$1000 PRIZES

THE contest closes December 31. There is yet time to enter. But don't delay another day! This announcement will not appear again.

If you haven't already made the 30-day test of Postum, begin today! Use Postum as your mealtime drink in place of caffeine beverages! Note the effects on your nerves—your sleep—your digestion—your general health. Decide, from results, what you think of Postum as a regular mealtime drink. Sit down and write us a letter about "What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me." Your letter may win \$1000!

This contest is open to you, whether you are a new or a life-long user of Postum.

Or, write a letter about Instant Postum made with milk, for children. What an ideal drink this is!—made from whole wheat and bran, plus all the body-building nourishment of milk. Mothers everywhere are enthusiastic about it—because it is so convenient—so economical—because it is warm, nourishing, wholesome, *delicious*! Tell why you think this is the best hot drink for children! Win one of the big prizes for such letters!

In addition, there is a third group of prizes for letters on the subject, "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made my way." Postum comes in two forms, you know—Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot (not boiled) milk, and Postum Cereal, prepared by boiling, or in a percolator. Some people prefer the first, others the second. Then, some like Postum strong, others weak, others "medium." How do you make Postum? Why do you like *your* kind best? \$1000 for the best letter!

This is your last chance to enter Postum's \$10,000 prize contest. Read the rules below—then act, today!

## Subjects and Prizes

1. "What the 30-day test of Postum has done for me."
2. "Why I think Instant Postum made with milk is the best hot drink for boys and girls."
3. "How I make Postum—and why I like it best made my way."  
(Letters on any subject not to exceed 300 words in length)

For the best letters on each subject: First prize, \$1000; second, \$500; third, \$250; fourth, 3 prizes of \$100 each; fifth, 4 prizes of \$50 each; sixth, 5 prizes of \$25 each; seventh, 10 prizes of \$15 each; eighth, 25 prizes of \$10 each; ninth, 35 prizes of \$5 each; tenth, 35 prizes of \$3 each; eleventh, 68 prizes of \$2 each; twelfth, 146 prizes of \$1 each for first and second subjects, 145 prizes of \$1 each for third subject.

## RULES

- 1 You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
- 2 Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
- 3 Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neat—neat counts.
- 4 Write your name and address on each manuscript.
- 5 In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
- 6 Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
- 7 No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
- 8 Employees of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
- 9 Address envelopes to P.O. Box 604—D, Battle Creek, Michigan.
- 10 Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m. December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.) This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.

## THE JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

© 1927, P. Co., Inc.

Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, and Postum Cereal, the kind you boil. If you are not one of the millions who now purchase Postum, you may obtain a sample of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal by addressing the manufacturer.

## DO you BELIEVE in CHRISTMAS?

[Continued from page 56]

Some one—I forget who—mentioned this. Most of us nodded regretful acceptance of the fact. But the doctor's wife sprang up—"What, no Christmas?" she cried. "Who ever heard of such a thing? Of course we'll have a Christmas, and, money or no money, it will be the best one our town ever had!"

Her enthusiasm fired the torch that inspired us all. From that moment we began to plan and to pool our resources.

Like most American small towns we have several churches—one Catholic church, an Episcopal chapel, two meeting houses—Baptist and Congregational, and a dingy upstairs room over a feed store where the Greeks hold their services. It was usual for each church to hold a Christmas festival and tree for their children on the night after Christmas. In planning our first community Christmas the first step was to get all the Sunday schools to unite and have one festival with one tree that should be taller, finer and more shining than ever before.

It evolved that each group possessed a trunk full of Christmas tree trimmings—many of them battered and past their first glory. By combining all these, by piecing out yards of tinsel, by mending some of the broken ornaments, restoring others with the aid of gold or silver paint, and contriving still more out of gilt paper, bits of tin foil, glass, colored pictures and tinsel, we soon had enough to decorate the enormous spruce tree that one of the selectmen cut and brought in from his wood lot for us. The art teacher at the high school headed our committee on decorations and most of the work was done—and gaily—by the bigger boys and girls.

One of the teachers had the brilliant idea of making Christmas wreaths, not to sell—our ideal was to keep all thought of money as far away as we possibly could—but to be given to every family in town. Under her guidance the children gathered greens in the woods, wove them about ropes and barrel hoops to make wreaths, and on the day before Christmas took them about the town, presenting one at every door with a wish for a "Happy Christmas."

Each succeeding year has developed new activities. Now, our festivities begin on the Sunday afternoon before Christmas with a carol singing service in the Episcopal chapel in which all the choirs unite. This is held late in the day and with no light in the chancel except that which glows from dozens of candles. There is no preaching and only one beautiful, simply phrased prayer for "the peace of Christmas," and the benediction.

Two days before Christmas a committee composed of representatives from each



church, lodge and benevolent society packs baskets of groceries, clothing and toys for the poor. Our County Agent of the State Charities Aid makes up the list and sees to it that no one is neglected while others receive

more than their share of good things.

On the morning of the day before Christmas the school children present their wreaths, and at nightfall every window along the street shows a lighted candle. True, we borrowed the custom from Beacon Hill in Boston, but we have made it our own. After supper the carol singers gather at the Town Hall and go from there to the Common where they sing, accompanied by flute, cornet, viol and cello, such dearly loved old carols as "God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen," "It Came Upon a Midnight Clear"; and the triumphant "O Come, All Ye Faithful." All up and down The Street, windows and doors are opened to their song. Later, the "waits" go on to sing in front of the hospital, and at the Old People's Home, and the Poor Farm.

This year we plan to add to this Christmas Eve program by having a very simple community pageant on the Common. While the carols are being sung, a great electrically lighted star will shine down on an improvised stage grouped around with evergreens—and across this will pass the figures of the Virgin and St. Joseph, the Shepherds, the Angelic chorus and finally the three Wise Men with their gifts. All very simple, but all the more impressive for that. Anyone who has seen the annual Nativity Play at Pomfret, Connecticut, will understand what we are striving toward.

So it grows—and all without any talk of presents—either to be given or received. Indeed, if our first community Christmas keeping did no more than teach us how unimportant to Christmas, presents are, it would have been worth doing.

But it has taught us more than that. It has taught us that Christmas belongs to all. Not to the rich to give benevolently to the poor—but to all of us in equal measure to keep together.

It has taught us that the Christmas story of the Star and the Shepherds and the Babe in the Manger is perennially fresh and beautiful. More and more we are discarding the tawdry trappings of Christmas—the red canton flannel and white wool Santa Claus and the tarleton fairies of the usual pantomimes.

When a stranger comes to our town—and remarks, as sooner or later they all do, on the beauty and peace and air of plenteousness that seems to abide there, he is sure to be told: "Oh, but you should be here at Christmas—then, our town is really alive!"

Do you want to bring the true spirit of Christmas to your town? Then why not organize a community Christmas celebration in which all can join? Plans for this—including carols, poems for reading and recitation, suggestions for tableaux, processions and a community Christmas Tree are outlined in a new leaflet—A Community Christmas Keeping. The price of this leaflet is two cents.



Every woman who lives in the city has at least one friend in the country to whom she wants to send a gift that is sure to please. So too the country woman wants to know what presents will be most appreciated by her friends in town. Write for our leaflet "From Town to Country: From Country to Town." The price of this leaflet is two cents.



For all these address: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City



AS?

lodge  
nevolent  
packs  
of gro-  
clothing  
for the  
Our  
Agent of  
e Chari-  
makes  
list and  
it that  
is neg-  
while  
receive  
ings.  
before  
ent their  
window  
candle.  
om Bea-  
ve made  
l singers  
go from  
sing, ac-  
nd cello,  
God Rest  
Upon a  
hant "O  
nd down  
e opened  
go on to  
d at the  
Farm.  
The Chri-  
y simple  
Common.  
a great  
e down  
around  
will pass  
Joseph,  
s and fi-  
eir gifts.  
impre-  
seen the  
et, Con-  
we are

any talk  
received.  
Christmas  
us how  
ts are, it

that.  
belongs  
evolyntly  
in equal

Christmas  
erds and  
rennially  
more we  
pings of  
nel and  
tarleton

town-  
they all  
d air of  
le there,  
u should  
town is

# for Christmas



## Twenty complete Christmas Stores in your Montgomery Ward Catalogue

You can visit twenty complete Christmas Stores by merely turning the pages of your Ward Catalogue. A jewelry store, a complete toy shop, a dry goods store, everything twenty complete Christmas Stores can offer is to be found in your Ward Catalogue.

You can find gifts for every friend, every member of the family. You can choose at your leisure, and more important you can secure three gifts for the price of two elsewhere. Because—

### There are no Christmas Profits in Montgomery Ward's Prices

Ward's prices on Christmas goods are all-the-year-round prices. There are no Christmas profits added. You can buy your Christmas gifts at Ward's at regular prices which are *always* low.

Thus your Christmas savings are almost doubled if you use your Ward Catalogue for every Christmas

gift. Ward's Catalogue is a Christmas Gift Book. It is a dictionary answering every Christmas question of "What to Give." Merely to study its pages, and to turn through the index will help you solve every Christmas problem.

There are gifts for the children, a big assortment of Christmas toys, articles of jewelry, books, everything you can find anywhere for the boy or girl or infant.

Everything a man uses or wears, everything a woman needs or wants, is offered at regular all-the-year-round prices.

### Remember Christmas is Just Around the Corner

The days slip by quickly. So start today making up your Christmas list. Order early. Take the full advantage of the big savings Ward's Catalogue offers you at Christmas time.

*Quality is especially important in a Christmas Gift. At Ward's the quality, the reliability of every article is absolutely guaranteed.*

# Montgomery Ward & Co.

ESTABLISHED 1872

Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Baltimore Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth





## From the kitchens of the Palmer House, Chicago—right to your own table



SOMETHING new—two ways of adding fresh satisfaction to everyday dishes with Hawaii's delightful, yet economical, fruit.

Read Chef Amiet's directions for making these flavorful dishes, and note what Mrs. Richards, good housewife of Los Angeles, Calif., says. She "home-tested" both suggestions. Then send for our new booklet, "Hawaiian Pineapple as 100 Good Cooks Serve it." It brings you many new ideas for adding delightful touches to your meals with both convenient forms of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple—*Sliced* and *Crushed*.

**GALETTES OF PORK SAUSAGE ALOHA!** Grill a slice or two of Canned Hawaiian Pineapple. Place on plate with slice of toast spread with peanut butter. Cover toast with three grilled sausage patties size of a silver dollar. Serve with Sauce Chateau; reduced veal juice to which extract of beef, lemon juice and parsley have been added before stirring in butter for the purpose of obtaining suitable consistency.

**PINEAPPLE SALAD MAUNA KEA!** To 2 cups drained Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple add 2 tablespoons sharp mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon maraschino cherry juice and 1 tablespoon whipped cream. Soak 1 tablespoon granulated gelatin in 1 tablespoon cold water 5 minutes. Melt over hot water and add to previous ingredients. Mix well and mold in a demi tasse or any high mold. Just before serving, hollow out from base to top, diameter of a lead pencil, and fill cavity with currant jelly. Unmold on shredded lettuce. Garnish top with a maraschino cherry cut in four parts to represent a flower. Serve ice cold.

Says Mrs. Elizabeth S. Richards, of 325 South Avenue 40, Los Angeles, California: "The rich flavor of the Hawaiian Pineapple gives delightful zest to the pork sausages. Just to look at the dish makes you hungry. 'The dainty fruit salad would grace any meal, and it's quite easy to prepare.'"



# HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



## Sliced Crushed

—For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads & hundreds of made-up dishes.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK!

Dept. 43, Ass'n of Hawaiian Pineapple Cannery, 451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California

Please send me, free of charge, your new book, "Hawaiian Pineapple as 100 Good Cooks Serve It."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

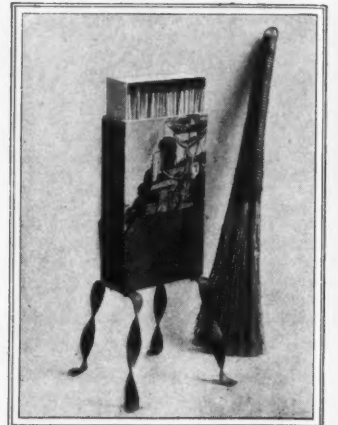
## "Christmas Wouldn't be Christmas without any presents" so here are some:



Pottery lamp with sealing wax decorated shade. Book-ends of pottery with sealing wax decoration



Painted mirror. Paraffined paper flowers in ceiling wax vase; gilded, waxed telephone screen



Box of giant matches, covered with designed paper; also hearth broom with colored handle

## GIFTS You Can Make at Home

BY ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IF you have a pair of scissors, a paste-pot and brush and some sealing wax or the decorative papers—Italian, French or Godey Print, you can work magic with amazing and pleasing results for all your friends this Christmas.

A nice gift is this lamp base made with a greenish blue paint and a coat of sealing wax, dissolved in denatured alcohol. The plain parchment shade, which is sold pleated, is decorated with a design cut out of crepe paper, and applied to the shade by paste. The background is then tinted in and the design brightened by sealing wax paint. Then a final coat of transparent amber sealing wax is applied. The shade is strung with a silk cord, adjusted, and the tassel attached to the cord. Book ends of pottery can be made to match the lamp by using sealing wax paint decorations.

Even a commonplace mirror frame can be transformed into something really lovely if it is painted an antique Chinese red, with a flower print applied, and shellacked and bordered with a band of plain paper or molding. A vase of sealing wax decorations to stand underneath the mirror lends an added charm. Paper flowers, which can be bought or made



in every variety, may be waxed by dipping in paraffine, and will thus retain their freshness longer. A telephone screen, always an acceptable gift, shows a

waxed design in high relief against a gilded background.

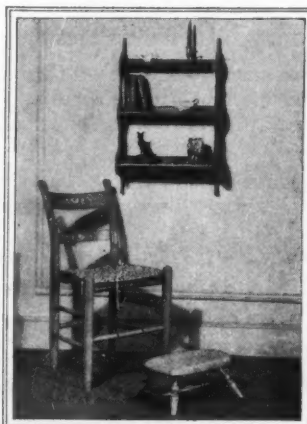
For your friend whose pride is her fireplace, a box of five hundred giant matches 7½ x 12½ inches is readily disguised if covered with a decorative paper and, in a wrought-iron stand it will serve ornamental as well as useful purposes. A hearth broom, to go with it, is of broom straw bound with a solid colored handle and painted to repeat the design of the chintz in the room.

A nice waste basket for the bedroom is one painted in orchid or any pastel shade, with an applied Godey print glazed with water shellac. Any plain papier maché or inexpensive tin waste basket is adaptable to this decoration. A sandwich tray can easily be woven from wire and crepe paper rope in a variety of attractive colors and can be painted, if desired, to produce an enameled surface.

You or your friend may have an old glass lamp which has been in the attic for years, because you never quite had the courage to throw it [Turn to page 117]



Waste basket with applied Godey print. Sandwich tray of wire and crepe paper rope



Chair, footstool and hanging shelf, bought unfinished, stained or painted



Shade for glass lamp of Italian paper and French print. Decorated magazine rack



Italian or glazed paper covers on vanity box, soft collar box and writing folio



# THE STAR IN THE WELL

[Continued from page 55]

couldn't be away from him a moment longer, and she would fly back home, and beg the nurses to let her sit by her husband's bed.

And sometimes they would let her do it, but at other times they would only let her peep in, and because they had said to Mary over and over again that she must have a bright face and not act as if anything was the matter, Mary would have her hair waved and put on the amber chiffon and the topazes which went so well with it, and Michael looking at her through fever-burnt eyes would say, hoarsely, "You're all honey-colored, dearest . . . it's like flying with the bees in a field of white clover."

The nurses thought Michael was delirious. But of course he wasn't. He was just a poet. And the next day when she put on the periwinkle blue she knew he would say what he had always said: "You're like bluebells . . . blowing in the breeze."

But when she came in and showed herself, Michael didn't say anything. He was too ill, and the nurses waved Mary away. But she wouldn't go very far. She just stood on the threshold and prayed: "Lord, don't let him leave me . . . don't."

She didn't know that she was praying. She didn't know that all the things of which Michael had tried to rob her had come back. She only knew that she found suddenly strength to face what might be before her.

That was the day that Michael had a dream.

It was a bitter day when everything outside was all slick and frozen, so that the motor cars slipped and slid over the streets, and icicles hung in dangerous daggers at the edges of the roofs, and everyone who had furs was wrapped in them, and those who didn't have them shivered and shook.

But Michael's dream took him away from Winter weather, and from the room where the nurses moved in white, and where Mary, his wife, came and stood waveringly in the door, sometimes in a blur of amber and sometimes in a blur of blue, and where he was stabbed with swords of pain, and burnt with irons of fever, and weighted with the tons of heaviness which lay on his chest.

It was Spring where Michael went, and in the orchard where he stood the trees were pink and white with bloom and he was a little boy blowing bubbles, and even as he blew them he watched the burnished doves fly down from the roof and wondered what they thought of his bubbles.

Then some one came and sat down beside him. And it was his father. A young father with a thatch of thick gold hair and with shoulders broad under his belted coat, and he said: "It's a wonderful world, isn't it, Michael?"

And Michael said, "Do you like it, Father?"

And his father said: "Yes, don't you?"

And Michael said: "I like blowing bubbles."

And his father laughed and laid a hand on Michael's head: "You don't even know it is a May morning, son, but when you grow up you'll know it."

And after that his father went away. And Michael had forgotten all about it, until now in his dream he remembered the touch of his father's hand on his shoulder. It had made him seem so safe in that safe orchard.

The nurses, watching breathlessly, whispered, "He's relaxing a little . . ."

In his dream he found himself now in a great bed. The wind was blowing outside and a storm was coming up . . . the lightning blazed in great sheets across the sky . . . and the thunder boomed. But Michael was not afraid. For his father had come into the room and was speaking. "It's a wonderful storm, Michael . . ."

And Michael climbed down from the bed and stood at the window.

"Do you like it, Father?"

And his father said: "Yes, don't you?"

And Michael said: "If you were not here I should be afraid."

And his father leaned down to him and lifted him in his arms, and they watched the storm until Michael's eyelids had drooped, and he dropped his head on his father's shoulder.

"Look, look," the nurses said, "he is sleeping naturally."

And now in his dreams, Michael was an older lad, and he sat in his father's study, reading a book, and as he read his father came in and stood beside him.

And his father said: "It is a wonderful Book, Michael."

And Michael said: "Do you believe it?"

And his father said, "Yes, don't you?"

And Michael said, "If I could only be sure, Father."

And his father laid his hand on his shoulder and said: "Some day you will be sure. You have pride of intellect, Michael, and you may for a time run with the tide. But my son can never get away from God . . ."

The nurses stared as they looked at Michael in his sleep. "He is smiling."

When Mary wrote to Michael's mother, she said: "We are coming up to you for Christmas. The doctor thinks that Michael will be strong enough to travel. We'll get there on Christmas Eve, and, darling mother-of-ours, it will be such a thankful Christmas."

When Michael came he was so thin and white that Mammy Sue when she saw him threw her apron over her head and ran back to the kitchen, sobbing. But in a minute she was herself again, and began to give orders about the oyster soup and the chicken jelly which were to be sent up that Michael might refresh himself after his journey, and presently Mammy Sue was herself again and was singing the wailing song that had made Mary-Alice shiver.

And Mary-Alice, upstairs on a stool at her father's feet, was telling him about everything.

"An' we found that losted star, Daddy." He had to wrench himself back to those ancient days before his illness. "Oh, yes . . . Where did you find it, Mary-Alice?"

"In the well. In the daytime. I'll show you."

He said that he had seen it long ago. And after Mary-Alice left, he lay on the couch, looking through the window into the stark, gray branches of the big oak. He was all alone in his room, except for the old red setter who remembered him and had stolen in to lie on the rug and lick his hand. It was very different in this quiet room with its ancestral furnishings from the bright, bare classrooms at Michael's college. Here were no eager minds challenging him. Nobody to tell him how wonderful he was to have stripped himself free from the past. Here was everything that pertained to the past, to the dignified life built up for him by his father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather, and the men before them . . .

The door opened and Mary came in. She brought on a tray the oyster stew and the chicken jelly. "You should have seen Mammy Sue getting it ready. It was a sacred rite."

She set the tray down and drew up a little table. She put a mulberry-patterned bowl on a white cloth and poured the oysters from a hot pitcher. "Everything is as you like it, Michael. And isn't it heaven just to be here?"

He smiled at her and ate his oysters. Not even to Mary could he express what he was feeling. Yet when he had eaten and drunk, she sat beside him and he held tight to her hand as if he could never let it go.

On the day before Christmas he was up and around but still weak. The house was in a riot of holiday preparation. All the relatives were to come to Christmas dinner and to celebrate Michael's recovery. Mary flying about with tissue paper and seals and red ribbons would stop now and then by Michael's couch to drop a kiss on the top of his head. She came into the living-room in the late afternoon to find him in front of the fire, one hand pulling the ears of the red setter thoughtfully, his eyes staring into the coals.

She stood beside him with her hand on his shoulder. "Thinking, Michael?"

He reached up and drew her down to him, crushing her in his arms. "Do you know how wonderful you are?"

"I'm not wonderful, Michael."

"Yes. You are. Mary, at first I loved you for your beauty. But now—if you were gray and toothless—I'd adore you . . ."

She lay very still [Turn to page 66]



## How little she really understands—herself!

*How much she needs your help in many things like this!*

**S**HE cannot even guess what endless care she needs—this woman you are making.

Not just her success today in studies and in play, but her whole happiness in life depends on you—upon the strength and health that you are building for her from day to day.

There are so many little things which you and you alone can do for her.

One of these precautions, one of these seemingly little things that mothers do, has recently assumed a new nation-wide importance.

In the schools of many great cities test after test has shown the vital importance of one point: the kind of breakfast children eat. It influences deeply not only their class room work but their whole well being.

This rule is now displayed on the walls of more than 60,000 schools:

**"Every boy and girl needs a hot cereal breakfast"**

The National Education Association and the American Medical Association, after a two years' study by a joint committee are now urging mothers to give their children a hot cereal every morning.

It is now known conclusively that children are more alert, study better and learn more when this rule is regularly observed. Only a hot cereal can furnish the boundless energy needed to meet the strain of class room work.

Recommended for over 30 years by health authorities as ideal for growing boys and girls Cream of Wheat stands ready and waiting for your child. Probably you know its unique advantages:

First: It furnishes in abundance just the food elements rich in mental and physical energy, which children need.

Second: It is so easily digested, containing none of the harsh, indigestible parts of the wheat.

Third: The youngsters love its creamy richness. And it is so easy to prepare—so easy to vary by adding raisins, dates or prunes while cooking.

This little care your children need so much at breakfast, to do their best in school and in life—begin it now! Send them off to school tomorrow morning really ready for a day's work. Give them a good hot bowl of Cream of Wheat. Your grocer has it.

Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

© 1927, C. of W. Co.



**FREE — Mothers say this plan works wonders —**

To arouse your children's interest in eating a hot cereal breakfast, send for attractive colored poster to hang in their room. There is a four week record form on it, which the children keep themselves, from day to day, by pasting in gold stars. Poster and gold stars sent free with authoritative booklet, "The Important Business of Feeding Children," and sample box of Cream of Wheat. Mail coupon to Dept. G-12, Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

For a girl aged \_\_\_\_\_ For a boy aged \_\_\_\_\_  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



*This Delicious*

## CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING

—and three other Holiday Favorites!  
—all from one package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine

"WHAT shall we give?" is not the only Holiday question which calls for an answer! "What shall we eat?" also is important! May Knox Gelatine make suggestions? Four suggestions?

Here they are! A positively delicious *Chocolate Plum Pudding*, easy to make, easy to digest. *Candies* exquisite enough for the most discriminating taste, light enough for the younger members of the family to eat their fill! And *Cranberry Salad*—a new and luscious way to serve the Holiday Favorite. Finally, *Jellied Turkey*—a hint for the day after Christmas, when the turkey that is left over comes out of the ice-box for a second dinner! All four of these Holiday dishes can be made economically from one single package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine—and you can make six generous servings of each.

*Mrs. Knox's New Cook Book FREE!*

You will find it the newest, most original, most useful book in your kitchen library. Free—write for it today! Mrs. Knox's other books will accompany the Cook Book without charge. They are all important aids to table enjoyment, health and economy. Please address Charles B. Knox Gelatine Company, 108 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N.Y.

**KNOX**  
*Sparkling*  
**GELATINE**  
"The Highest Quality for Health"

### CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING

(Six Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/2 cup cold water  
1 cup milk  
1 square chocolate  
1/2 teaspoonful vanilla  
1/2 cup seeded raisins  
1/2 cup nuts  
Soak gelatine in cold water. Put milk with fruit in double boiler. When hot, add melted chocolate mixed with a little sugar and milk to make a smooth paste (or use 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa). Add soaked gelatine, sugar and salt, remove from fire, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, chopped, and lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, unmold on serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk or with a currant jelly sauce.  
"Any bowl in your kitchen may serve as a mold."

### CRANBERRY SALAD

(Six Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1 1/2 cups water  
1 cup sugar  
1 pint cranberries  
Cook cranberries in one cup water until soft; stir in sugar and cook for 5 minutes. Add gelatine which has been soaked in one-half cup cold water 5 minutes, and stir until dissolved. Strain; when mixture begins to thicken, stir in celery and salt, turn into wet pan and chill. When firm, unmold, cut in squares, place a whole nut meat on top of each square and serve on lettuce leaves with a garnish of mayonnaise. One cup white grapes or diced apple may be used instead of celery, or combine with sliced bananas and oranges.

### CHRISTMAS CANDY SUPRÊME

(About a Pound)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/2 cup cold water  
2 squares chocolate  
3 cups sugar  
1 cup milk  
1/2 cup raisins  
Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Melt chocolate in saucepan placed in larger saucepan containing boiling water. Add sugar and milk, stirring constantly. Boil until mixture will form a soft ball when tried in cold water. Remove from fire, add gelatine, and when it has dissolved, add butter and salt. Cool somewhat and beat until creamy, add raisins and cherries cut in small pieces, chopped nuts and cinnamon. Turn into buttered tins. Cool, and when firm, cut in squares.

### JELLIED TURKEY

(Six Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine  
1/2 cup cold water  
1/2 onion  
Few sprigs parsley  
Salt, pepper  
Roast turkey, chopped or sliced  
Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Place left-over gravy or stock, sliced vegetables and seasonings, a few bones if desired and any left-over dressing in saucepan and simmer slowly for about half hour. Remove bones, and add soaked gelatine. When gelatine is dissolved, strain; when mixture begins to stiffen, stir in chopped turkey and any additional seasonings necessary. Pour into wet mold and chill.

## THE STAR IN THE WELL

[Continued from page 65]

in his arms for a little while.

"This old house speaks to me, Mary. Of things I had—forgotten."

"I have thought," he went on, haltingly, "as I have sat among his books in his great chair, that I should like to mean to Mary-Alice what my father meant to me. There are things I remember . . . that came to me when I was ill . . . All through my illness, it was as if my father held my hand . . . and I was not afraid . . ."

When Mary-Alice waked on Christmas morning, it was very dark. She did not dare get up, for her mother had told her she must wait until old George came in and lighted the fire.

Old George did not come for a long time. So Mary-Alice lay in bed and was glad it was a feather-bed because she sank down into the soft warmth like a nest, and she was aware of her head as very small and round on the big white pillow, and of the wide spaces on each side of her, and of the expanse of counterpane which was really a sun-rising quilt with the sun in yellow calico, only you couldn't see it at this moment because old George hadn't come to make the fire, and you didn't dare get up until he did.

Old George arrived finally, pushing the door open with such caution that Mary-Alice hardly knew he was there until he struck a match and the flames shot up, and she could see her long thin stocking all filled out and fat with the things that had been stuffed in it, and Mary-Alice gave a crow of delight at the sight of the stocking, and old George who was kneeling on the hearth turned and said in a cautious whisper, "Christmas gif', Miss Ma'y-Alice."

"Merry Christmas, George."

She sat up and talked to him in eager whispers, while the fire burned high and higher, and at last he tore himself away to build the fires in the rooms beyond, and then Mary-Alice crept out of bed. She then found that the old red setter had sneaked in and was sitting by the fire thumping his tail. And Mary-Alice whispered to him, "A Merry Christmas, Rufus," and Rufus thumped his tail harder than ever.

And then all at once Rufus stood up, and Mary-Alice knew that some one was in the room. And she looked around; there was her father. He had on the new dressing-gown which Mother had given him. It was blue brocade and his hair was a thatch of gold above it, and there was some thing in his eyes that Mary-Alice

had never seen before. A sort of shining beauty that made them as blue as his gown.

And he sat down in the big chair in front of the fire and took Mary-Alice on his knee and she showed him her presents and they talked about them, and after a while Michael said:

"Christmas is a wonderful day, isn't it?"

And Mary-Alice said, "Do you like it, Daddy?"

And her father said, "Yes, don't you?"

And Mary-Alice said, "Yes. But I thought you didn't."

And before there was time for them to say anything else, Mary-Alice's mother came in, and she said with a catch of her breath, "Michael, you here?"

"Yes, you were sound asleep and I wouldn't wake you."

And Mary-Alice's mother knelt beside the chair and said: "It's almost too beautiful to be true, Michael."

Mary-Alice wasn't sure just what her mother meant by that, but she was sure it must be something which had to do with her Daddy's new blue coat and his new blue eyes and that new look in his face which made her love him.

And after breakfast when they had had the tree and all the presents, and Mary-Alice was rocking the new doll to sleep in the new crib, her father came in and he had on a thick coat and carried a cap in his hand, and he said to Mary-Alice, "Will you show me the Star?"

And Mary-Alice sat back on her heels and said: "The one in the well?"

"Yes."

So after Mary-Alice had been buttoned up in her red coat and had pulled her red hat down over her bright curls, they went out together, and walked under the bare oak trees and the rich tall pines, and along the box-hedges and past the sundial and came at last to the old well; and they leaned over and looked down into the deep dark water.

And there was the Star!

And Mary-Alice's father put his hand on her shoulder and said: "It's a wonderful Star, Mary-Alice. It has shone through all the ages."

And Mary-Alice said: "Mother said it was lost."

"We have found it—together."

And Mary-Alice tucked her hand in her father's hand, and her fingers clung. She had a feeling of great content. She would, she thought, like to hold on tight to her father's hand forever. It was such a strong hand, and she felt—so safe.

## THE SHADOWY LADY OF NOËL

[Continued from page 9]

mine. They found it pinned on me when I was a baby, left on the steps outside the door."

Norah shook her head.

"Poor wee laddie," she muttered, "deserted by some one who should have cared for ye—"

The long trip to Saint Luke's Place proved fruitless. The apartment had been vacant since November. The people had left no forwarding address. It was evident that they had completely forgotten the orphan who was to have come to them for Christmas.

"Well!" Norah stood irresolutely on the snowy steps. In the boy's blue eyes was a mingling of panic and confiding trust.

"You won't leave me, Norah, you won't send me back to the Home?"

She looked down at him curiously.

"And how did you know that my name was Norah?"

He hesitated. "Why—I don't know. It is your name, isn't it?"

"It is that, and I do believe ye're 'fey,' just as I told the Master. Them blue eyes of yours, now—if it was in Ireland ye were living, ye'd be hobnobbing with the Little People."

"I'd like that!"

Norah was ruminating, pursuing some plan.

"Wee lad," she turned to him suddenly, "it's keeping you that I am, for the holi-

days. If the Master ever learns of it, I'll be hunting another place sure, in spite of being in service with his family ever since he was a baby. For he can't bear to be disobeyed, and he's a hard man in anger. But ye're alone and I'm alone, and it's a bleak house to live in, without ever the smell of evergreen or the laughter of a child.

"Come, laddie, we'll be off for uptown and look at the windows with their toys and Christmas trees."

It had been many a year since Norah had pushed her way through mobs of last minute shoppers, elbowing her way to the counters where there were toys that a little boy would love.

And to the child, whose only knowledge of Christmas was the stiff, automatic routine of a highly organized charitable institution, the afternoon passed in a veritable daze of rapture.

Through the glittering mazes of toyland Norah led him, wide-eyed, inarticulate. And to her constant query of "don't ye think that's pretty?" he could only nod, choked with overwhelming emotion. He suspected nothing of the contents of the bulky packages with which her arms gradually filled. Even her earnest conversation with a Christmas tree man did not register upon his dazzled mind.

At last she led him homeward in a drowsy, delicious haze. [Turn to page 69]





## "That's Real Pie"

Pie made with Heinz Mince Meat has that old time home-cooked flavor, but is made in the quick new fashioned way, because Heinz does most of the work.

From all over the world come good things to go into Heinz Mince Meat:—carefully selected spices bought by Heinz own buyers in far off lands where they grow best. Plump raisins—"Four Crown" Valencia from Spain. Grecian Case Currants. Candied Leghorn fruits—Citron, Orange Peel, Lemon Peel. Big red apples. Cider. Prime beef. All carefully selected, carefully prepared, carefully blended by Heinz.

With Heinz Mince Meat you can make—with no trouble at all—the very best pie your family ever ate. The taste is the test • When in Pittsburgh visit the Heinz Kitchens

## HEINZ MINCE MEAT

### HEINZ PLUM PUDDING

Once upon a time women had to spend hours to make a plum pudding as good to eat as this. Now they buy Heinz Plum Pudding, heat it a few minutes and serve it with one of the two delicious sauces which the label tells how to make.

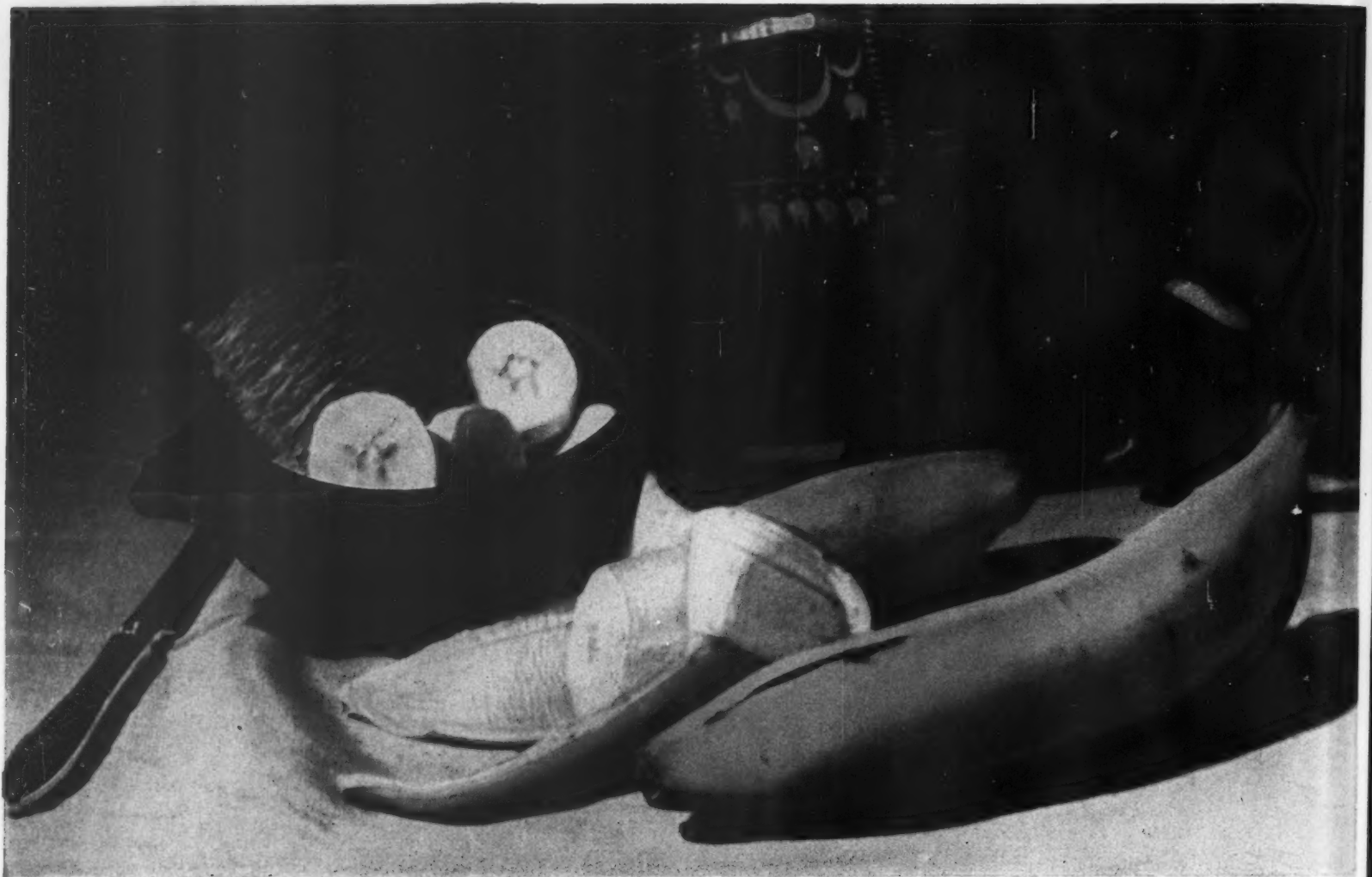
### HEINZ FIG PUDDING

This delicious dessert is made of choice, luscious Smyrna figs. Just heat it a few moments and serve. It is rich with fruity flavor but very light and fluffy and easy to digest. There's a recipe on the label for a delicious sauce.

AND REMEMBER—HEINZ 57 VARIETIES ARE REASONABLE IN PRICE • H. J. HEINZ CO.



© H. J. HEINZ CO. '27



## Africa . . . two hungry children . . . a worried mother

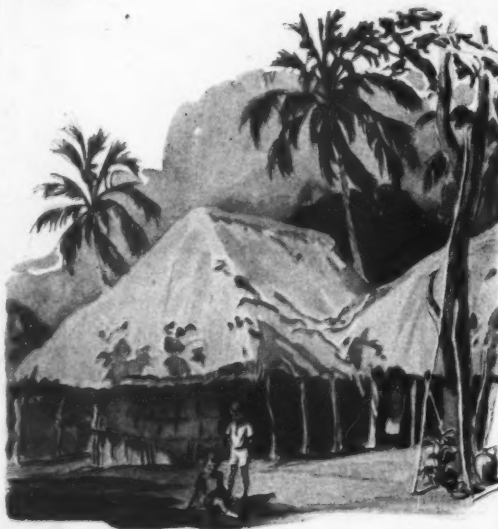
*Yet Mrs. Wynant D. Hubbard found the ripe banana just the nourishing food her small children needed.*

FOR over a year an almost unknown section of Portuguese East Africa was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wynant D. Hubbard, explorers, and their two small boys.

Nerve-trying hardships were plenty. But Mrs. Hubbard's biggest worry was to secure proper food for her children, tots of only two and three. In the tropics fresh fruits and vegetables are absolutely essential to health. Yet the only sources of supply were the scattered native gardens.

"My worry increased," reports Mrs. Hubbard, "when the rains flooded the rivers and cut off communication. Our supplies were giving out. Yet one thing gave me hope. I constantly saw native babies eating great, big, luscious bananas—and native babies are fat, healthy little rascals.

"So I decided to experiment by giving some bananas to my own small boys—taking care of course, that



the fruit was perfectly ripe. The children digested the bananas with extreme ease. For the rest of our stay, the banana served as both fruit and

vegetable, supplying all the vitamins and energy elements my growing children needed.

"Today, back home again in New York, I know beyond any doubt that this fruit from the tropics is one of the most easily digested foods children can eat."

Like Mrs. Hubbard, many careful mothers have discovered the true food value of the thoroughly ripened banana. And they are serving this all-food fruit to their families in many tempting ways which are explained in Camille Den Dooven's new book of recipes, "From the Tropics to your Table." Mr. Dooven has created for this book new appetite-teasing dishes, interesting to read about, a real pleasure to prepare. If you want to add new zest to the daily menu, send for this valuable collection of things good to eat. The coupon brings a copy to you free.

### UNIFRUIT BANANAS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
A United Fruit Company Product  
Imported and Distributed by Fruit Dispatch Company  
FRUIT DISPATCH CO., Dept. 412, 17 Battery Place, New York  
Please send me a copy of your recipe book, "From the Tropics to Your Table."

Name .....  
Street No. ....  
City ..... State .....



TELL RIPENESS THIS WAY

**PARTLY RIPE**—When the tips are green, the banana should be cooked before it is eaten. These partly ripe bananas will soon ripen, in winter and in summer, however, if you just place them in a bowl in a warm room.

**YELLOW RIPE**—In this state the fruit is readily digestible. Or can also be cooked in many appetizing ways as an entree or dessert—as a custard, a pie, or baked as you would candied sweet potatoes.

**FULLY RIPE**—Even two-year-olds readily digest the thoroughly ripe banana. For when the skin is spotted with brown, the starch content has been changed by nature into nourishing sugars that practically melt in your mouth!



# THE SHADOWY LADY OF NOËL

[Continued from page 66]

The smile upon his face was a visible symbol of the inner contentment of his soul. He was too happy to talk.

"Now who does he look like?" Norah puzzled.

She led him into her bedroom and snuggled him down into a soft nest of warm comforters and Norah stole away to give attention to the bulky packages.

When the child awoke, daylight had gone.

There were delicious smells in the air: popcorn, mince pies, evergreens—

He flung back the comforters, and climbed out of the bed. The warm kitchen, with its kindly, red-faced cook stove was empty. But a supper spread out on the table.

He eyed the food longingly. But of course one cannot be seated without the permission of the Bell. He opened the door and peered out into the hall but the darkness was very forbidding.

"Norah?" He called uncertainly.

From far away, a sweet voice answered him.

"Yes, Gerard boy, up here! Come up!"

Swiftly he clambered up the stairs. The hall was cold, and very dark. The great door on the right was open, and from it there came a queer hazy light. The child paused before it, then with slow, careful steps, as if some unseen hand were leading him, he went into the room that Norah had said was "forbidden." The room from which his heart had heard that day the calling of his name. He was conscious of a fireplace with tall brass andirons—richly brocaded furniture—soft rugs—a grand piano with a scarf of blue and gold, and tapestries with woven figures of children, clad in quaint flowing robes.

And at one end of the room on one of the rich hangings there was a curious, writhing thing like a serpent with claws, that spouted embroidered flames from its golden-glinting throat.

The room oppressed him, filled him with a sense of sorrow too deep for his understanding. And then, emerging from the far blue shadows, coming gradually into light and form like a lily opening its petals under moonlight and starlight, he saw coming towards him a lady, all in white.

Tall and slender she was. Her eyes were like his, wide set and blue, and her hair like a crown. Her mouth was red as a rose—or a wound. And the sensitive lips seemed on the verge of laughter—or tears.

Strange that he could not see her more clearly. He blinked trying to drive the sleep away from his eyes.

"Gerard boy," her voice came as from a great distance, "you do know me, don't you?"

He hesitated, staring at her. Then suddenly he nodded.

"Yes, you're the lady who left me at the Freeing Home for Unwanted Children, aren't you?"

She drew back with a cry that went through him with a queer, stabbing pain. The little boy, frightened and penitent, put out his hand.

"Oh, please, I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I don't suppose you are the lady at all. Only I thought—" he paused for a moment, "I thought—you were my mother!"

She drew her arm slowly from her face. "Then you—do know me," her voice was strained and husky, "and you know the wicked thing I did."

Then somehow she was upon her knees beside him, so close to him it seemed her outstretched arms must enfold him against the aching softness of her breast. Yet he felt no touch upon his hands or face: only a tingling up into his scalp, down into his fingers, making them numb as with cold.

"Oh, Gerard, my little lad," her voice was a far, lonely cry, "I am your mother. I am, I am! And no matter what they shall tell you, never let your heart doubt it. Oh, my little boy, I cannot touch you or kiss you—I am farther away from you than the midnight is from the dawn. I have brought upon myself this wild restless pain that never ceases because of a wrong that has never, never, been set right. Even your name is a reproach, a stain that all my tears cannot wash away—"

He saw then that she was weeping. Long, slow terrible tears coursing down the whiteness of her face. He tried to lift his hands to wipe them away. But the cold tingling held him powerless.

"Please—please don't cry," he managed to whisper.

She flung out her arms.

"Ah, tears, tears—" her voice was strangled with sobs, "if tears would only pay! But they won't lad, they won't! Remember when you're a man grown, and you hurt some one you love to show the power you have over them—tears won't pay for it, Gerard boy. Even penitence won't pay for a wrong done. You don't understand me now, but you will, you will! Day and night I move about this lonely house, little lad, the house that once was mine in such joy and pride—and I cry into the bitter emptiness of it, trying to make him hear me, trying to make him feel my hands beating against his cold heart—"

From somewhere far away as if another planet, a voice called sharply, a note of fear in it, "Gerard! Gerard! Where are ye, little runaway?"

The haze of the room became suddenly vibrant, as if the alien voice had been a stone flung into deep still waters. The tingling in the child's body seemed to mount to his brain. He tried to call out an answer, but his tongue was heavy and thick.

The bluish haze swirled about him in dizzying waves. It surged up around the shadowy form of the lovely lady, it pulled her away from him like an undertow, carrying her out towards a horizon of darkness and oblivion.

The child tried to call out an answer.

Again she flung out her arms, straining to touch him, to caress him. He saw her face, white and anguished, like a broken flower adrift in a whirlpool of blackness. She seemed to be carried backward against the far wall, and he saw her with a last despairing motion, hold towards him a shimmering strand of white globules that hung against the shadows like flakes of snow. Then they disappeared and he heard her voice, only a desperate whisper.

"Look, look, little lad, see where I'm putting them! You must reach him, you must! Tell him I loved him, truly—and that you are—"

"Gerard! Where in God's name—"

Norah's panic-stricken voice was coming from the stairs. She broke off abruptly, switching on the hall lights.

"I'm here, Norah." His voice sounded wobbly and weak.

Norah pulled him into the corridor and slammed the great door shut. She stood staring down at the child.

"I told you lad, that that room is forbidden," she said sternly. "I'm surprised that ye had the courage—and the impudence—to open the door."

"But I didn't open the door," he answered in a small voice, "it was open, and I was asked to come in by the lady who lives in there—my mother."

Norah's face turned white as the apron she wore.

"Lad," she all but whispered, "ye've seen some one in there—a lady?"

"A beautiful lady," he said nodding solemnly, "and she told me never to doubt at all that she was my mother—so I won't."

Norah's knees seemed to be sagging under her.

"Come below," she said at last, as if it were hard to speak, "your supper's waitin' for you."

But the child hesitated.

"Isn't she coming too? It's awfully dark in there, and she looked so lonely."

But she caught his hand fiercely and hurried him down the steps.

The meal, that was to have been eaten in a spirit of holiday gaiety, dragged into silence. The small boy ate politely, his eyes fastened on his plate. But once he lifted them to Norah's white, set countenance.

"Why can't I talk about her, Norah?" he said at last. "Why don't you want me to talk about my mother?"

"Hush, lad!" The old woman's tone was almost fierce. "Tis a dream that came to ye. Listen, child," she leaned towards him brusquely, "the lady ye saw—saw with those fey eyes of yours—never had a

child!"

The small boy stared back at her, wide-eyed, unblinking.

"But she is my mother, Norah, she said so. And she said I must reach him and to show him where she was putting something—"

Norah's heavy brows drew together.

"Putting something? What?"

"I don't know for sure but it looked like—" he thought deeply, "like a string of white beads."

"White beads—holy Saints!" Norah's voice was but a gasp. "Ye saw where she put them, lad, ye could show me the place?"

"Oh yes, I'm sure I could."

The old woman got up as if with difficulty. She crossed to the window and drew aside the curtain.

The pane was streaked with the silent white slashing of the snow, and through the white mist beyond, yellow lights stabbed the night with little golden spears. She spoke to herself in a half-whisper, trying to marshal into order the chaos of her thoughts.

"Something's behind this bigger than my commonplace senses—perhaps it's God speakin' through the little lad who says he's her son. But if he is her son, then how, oh Holy Mother of Love, could I be dealing Master Ewan such a hurt as to tell him of it? And yet—the 'white beads'—if they are here in this house, wouldn't that be a proof to him that she did love him, and couldn't he forgive the other, maybe?"

Slowly she crossed herself and turned to the silent, waiting child.

"Come wi' me," she said in a voice that shook, "ye're to show me where the shadowy lady put—the white beads. God grant that your blue eyes were not deceived, laddie, for much depends upon it. We'll go with a prayer in our hearts—"

IT was near to midnight when they heard the scrape of a key in the front door. It was the Master, his coat and hat powdered with snow, his eyes tense with worry.

"Norah," he called, "where are you? Is anything the matter? They just got me with your message—"

The door of the forbidden room opened. Standing there in the doorway were the gray-haired woman who had been both mother and servant to him, and the small, wide-eyed boy whom once before he had seen. Behind them, the long room was softly lighted. There was a fire in the grate that snapped cheerily up into the chimney and flung golden lights on the tapestried wall.

"Norah!" His cry was stricken, savage.

"Wait, Master Ewan," her voice was steady, and only the child knew that her hand was trembling, "wait for aught ye'd say to me until ye've heard this wee lad speak. It's yourself, Master Ewan, knows that I'd give my own life gladly to spare ye a moment's pain. It's not idly that I've come in here and set upon the hearth the firelight as she used to do. It's because Master Ewan, she's been here, and the child has seen her, and spoken with her—her that is dead, but cannot rest because of something she's wanting to tell you, something that she can't make you hear or understand."

For one terrible instant it seemed that he would strike her down. His face was livid, distorted.

"You dare—you dare to mention her to me—and you pretend that you love me!" He flung his hands over his face.

"I do love you Master Ewan," her voice was gentle as if she spoke to a baby, "and I loved her, too. I rejoiced in your happiness although it was plain to me that your anger, would some day bring grief upon the two of you. Alike ye were, as if ye had been brother and sister instead of husband and wife. Bitter cold in your hating, glowing hot in your loving and your saying 'I'm sorry.' Ah, it was terrible how you could hurt her—"

The man jerked his hands away from his face.

"I, hurt her?"

"You did, you did!" Norah's voice was steady now, compelling.

"Time after time I've seen you lash out at her with your words, [Turn to page 71]



## How we put the "goodness" into peanut butter

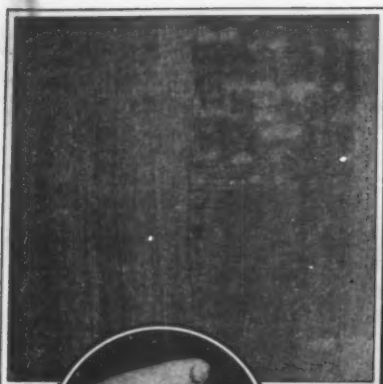
CARE alone is not enough. It takes a sunny spot in the country where the air is pure and the workers are attentive and interested. It takes the ideal surroundings of Beech-Nut to put genuine goodness into peanut butter.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter, from roasted and blended plump peanuts, is guaranteed free from all unpleasant contact—sealed in glass jars at Canajoharie, N. Y., a little town in the Mohawk Valley. It's the finest peanut butter that was ever made. A smooth, rich, creamy food. A valuable food from a health standpoint, full of wholesome, muscle-building nutriment. Sealed under vacuum.



# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

Exceptional quality—at moderate prices



(A) White-Gloved finger tips rubbed over old-fashioned furniture polishes reveal their greasy film. They tell why their use means hard work, too.

(B) White-Gloved finger tips rubbed over Liquid Veneer are not discolored. Liquid Veneer LEAVES NO FILM; requires no hard work in application.

Tests made by The Electrical Testing Laboratories, New York



## INSTANTLY as you dust— a mirror bright polish

BECAUSE it leaves no greasy film, the New Liquid Veneer quickly showed, in a scientific polishing test, that it required far less rubbing than old-fashioned greasy polishes.

The New Liquid Veneer, as the scientists' photographs of their white kid glove tests prove, does not leave a greasy film.

Most old-fashioned polishes do. Their greasy film not only makes for hard, slow work, but they spread a smeary, dirt-catching film all over your woodwork and furniture.

### How to remove OLD dirt- encrusted film

Sprinkle a few drops of the New Liquid Veneer on your dust cloth. Then, as you rub it swiftly over your woodwork each day, the perfectly balanced cleaning content of the New Liquid Veneer will remove the old greasy, dirt-encrusted film. Quickly, a mirror-bright polish will appear. Clear and dry. Dust just can't stick to it.

The New Liquid Veneer costs no more than old-fashioned greasy polishes. It goes as far, cleans more easily, and requires fewer applications.

The New Liquid Veneer is an improved polish. Still sold in the familiar yellow package. It is the one polish scientifically compounded for polishing fine woods and finishes.

Don't go any longer without the New Liquid Veneer. Get it at hardware, drug, grocery, department, furniture, china or general stores. Or, let us send one of these trial offers.

Used on automobiles, the New Liquid Veneer leaves no greasy film. Its quick, brilliant polish is fast replacing the hard, slow work required by old-fashioned greasy polishes.

**LIQUID VENEER  
CORPORATION**

2209 Liquid Veneer Bldg. Buffalo, New York

©1927 L.V. CORP.

# The New LIQUID VENEER

Dusts - Cleans - Polishes - LEAVES NO GREASY FILM

### 2 Special Introductory Trial Offers Check Offer Desired



Liquid Veneer Corporation  
1119 Liquid Veneer Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.  
I wish to take advantage of:

Offer A ☐ 50 cents enclosed  
Liquid Veneer Care and Repair Outfit (includes trial 2 oz. 15c bottle Liquid Veneer and all the materials needed to repair scratches, nicks, worn spots, etc., on all kinds of furniture in various woods and finishes) . . . . . \$1.00  
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth . . . . . .25  
Total Value \$1.25  
Special price postpaid .90

Offer B ☐ 10 cents enclosed  
Trial bottle Liquid Veneer (enough for two weeks dusting) . . . . . \$1.10  
Liquid Veneer Dust Cloth . . . . . .25  
Total Value \$1.35  
Special Price postpaid .10

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



## THE CHILD In Our Midst



BEFORE the glory of the stable of Bethlehem it is noteworthy that only the angels found voice for song. The shepherds, being simple folk not unlike most of us, were characteristically mute. The wise men spread their prophetic gifts in the rude straw before the manger and went their way without recorded comment, thereby proving themselves of the company of true philosophers. So, before the eternal truth which is Christmas only the poets have the privilege of praise. To the rest of us is left wonder, awe, dedication. The Child of Bethlehem is childhood enthroned. He is Himself His own greatest gift to us. Were the world condemned to perpetual and unredeemed maturity there would be no radiance, no angelic choir, no star. There would be no Christmas. In our cocksure adult-mindedness we are prone to patronize childhood. We speak of training it, of bestowing our gifts upon it, of "keeping Christmas for the children's sake." Why not face the truth of Christmas—that it is the child in our midst who keeps the feast for us? Look into your child's eyes; there you will see the undimmed shining of the Christmas star. From his hands outstretched to you, take the richest gifts of wisdom; listen, and in his voice you will hear the antiphon to the angelic chorus:

"Peace on Earth, to Men of Good Will!"



IF you are a mother you will be interested in these booklets with modern advice on the care of your baby:

THE FRIENDLY MOTHER (ten cents)  
THE FRIENDLY BABY (ten cents)  
THE RIGHT TOY FOR THE RIGHT CHILD (two cents)

If you want new recipes and up-to-date hints in cookery, send for:

MASTER RECIPES (ten cents)  
SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY (ten cents)  
WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES (ten cents)  
TIME SAVING COOKERY (ten cents)  
MENUS FOR WINTER AND SUMMER (two cents)

A SIMPLE GUIDE IN SELECTING FOOD (two cents)  
MENUS FOR TWO WEEKS (two cents)

If you are looking for help in the building, refurnishing, or remodeling of your home, send for:

THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE (ten cents)  
DECORATING YOUR HOME (ten cents)  
THE MODERN HOME (ten cents)  
THE SMALL HOUSE (ten cents)

If you want advice about games for parties, also social etiquette, send for:

PARTIES ALL THE YEAR (ten cents)  
UNUSUAL ENTERTAINING (ten cents)

A BOOK OF MANNERS (ten cents)  
THE NEW HOSPITALITY (ten cents)  
SIX PARTIES FOR ENTERTAINING THE WOMAN'S CLUB (two cents)  
PARTIES FOR THE BRIDE (two cents)

If you are seeking information on financial matters, send for:

THE FAMILY BUDGET (ten cents)  
BUDGETS FOR THE AVERAGE HOME (two cents)  
HOW TO USE YOUR BANK (two cents)

If you have a family who likes to read, you will find helpful suggestions in:

BETTER BOOKS OF TODAY (two cents)  
YOUR CHILD'S OWN LIBRARY (two cents)

If you need advice about the care of your hair, skin and figure, send for:

A HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY FOR EVERY-WOMAN (ten cents)  
EXERCISES FOR ONE AND ALL (two cents)  
INTERNAL BATHING (two cents)

If you have a garden or plans for one and want some practical hints, send for:

DOWN THE GARDEN PATH (ten cents)  
A PLANTING PLAN FOR A PERENNIAL BORDER (ten cents)

For all of these booklets write, enclosing money in stamps, to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



## THE SHADOWY LADY OF NOËL

[Continued from page 69]

bringing up all manner of things that a gentleman would hardly have put his tongue to—Master Ewan, and she standing there like a queen, a little frozen smile on her mouth! She'd never admit your words stung her soul like a whip against bare flesh. And because she'd not admit it, you hammered at her the more."

"Oh then," the man cried, "she was always the saint, was she?"

"That she was not," Norah's was the tone of inexorable justice, "she was in her sunnier moments, an angel, and in her moments of rage a snarling tigress. And her anger, for all that it was slower in coming, burned deep and long, like a volcano that man thinks is dead when it's only asleep. When fury consumed her, she was utterly mad! But there was no evil in her! I'd have staked my life on that, even when she left ye that Winter day—"

"To go to him! To that cur, Gerard!"

Norah shook her head.

"True for ye, Master Ewan, she did that, and it's beyond my understanding, but not my forgiveness—and it shouldn't be beyond yours. I'd swear on my soul there was nothing evil between her and Gerard, who had been her boyhood sweetheart, back in Ireland." She looked at him with the eyes of pity. She was always on the side of the persecuted and suffering, saw him through a rosy cloud of martyrdom—"And that was *your* doing, Master Ewan."

"Was it pity—" the man's voice had a dangerous edge, "when she went from my house—to him—taking him the pearls I'd given her for Christmas?"

Norah's eyes were unfathomable.

"You're not sure of that, Master Ewan. I know she threatened it; but were her words, spoken in bitter anger, more to be taken seriously than your own? Awful things ye said to her that day, Master Ewan, coupling her fair name with his, and for no reason except that she had wanted to help him. When she flung out at ye, 'I'm going to him then, and I'll take him as a bridal gift *your* gift to me, the pearls ye see so proud to give me—' ah, can't ye see she was but sayin' the thing she knew would hurt ye most—just as ye'd stabbed her in the tenderest spot of her heart—her pride, and her honor?"

"I know—" he was near to collapse now, "that she died with him! That he had her love in death as I never had it in life—"

"Oh, no, sir, that's not true!"

The man swung around startled. The small boy against the tapestried wall was like one of the woven children come to life.

"I'm sure she loves you awfully, because she told me to tell you so. She cried, and her face was so white—"

"Who are you?" The Master's tone was savage.

The child looked up into the drawn forbidding face above him without fear.

"My name is Gerard. And the lovely white lady—is my mother."

Into his eyes came the wild insane look of a man about to kill.

"Gerard! You—then you're her son—and his!"

Norah made a protective step towards the boy.

He staggered to the door and flung it open. "Get out, both of you! Get out before I kill you!"

Norah was trembling so that she could hardly stand. Yet she spoke once more, as the bitter wind of Christmas night whirled into the hall.

"Very well, Master Ewan, but mark what I'm tellin' ye. If the child goes with me out o' that door without yer hearin' what he has to tell ye, with him goes the one remaining chance of happiness that God has sent ye. Because 'twas for this I sent for ye, Master Ewan, to tell ye that the wife ye loved didn't take your beautiful gift to any man at all—the pearls are here in this house. The wee lad found them."

The man stood staring at her, at the child.

"But—the boy—" he stammered.

Norah's eyes suddenly snapped fire.

"Oh, in Heaven's name, Master Ewan,"

she cried out at him, "is yer own life so free from all guilt and wrong doing that ye cannot forgive it in another? If she did wrong, it was you who made her!"

Somehow he managed to swing the door shut. He crossed the long, candle-lighted room and sat down before the fire.

"Come here," he said at last to the child who went to him without fear. "How do you know that—she is your mother?"

"Because she told me so, this afternoon—in this room."

The Master of the house turned haggard eyes upon Norah.

"You've been talking—telling him things!"

The small boy spoke again, a trifle impatiently.

"No, no, it was the lady—my mother—who told me things. She said—" his blue eyes were suddenly wide and uncannily bright as if he looked far beyond the candle-lighted walls, "tears won't pay for a wrong done, remember that, lad, when you're a man grown, and you hurt some one you love to show the power you have over them—" and she cried. And she told me she had been trying, day and night to make you hear."

"O, God!" It might have been a prayer or only a sob. For the man's face was hidden in his hands.

"And then she said I must show you where she was putting the white beads, because it was awfully important—"

The man lifted his head.

"And where did she put them, boy?"

"Over there," he said in his sweet, clear voice.

The Master was upon his feet, and had crossed the room with quick strides. He fumbled with the woven figure. He gave a sudden cry. His shaking hand drew out a string of milk-white pearls—and a letter, sealed, yellowed with age.

For a moment he stared at them as if he could not speak or breathe. Then he crushed them against his lips, and tears coursed down the hardness of his face.

"May God forgive me," he said when he could speak aloud, "I have not deserved so much. Norah—bear witness in this moment that whatever this letter may say to me, I take this child to my heart because he is hers. The name too shall be his because she gave it to him. The time for suffering has gone by, the time for love and forgiveness—is here—"

As if in answer to his words, the chimes of the midnight mass commenced to ring, softly, sweetly through the distant night, and it seemed as if in that instant the whole earth stood still in reverence before the miracle of Christ born anew out of sorrow and bitterness and pain.

With shaking fingers he tore the stiff crackling pages that seemed to take on somehow the personality of the woman who had penned the words, so many years ago.

"To you, Ewan," he read in a low, uneven tone, "I'm sending this, not by mail—for that would reach you with a certainty that does not appeal to me now. I'm putting it where you'll surely find it one day, as both you and I used this hidden pocket for things of value—remember how we laughed together when we found it in the old tapestry?"

The man's voice ceased abruptly—then slowly, he read on.

"Perhaps I would not be writing this now, and risking the chance of being seen by either you or Norah as I slip like a thief into the house that once was mine in such joy and pride—"

"Oh, yes," breathed the child, "she said that to me, too—"

"Except that I feel a cloud over me, some premonition of approaching disaster. You used to laugh at what Norah called my 'fey' feelings. And perhaps you're right to laugh, maybe it's just misery in my heart that puts a blackness in front of me when I try to think of the future."

"But I must think of it, Ewan, not for my own sake—for I ask nothing of you, neither will I take anything from you—not even these pearls that were your last gift, and which you thought in your anger and your stupidity I [Turn to page 72]

## Now—for a good night's Sleep



*the kind that makes you wake up feeling fresh,  
clear-eyed and buoyant... make this 3-day test*

Tonight—you can get 8 hours of solid sleep—without the use of drugs. Tomorrow—you should awaken abounding with new-found vigor.

Drugs, even though they put you to sleep, always leave you "logy" and muddled when you awaken. You never feel refreshed.

But no matter how sleepless your nights have been in the past, there is no need for drugs today. For a Swiss scientist has developed a pure food-beverage called Ovaltine that gives you sound, restful sleep in a natural way. The special food properties restore your tired mind and body as you sleep. You don't wake up feeling "logy."

Morning finds you a new woman. You are fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. Youthful in looks and spirit. You have energy to carry you through the day and the evening's social activities.

We offer you here a 3-day test. We want you to prove what we claim. Note, especially, how good you feel when you awaken in the morning.

### Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

FIRST—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

SECOND—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.



Now more than  
20,000 doctors  
recommend Ovaltine

### A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in four sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c, to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10c.

## OVALTINE

© 1927, T. W. Co.

Builds Body,  
Brain and Nerves



"I took Ovaltine for sleepless nights. I noticed it gave me wonderful results especially for sleeplessness and rest."

Mrs. W. Stuhlfauth,  
Norwood, Ohio



"I took Ovaltine for insomnia. I surely know that it has done me a lot of good. I sleep fine and feel fine when I awaken in the morning."

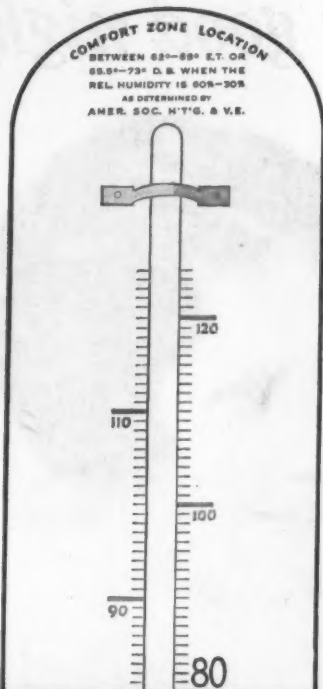
Mrs. M. Eberle,  
San Francisco, Calif.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. L-4  
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....  
Street.....  
City..... State.....  
(One package to a person)

Send for 3-day test



*He May Be Cold  
When You Are Warm!*

## Keep your Child in the Comfort Zone!



**T**RY this experiment in your child's room: Sit down on the floor where he plays. Feel how much colder the air is! (Heat rises, remember). Notice the icy draughts whizzing in under

the door. No wonder he catches cold! Now get at any dealer's one of the beautiful, white-enameled, nursery Perfections. Place it where your child plays. You will find that its quick, clean, fresh heat keeps him in the Comfort Zone,—and that it costs less to operate than any other type of portable heater made.

PERFECTION STOVE COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio  
Sold in Canada by The Sheet Metal Products Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

# PERFECTION Oil Heaters

## THE SHADOWY LADY OF NOËL

[Continued from page 71]

was taking to him—to Gerard. If I live, you'll never know of this letter, for I will slip into the house and get it again. But if you find it here in this place which is only known to you and me, then you will know too that I have gone out into the world of shadows and that this is my farewell to you.

"Our child—yours and mine, Ewan, is in an orphanage—The Freeing Home for Unwanted children. I can see your black brows draw together in disbelief. I was going to tell you that Christmas day—it was to be my gift to you, my biggest gift, to tell you God had granted our prayer. But in the storm of your anger I was dumb, and when I went from your house you, flinging after me, 'yes, go to him, take the pearls to him, may each one be a curse and a blight upon you—' then came the horrible satisfaction that you should never know; that your child would be utterly lost to you.

"It was madness that possessed me in the months that followed. And when the child was born, I took him to the dreadful building where unwanted babies are sheltered. Your son, Ewan, like the child of a pauper! And my last retort to the bitter things you said to me, on his blanket I pinned the name—Gerard! Your son, Ewan, named for the man you thought had stolen my love from you!"

"Have done with it, in God's name," Norah cried, "it belongs to the grave. It belongs to the madness which tortured her—be sure she suffered for it, in life, and death!"

"No, I'll read it to the end," his face was chalky white, "she shall have the satisfaction, wherever she is, of knowing the lash of her revenge came across the years to strike deep into my heart—"

"The child is now three months old. I am sick, but if I live, I will find work that will allow me to have my baby with me—you see, Ewan, even now the madness is passing. I know I have been desperately wicked. I long for a hope of the future.

"Gerard found me yesterday. He knows naught of the child that is yours and mine—he wants to take me to a place in the country where I can build up my strength. He tells me that there will be light work for me to do in return for my board. Tomorrow he comes for me with his car—he is a good friend, Ewan, though you'll not want to believe that.

"Oh, my lad, we two have made a sorry go of it. The bitterness is still in my heart, and yet I know that underneath it, I love you. Is there aught in life, do you think, Ewan, to teach us both the lesson we need?"

The letter ended there.

Old Norah's voice was hushed, and solemn. "In death—I think she found her lesson. 'Twas the next day after she wrote those words she—died. Hurling to death from a slippery mountain road with the man you thought was her lover, and who was naught but a friend in need."

For a long moment there was silence in the softly lighted room. The Master stood with his hands pressed hard against his face. Then he suddenly straightened. He turned and looked at the child, and into his tired eyes came a glow as of a spring dawn creeping into wintry fields of ice.

"My—son," he said softly, a kind of wonder in his voice, "my—son!"

The small boy came confidently to his side.

"You've her eyes, lad. It's as if she had come back from the grave to forgive me—"

The child regarded him curiously. "Oh, but she isn't in a grave—she's right here—in this room! I know she's happy—don't you feel warm in your heart, as if she had her arms around you?" The man caught him to him, and pressed his lips against the soft warm cheek.

"Norah," he cried in a voice that she had not heard in many a year, "it's Christmas! And somehow Santa Claus must be induced to come down that chimney tonight—for my son, Norah, that God gave me for a wonderful gift!"

The old woman's eyes were shining through a mist of tears.

"Santa Claus has his orders, Master Ewan, as you'll see when the wee lad is put to bed!"

She extinguished the candles, one by one. The room was left in the coral-colored glow of the fire.

"Come, small one," she said, her voice a-thrill with joy, "to bed with ye, or ye'll waste all of Christmas day by sleepin'—in your new home!"

But the child's eyes were stretched wide, and his lips parted again in that same, breath-taking smile.

"There she is again—there, in the shadows! Don't you see her? Because she's looking straight at you, and she's looking love, love, love."

The man's eyes were tense, strained, as if the passionate longing in him could draw her dear face out of the shadows.

"Tell her, lad," his voice was low, "tell her for me, that my heart is hers, always."

"I don't have to tell her, Father, she knows."

Suddenly all the hardness, the bitterness, went out of the man's face. His eyes were like the soft eyes of the child.

"Yes," he breathed into the golden darkness, "she does know. I think I felt—her kiss—upon my lips!"

From far away, a carol came floating, soft, intangible as the waning light of the embers.

"Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for unto you this day a child is given—"

"Amen!" The old woman crossed herself reverently.

"Amen!" The small clear voice echoed.

"Amen! And—goodnight, dearest," the man whispered into the warm, golden shadows.

## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 15]

and devotion with which they regarded his parents and especially his mother. With a granary filled to the roof and dug-out cellars choked with products of the soil, Henri had more than enough for his family and these wilderness guests, and never did Catherine see a brown face turn from her place that its owner did not carry a burden of food on his shoulders.

This Winter he went farther in his adventurings. Captain Pipe, the old Caughnawaga, had a habit of spending several of the hardest weeks near the Bulains, and with his two sons, White Eyes and Big Cat, Jeems traveled to the shores of Lake Champlain for the first time. He was gone a week and planned with his friends to make a longer expedition the following year, as far as Crown Point and a place called Ticonderoga, where the French were going to build a fort some day. On this excursion he experienced the real thrill of danger, for White Eyes and Big Cat,

both of whom were young braves who had won their spurs, moved with a caution which was eloquent in its significance.

With Toinette and her people away from the seigneurie he had no hesitation in going to the Richelieu and made trips there with his father on snowshoes, and in March, during a break in a spell of intense cold, he went alone and remained over night in the house of the baron's overseer with whose young people he had become acquainted. This overseer, Peter Lubeck, an old veteran for whom Tonteur held a warm affection, was in charge of the Manor and through his son, Peter the younger, Jeems had his first news of Toinette. She was at the Ursuline school and her parents had taken a fashionable house in Saint Louis Street. Peter said that Tonteur wrote in every letter to his father that he was homesick to get back to the Richelieu.

As another Spring and [Turn to page 75]





"My presence shall go with thee,  
and I will give thee rest"

Exodus 33:14

SOMEWHERE in your home—in a room where it will spread daily sunshine—there is "just the place" for a Messenger Sacred Calendar.

The preference for Sacred Calendars is growing at a tremendous pace. Nearly four million of these popular calendars graced the walls of America's homes in 1927. Still more will be used in 1928.

The art subjects for Messenger Sacred Calendars are gathered in the art centers of the world. Costly original paintings are reproduced in true colors for the adornment of your home. Separate art subjects and calendar pages for each month keep these calendars always new and interesting.

The popularity of Messenger Sacred



Calendars is due not alone to their richness, their beauty, but equally to the appropriate scriptural quotations selected for each day of the year. What a wholesome atmosphere these calendars impart—especially where there are children! What good cheer they radiate in every home! What an inspiration they lend to every day!

Messenger Sacred Calendars may be obtained from a local distributor in your community. The art subjects and color work in each calendar represent thousands upon thousands of dollars. To be sure of getting the genuine Messenger art subjects, look for the imprint and copyright mark of the Messenger Publishing Company on every calendar. If you cannot obtain a Messenger Sacred Calendar in your community use coupon below.

## To Merchants and Other Business Houses

Sacred calendars, with your name imprinted, advertise for you and cultivate the good will of your customers in a manner attained by no other calendar. Here is a really distinctive type of calendar—beautiful to both eye and mind—that will never fail to win a place in the recipient's home, and remain there 365 days during the year. We have a proposition which you ought to know about. Check the coupon and mail it today.

Messenger  
Sacred Calendars

30¢

Canada, 35 cents  
British Isles, 1/3d

PLACE ☒ IN PROPER BOX  
MESSENGER PUBLISHING COMPANY

*Remember—  
a label is  
only a  
promise!*

On canned fruits  
you want a label that  
keeps its promise  
—every time

Not always so easy—this getting exactly the quality of food you like for your table! Almost any busy housewife, watching her job—and her pennies, too—knows the care and judgment it requires.

Yet millions of housewives, when it comes to canned fruits, find absolutely no trouble in getting uniform, dependable quality—every time. Even with the different grades and many labels on the market, they buy with absolute confidence—in advance!

DEL MONTE Canned Fruits, tested by years of use, identified by a label you know, already the largest selling brand of canned fruits on the American table, offer a year-in and year-out guarantee of the finest in canned foods.

Always dependable—yet really economical in cost! And you avoid all the guesswork that goes with an unknown brand.

Why not make it a point to insist on DEL MONTE when it's so easy? Many varieties from which to choose—vegetables



**DEEP DISH PEACH PIE:** Fill a baking dish  $2\frac{1}{2}$  full of DEL MONTE Sliced Peaches. Pour cake batter over top and bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) about 30 minutes. For cake batter, measure 1 cup flour, sifted with 1 teaspoon baking powder; beat 1 egg; gradually beat in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sugar; add flour and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk alternately. Mix well, then add 3 tablespoons melted butter and  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon lemon flavoring.

## THAT DAILY NEED FOR NEW MENU VARIETY!

See if these peach suggestions won't help you meet it

365 days a year—three meals a day! You know what a task it is to keep them different.

Yet there are some products that just naturally help you out if you give them half a chance. And one of them is certainly DEL MONTE Peaches!

Halved or Sliced, they're the handiest fruit on America's pantry shelf. They're the very last word in simple, easy service and variety of use.

Here's why! DEL MONTE Peaches never need a special recipe—nor extra fuss or bother. Add them to almost any favorite dessert or salad—and you make it a little fresher, a little different, a great deal more likely to please!

Just for instance, all of us like puddings—they're so easy and delicious. Nearly every one likes custards. Gelatine desserts, sherbets, cake desserts and lettuce salads are on almost every list of family favorites.

Now try them with Peaches! Halved or Sliced—it makes no difference. No matter how well you liked these dishes before, we venture you'll like them better—for their new touch of flavor and that fresh appeal of fruit.

Even the breakfast cereal, or the breakfast omelet, gets a fine touch of distinction served with peaches. And breakfast is one of the hardest meals to improve of any menu in the day.

Remember, too, these suggestions for improving everyday dishes with peaches are only typical of the wide menu possibilities of all DEL MONTE Foods. DEL MONTE Apricots, Pineapple and Pears; DEL MONTE Spinach, Tomatoes, Asparagus, Peas and Corn; DEL MONTE Salmon and Sardines—to mention only a few—are equally useful. Highest quality, every time—but practical and economical, as well!



### SEND FOR THESE MENU HELPS

We will be glad to send you, without cost, a copy of "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book"; also an assortment of folders, containing new fruit and vegetable recipes. Address Department 618, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco.

ay **DEL MONTE**  
SIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST



# THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 72]

Summer followed those which had gone before. Jeems knew he was fighting something that had to be conquered, a yearning for Toinette which filled him with a bitter loneliness when its hold on him was strongest. With this feeling was curiously mingled an increasing sense of pride and resentment, and when this emotion triumphed over the other he could hear Toinette's clear voice calling him a detestable beast and Madam Tonteur condemning his mother as unfit to be her neighbor.

For two years Toinette remained in Quebec without making a visit to the Richelieu, and a little at a time during these years the tragedy of his divided birth was forced upon Jeems. There was no doubt that the English in him was uppermost. He could feel it. The urge in his blood was toward the southern frontiers and the colonies of Hepsibah Adams. Yet he loved the place where he lived with a sincere passion—the Big Forest, Forbidden Valley, all the miles of wilderness about him as far as he could look to the horizons. This was New France. It was his father's country and not his mother's. Between his father and himself a comradeship had grown up which nothing could ever break, but his worship for his mother was different, as if something besides motherhood bound him to her.

Late in August of the second year of her absence Toinette returned to Tonteur Manor for a month. Jeems' heart ached with the old yearning, but he did not go to the seigneurie. Paul and his mother were also at the baron's and he felt a sense of relief when he learned that all of them were on their way to Quebec with the exception of Tonteur who remained for the harvesting of crops. A fortnight after they had gone Peter told him about Toinette and Paul Tache. He had scarcely recognized Toinette, he said. She had grown taller and more beautiful. Tache was a full-grown man dressed like a young noble. One with half an eye could see that he was desperately in love with Toinette, Peter avowed. But if he were a judge of such affairs, and he considered himself to be that, Tache was a long way from a realization of his desires, even taking Toinette's tender years into consideration. She gave him no favors. There had actually seemed to be a little coolness in her attitude toward him.

AS early as the Spring of 1754, when Jeems had passed his sixteenth year, there was no longer a doubt in the minds of the people of the Colonies and New France as to the surety of the struggle which was impending. While France and England were officially at peace, the forces of the two countries in America were on the verge of open war and were instigating the Indians to a strife of extermination. Celoron had been ordered to attack the English at Pickawillany in retaliation for the activities at Detroit. Marquis Duquesne, the new Governor at Quebec, had reviewed the troops and militia of New France and was sending fifteen hundred Canadians and French colonists to drive the English from the upper waters of the Ohio. Everywhere along the unprotected frontiers the Indians were killing and burning, and such vast sums were being expended by both sides for human hair that scores of white men had taken up the lucrative business of hunting for scalps.\*

Almost at the door to Jeems' home war preparations were in progress, for

every landed baron along the Richelieu was training his vassal farmers and when the wind was right the Bulains could hear faintly the twice-a-week firing of muskets at Tonteur Manor. Being free of the seigneurial protection and laws, Henri did not go to drill. Nor did Jeems. Yet Tonteur rode frequently to their home, and especially when Hepsibah was there. He was in better spirits than usual and it was all on account of Toinette, he said. She was getting homesick for the Richelieu. Her letters to him were filled with a longing for it and she declared that in another twelve months, when her schooling would be finished, she wanted to live at the Manor and not in Quebec.

During the next year Jeems made several trips with Hepsibah, going to Albany and as far as the country of Pennsylvania. Each time that he returned to his home something held him more closely to it.

In the autumn of 1754, after four years at school, Toinette returned to Tonteur Manor.

In this same month of September the seventieth acre of land was cleared on the Bulain place.

With the golden glow of Indian summer, peace and happiness lay over the Richelieu. It had been a splendid year for France along the far frontiers. Washington had surrendered at Fort Necessity and Villiers was triumphant at Fort Duquesne.

Paeans of gratitude and triumph were sung in the churches throughout New France because of the beneficence of this year, and in a double rejoicing over Toinette's home-coming and his country's success at arms, Tonteur planned a levee and barbecue at the seigneurie. Hepsibah was away at the time, which disappointed the baron, who insisted that Henri and his family must attend the celebration or he would never call them friends again.

Jeems felt a thrill growing in him as the day drew near. With it was no apprehension or thought that it would be easier not to go than to go. He was no longer the Jeems of Lussan's place as he set out in the company of his father and mother with Odd pegging along faithfully at his side. In January he would be eighteen. He was slim and agile and the alert and sinuous grace of one of the wild things of the forest was in his movements. Catherine was more than ever proud of him and rejoiced in the cleanness of his build, in his love of nature and God and in the directness with which his eyes looked at one.

An overwhelming moment of shock seized Jeems when at last he saw Toinette.

It was as if a yesterday of long ago had come back into this today, as if a picture which had been burned and scattered into ash had miraculously been restored.

She was taller, of course. Perhaps she was lovelier. But she was the same Toinette. His dazed senses almost resented this startling fact, which broke down the barriers he had built up about his dreams and castles as the walls of a pearl build themselves about a hurt. He could see no change in her except that she had become more a woman. Hepsibah's work, his own, his freedom and his courage were dissipated like dust as he looked at her, and once more he felt himself the inferior being offering her nuts and feathers and maple sugar and praying in his childish way that she might smile on him. This was not a new Toinette removed another million miles away from him, as he had supposed she would be, but the old Toinette, commanding him to slavery again, stirring anew the rubbish heap of his broken and discarded hopes, touching fire to half burned out desires, challenging him, dragging him from his pride and his strength and making his blood run hot in his body.

Yet she had not seen him!

At least he thought she had not. With a group of young ladies from the neighboring seigneurie she had come down from the big house and he was almost in her path, with Peter Lubeck at his side. It was Peter who advanced a step or two toward them. Except for his action Toinette would not have turned, Jeems thought. He pulled himself together and stood with his head bared, as cold and impassive in appearance as a soldier at

attention, while his heart beat like a hammer. For Toinette had to face him to return his companion's greeting.

It was impossible for her not to see him when she made this movement. But there was a slowness in her discovery, an effort to keep from looking at him which was more eloquent than words. Toinette had known he was there. And it had not been her desire to speak to him!

If he had needed courage it was this enlightenment which gave it to him. He inclined his head when she met his gaze. Her face was flushed, her eyes darkly aglow, his own cheeks bore only the color of sun and wind. He might never have known her—so unmoved did he stand as she went on her way. She had slightly nodded, her lips had barely formed a name.

In spite of all his uncle had said, there were hatreds which would not die!

Later, after the feast on the green, came Tonteur's spectacular feature of the day, a military review of his tenants, with wives and children witnessing the martial display. The male guests, who had drilled in their own seigneuries, joined Tonteur's men. Only Henri Bulain and Jeems were not with them. Henri, sensitive to the fact, and to save Catherine from the hurt which might arise because of it, had started over the homeward trail with her half an hour before. Jeems had remained. This was his answer to Toinette's contempt—that he was not of her people, that his world was all the wilderness and not circumscribed by the petty boundaries of the seigneurie. He stood with his long rifle in the crook of his arm, conscious that she was looking at him, and the invisible shafts from her eyes, poisoned with their disdain, stirred him with the thrill of a painful triumph. He could almost hear her calling him an English beast again. A coward. One to be distrusted and watched. He did not sense humiliation nor regret but only a final widening of what had always lain between them.

NEWS creeping through the wilderness. Secrets were no longer secrets. Rumors had grown into facts. Fears had become realities. England and France were still playing at peace in their mighty courts. In the sunlight they were friends, in the dark they were seeking each other's lives like common cut-throats.

Without declaring war England was sending General Braddock and an army to kill off the French and French Indians in the American wilderness; and, likewise, trying to outdo the other hypocrite, France was sending Baron Dieskau and an army to reap the waiting crop of colonial lives.

In this hour, when three out of four of the fighting men along the Richelieu were preparing to join Dieskau, when half of his acquaintances at the Tonteur seigneurie had already gone to fight Braddock, when the forests trembled at the stealthy tread of painted savages and when the Frenchman who did not rise to his country's call was no longer a Frenchman, Jeems observed that the strain upon his father was more difficult to bear than his own. For Henri, in spite of his worship for Catherine, was of New France to the bottom of his soul, and now that other men were making a bulwark of their bodies against her enemies, his own desire to make the same sacrifice was almost beyond the power of his strong will to control. In their years of comradeship Jeems and his father had never come so near to each other as in these weeks of tension.

Almost as painful to them as the sting of a wound was the day when Dieskau came up the Richelieu with a host of three thousand five hundred men and made forever a hallowed ground at the Tonteur seigneurie by camping there over night.

When she knew they were coming, Catherine had said, "If your heart tells you it is right, go with them!"

But they remained. For Henri it was a struggle greater than Dieskau fought, greater than that in which Braddock died. For Jeems it was less a torment and more the mysterious madness of youth to tramp to the clash of arms. For [Turn to page 76]

# LUDEN'S

for quick

relief~

when

throat

and~

nose

warm

~ of ~

coming

colds



AT the first

sniffle, the first little tickle

in your throat, the first

cough — take a Luden's.

The soothing, cooling

Luden's Menthol Action

gives quick relief—clears

the head and often nips a

coming cold in the bud.

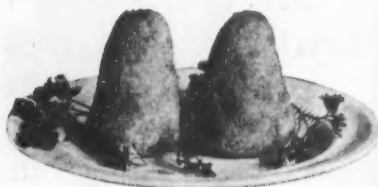
Sold everywhere,  
in the triple-sealed  
yellow box— 5c

WM. H. LUDEN, Inc., READING, PA.



# No need to worry about your Winter food budget

~WHEN NUT-RICH  
LIMAS GIVE SO  
MUCH AT SUCH  
LITTLE COST



Many a "main dish" for the winter-day meal can be made with California Limas. Few foods offer such variety, such alluring flavor, such satisfying goodness.

Yet, this matchless year-round vegetable is easy to prepare. Simply cover Limas with water at breakfast. Then leave them! At your usual time for getting dinner, they're ready to be cooked, and even that little labor can provide for two meals, for, by cooking an extra cupful, you prepare today's dinner dish—and make sure of a tasty salad or nourishing soup for tomorrow's luncheon.

And—most important to the winter fare—Limas are generous in proteins, vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts. Furthermore, Limas are one of the highest alkaline-ash foods. Dietitians recommend them to offset the acid-ash resulting from many common foods—to combat those body acid conditions usually known as some form of acidosis. Limas help maintain a better-balanced winter diet.

Right now California Limas are a wonderful "buy"—either Large or Baby Limas. Supply your pantry today. For extra-fancy quality ask for SEASIDE Limas.

And send for our free book, "How Ten Food Editors Serve California Limas," containing recipes, and Lima food facts you'll want to know. Address Department 24

CALIFORNIA LIMA BEAN  
GROWERS ASSOCIATION  
Oxnard, California



# CALIFORNIA Limas

THE BEANS WITH THE  
NUT-LIKE FLAVOR

## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 75]

Catherine it was the gehenna of her life, a siege of darkness and uncertainty in her soul which gave way suddenly before news which swept like a whirlwind over the land.

God had been with New France! Braddock and his English invaders were destroyed!

No triumph of French arms in the New World had been so complete, and Dieskau, the great German baron who was fighting for France, moved southward to crush Sir William Johnson and his Colonials and Indians, planning not to stop until he had driven them to the doors of Albany. With him were six hundred and eighty-four of the loyal men who were beginning to call themselves Canadians.

Tonteur rode over to bring the news to Henri Bulain. To Catherine he recalled his prediction that the English would never get into this paradise of theirs. A dozen times he insisted on shaking hands with Hepsibah, who was with the Bulains this Summer, repeating that he loved him personally and that there could not be an ill thought between them. But he had a mighty grudge against the encroaching English just the same and would be with Dieskau if it were not for his wooden peg. He had sent almost every man he had to the scene of fighting.

Even Toinette had wanted to go!

This recalled an important matter to his mind. Toinette had entrusted to him a letter for Jeems, and, boiling over with his own selfish exultations, he had forgotten it. He hoped it was an invitation for Jeems to come to the seigneurie. He had often told his girl she should be more friendly with the lad. Jeems took the letter and went off by himself. It was the first recognition he had had from Toinette since the day of the levee. He had not seen her and had tried not to think of her.

He could feel the words in the letter burning him before he read them.

With pitiless coldness and brevity they called him a renegade and a coward.

ON a September morning some days later Jeems stood watching his uncle as he disappeared into the frost-tinted woods of Forbidden Valley. It seemed to him that Hepsibah's suspicions and guardianship of the valley had become greater with the growing news of French triumphs in the south which so positively assured their safety. Only yesterday Tonteur had brought the latest word from Dieskau. The German had been on the eve of smashing Sir William Johnson and his mob of Colonials and Indians when his messenger had left. By this time the event had probably happened, Jeems thought. Yet his uncle was going into Forbidden Valley with a look in his face which puzzled him.

And he could not understand the restlessness which possessed Odd after Hepsibah had gone.

Years were beginning to leave their mark on the dog. He was past the prime of his splendid strength and the hair about his muzzle was graying a little. He was gaunter, shaggier, limped a bit more heavily and some of his habits had changed. He was not as eager for the long and tireless hunts in the forest. He liked the warm sun. There remained, however, one thing which did not fail to stir in him the tense fierceness of his youth. This was the Indian smell. He always told Jeems when one of their wilderness visitors was near, sometimes many minutes before the savage appeared from the woods. And he never tired of watching Forbidden Valley. In the dawn he faced it. At midday he dozed with his half-closed eyes turned toward it. In the evening he sniffed its scents. Yet he did not go down into the valley unless Jeems or Henri was with him.

During the morning Odd's uneasiness began to reflect itself in Jeems. Soon after noon he left his work and told his mother he was going in the direction of Lussan's place. Catherine walked with him through the young orchard and up the slope. Never had she seemed more beautiful to Jeems. The glory of the day, its warm blue skies, the tinted forests, the golden pools of sunlight over the earth all seemed a part of her. His father was right—this mother of his would always be a girl! From above

the orchard, standing on a little plateau that overlooked the Bulain farm, they called to Henri, who was in his turnip field, and waved at him. Jeems stood for a few moments with his arm about his mother. Then he kissed her, and Catherine watched him with happiness in her face until he was lost to her sight within the Big Forest.

Jeems did not have the desire to hunt today, nor did Odd. Unexplainable impulses were pulling at them both. Odd's restlessness was unlike his master's. Whenever Jeems paused the dog turned and sniffed the air of their trail, facing Forbidden Valley in an attitude of suspicion and doubt. Jeems observed his companion's enigmatic actions. Odd was not giving the Indian signal. It was as if something without form or substance, a thing bewildering and unintelligible, lay behind them.

The counter-impulse in Jeems was to go on. Without a reason or a purpose, except that the disquiet in his mind demanded it, he was heading for Lussan's place. The air was crisp. Fallen leaves rustled under his feet. From the hilltops the country lay about him in sweeping panoramas of reds and golds and yellows and browns, and as miles gathered behind he also began to look backward from these hilltops—far into the Indian Summer haze which hung like a gossamer veil between him and the adventure-filled country of Lake Champlain and Lake George, where so many things were happening.

They came to Lussan's, nine miles from their home. Since Lussan's departure the place had been abandoned, and in those five years the wilderness had largely reclaimed what man had taken from it. The big green open in which the crowd had assembled and where Toinette and Paul Tache had walked so proudly was overgrown with oaks and sumacs and blackberry bushes. Tall grass flourished about the house. Where the gardens had been was a tangle of weeds and briars.

Jeems stood where he had fought Paul Tache and ghostly whispers seemed to creep about him in the stillness. They stirred in his heart an aching loneliness as if this desertion and ruin were all that remained of his own hopes and ambitions. Then came a feeling of dread, almost of fear. He turned back to the house and to the open where long ago he had stood with Toinette and all her loveliness so near to him.

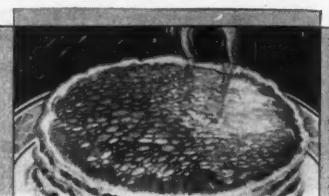
The sun had set and dusk was gathering over the land before he drew himself away from the ghosts which haunted Lussan's place. Night could add nothing more to his gloom.

Odd whined frequently in his eagerness to reach home. Sometimes he showed impatience at his master's slowness by running ahead. Jeems did not hurry. He unslung his bow, which was the only weapon he had brought, and carried it ready in his hand. Yet if Odd had hinted of danger he would have given no attention to the warning. Danger was miles away on the other side of Dieskau and his men. It would come no nearer and he would never have a chance to meet it. In Toinette's eyes he would always remain a renegade and a coward.

Night thickened. The stars came out. Deepening shadows lay about them as they climbed the tallest one of the hills, from which they could look over the ridges and woods between them and Forbidden Valley.

From this hill, which was four miles from the Bulain clearing, they had gazed many times upon an amazing world. In all directions but one their eyes could reach over endless miles of unpeopled domain, until the sky seemed to touch the timber. But on the point from which they might have viewed the Tonteur seigneurie trees had grown tall and thick, shutting out their vision. Because from this hill it was possible to see over the Big Forest which sheltered their farm from the northwinds, Jeems and his father called it Home Mountain.

Odd whined as he climbed it tonight. He went ahead of Jeems and when he gained the crest of it his whining changed to a dismal howl, so low that one would scarcely have heard [Turn to page 77]



## The 3 Staffs of Life

CORN  
for HEAT



WHEAT  
for STRENGTH



RICE  
for ENERGY

Served  
most temptingly in  
VIRGINIA SWEET  
PANCAKES

ALL three of Nature's great body-building foods scientifically combined for health and better flavor! Enjoy pancakes, muffins and waffles baked from three perfectly blended flours instead of the home-mixed one-flour kind.

And for that real old-time maple taste in syrup, order Virginia Sweet, made with an unusually large proportion of pure maple sugar.

THE FISHBACK CO.  
Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.  
Manufacturers of Nationally Advertised  
Food Products

VIRGINIA  
SWEET  
PANCAKE FLOUR  
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR  
and SYRUP





## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 76]

it at the foot of the hill.

Jeems came to him, and stopped. For a space there was no beating of a heart in his breast—nothing but a stillness that was like death, a shock that was like death, a horror that could come only at the sight and the feeling of death.

Rising from the far side of the forest into which Hepsibah had gone that morning was a distant glow of fire. Nearer, over the rim of Forbidden Valley, the sky was a red illumination of flame. And this illumination was not of a burning forest. It was not a torch of burning stumps. It was a tower of blazing light, mushrooming as it rose, flattening itself in a sinister, scarlet radiance under the clouds, dripping at its edges into colors of silver and gold and blood.

A cry came from Jeems, a terrible, tragic cry.

*His home was burning!*

And with that cry there leapt madly into his mind the words which Hepsibah had spoken to him a last time that morning, "If ever I'm off there and you see a fire lighting up the sky by night, or smoke darkening it by day, hurry to the seigneurie with your father and mother as fast as you can go, for it will mean my hand has set the heavens talking to you and that peril o' death is near."

FOR a space Jeems could not move as he gazed at the crimson sky. Doubt might have eased the thoughts that crowded on his senses but during the time in which he stood numb and voiceless there was no doubt. His home was in flames. This alone would not have deadened him with horror. His father was there to care for his mother, a new home could be built, the world did not end because a house burned. But there were two fires—and the other, farther on, reflecting itself dimly and yet more somberly, was the one that terrified him. It was Hepsibah's fire talking to him through the night!

Then the choking thing in him gave way and as the power to act returned he saw Odd facing the lighted heavens—and in every line of the dog's rigid frame the Indian signal was clearly written.

Jeems set off at a run down the hill, and as he ran, bushes whipped at his face and shadows gathered under his feet and long arms of gloom reached out from among the trees. His breath began to break from his lips in gasps, and at the end of a mile he fell back to a walk. Odd lessened his pace to his master's. They climbed a lower hill and once more Jeems could see the glow of fire.

He paused again to get his breath, and Odd stopped with him. His shaggy body trembled with the emotions which possessed him when he caught the deadly Indian smell. The crest along his spine had stiffened. His eyes shot flame. His powerful jaws were drooping as if hunger instead of hatred were moving him. Jeems struggled not to believe the evidence which he saw, and told himself that if any chance there were Indians at his home they were friends helping to save what they could from the tragedy of the fire.

A faint wind whispered in the tree-tops as he listened. Dry oak leaves rustled on their branches as if fleshless hands were shaking them. Then the rustling and the whispering passed and shadows lay like solid substance on the earth. Out of the silence Jeems heard a sound which rose above the pounding of his heart. It was so far away, so indistinct, that the stirring of the leaves had kept it from his ears. The wind began to play softly among the oaks again, as if this were its intent.

But Jeems had heard.

He had heard the firing of guns.

Over the hills and forests the sound had come to him from the direction of the Tonteur seigneurie. He did not wait for the oaks to droop again. Odd led him in their last, pitiless, heart-breaking race into the Big Forest.

His exertions had beaten him when they came to the edge of the forest and he could have run no farther without falling. Before them was the slope, a silvery carpet in the starlight. At the foot of it was what had been his home.

That it was a red-hot mass without

form or stability, a pile out of which flame rose lazily, its fierceness gone, added nothing more to his shock. He had unconsciously looked for this. The barn was also a heap of blazing embers and what remained of the smaller buildings near it glowed like the stub-ends of huge candles against the earth. Everything was gone.

The fires lit up the bottomland. He could see the big rock at the spring. The paths between the gardens. The bird-houses in the nearest oaks. The mill. A patch of sun-flowers like slim-bodied nymphs. Details were there, clearly illumined, down to the little heap of cider apples which his mother and he had gathered a day or two before. But he could see nothing that had been saved from the burning house. He could not see his father or his mother or Hepsibah Adams.

Even Odd's heart seemed to break in these moments and a sound came from him, like a sob. He was half crouching. He was no longer savage or vengeful. But Jeems did not see. He was trying to find some force in him that could cry out his mother's name.

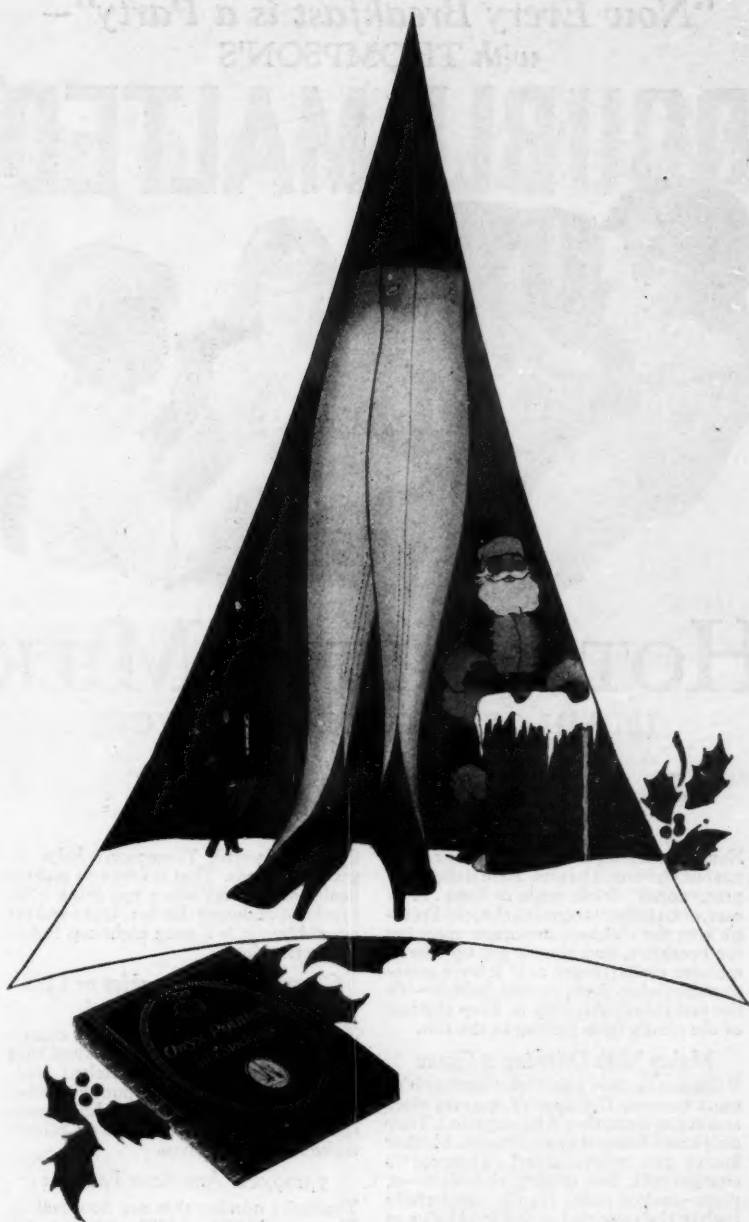
Fear, the revulsion of flesh and nerves to danger, was utterly gone from him. He was impelled only by thought of his father and mother, the mystery of their silence, his desire to call out to them and to hear their voices in answer. If there were a spiritual self alive in him, that alone kept him from shouting at last. It was not because he was afraid. He did not fit an arrow to his bow as he walked down through the starlight, his feet traveling a little unsteadily. He was looking for nothing and wanting nothing but his father and mother.

Unexpectedly he came upon his father. Henri was on the ground near one of Catherine's rose-bushes, as if asleep. But he was dead. He lay with his face turned to the sky, as the Mohawks always left their slain. Firelight played upon him gently, now increasing, now fading, as the embers flared or died, like fitful notes in a strain of soundless music.

As softly as the light, without a sob or cry, Jeems knelt beside him.

It was strange that in this moment he could speak, while a little before that power had been choked in him by things less terrible than death. There was no hysteria in his voice. His own ears caught it as one which did not seem to come from himself. He spoke his father's name, yet knew that no answer would rise from the lifeless lips. He repeated it in an inexcitable way as his hands clutched at the silent form. As death draws near, numbing the senses and drawing a golden veil of relief over pain, it brings with it a great calm, and it was this—the mental inertness of death without its physical change—that came over Jeems. For the starlight left nothing unrevealed; his father dead, his white lips twisted, his hands clenched at his side, the top of his head naked and bleeding from the scalping knife. Jeems slumped down. Odd crouched near. After a little, an inch at a time, he crept to the dead man. He nuzzled the hands that were growing cold. He licked Jeems' face where it had fallen against his father's shoulder. Then he was motionless again, his eyes seeking about him like balls of living flame. Death was in the air. At last he sat back on his haunches and howled. It was not Odd's howl any more than it had been Jeems' voice speaking to his father a few moments before.

It was this which brought Jeems out of the depths into which he had fallen. He raised his head and saw his father again, and swayed to his feet. He began seeking. Close by, near the pile of apples which she had helped him gather from under their trees on the slope, he found his mother. She, too, lay with her face to the sky. The little that was left of her unbound hair lay scattered on the earth. Her glorious beauty was gone. Starlight, caressing her gently, revealed to her boy the hideousness of her end. There, over her body, Jeems' heart broke. Odd guarded faithfully, listening to a grief that twisted at his brute soul. Then fell a greater silence. Through long hours the burning logs settled down into flattened masses of dying embers. A wind came dismally over the Big [Turn to page 78]



WHAT BETTER GIFT  
at Christmastide than one that be-  
stows PERFECTION in ankles through  
the two up-sweeping lines of the  
Pointex heel and that wears LONGER  
because of the reinforcement that  
the same heel places just where the  
shoe delivers its worst punishment.

There's an Onyx Pointex Stocking  
for every occasion and at prices that  
range from \$1.50 to \$2.75 a pair.

Onyx  Pointex  
Silk Stockings

"Now Every Breakfast is a Party"—  
with THOMPSON'S

# DOUBLE MALTED



## HOT MALTED MILK

(PLAIN OR CHOCOLATE FLAVOR)

at home

Next to a circus, a soda fountain comes nearest children's hearts. Here is the "real professional" drink made at home... so easy, even father is equal to the job! Promise it to the children tomorrow morning for breakfast, and they'll get up fifteen minutes earlier, eager as if it were someone's birthday. Rich, creamy, bubbly—it's the real thing! And try to keep the rest of the family from joining in the fun.

### Makes Milk Drinking a Game

If the family only knew why mother is so eager to serve Thompson's, at every meal and at any hour, they'd be surprised. They only know how delicious it tastes. Mother knows the whole story. Thompson's changes milk, into creamy, chocolate—or plain—malted milk. It adds wonderfully both to the taste and to the food value of ordinary milk. And in literally millions of households where they wouldn't touch milk before, they now drink their three glasses a day—and love it.

### The Secret of Thompson's

Thompson's will dissolve in hot or cold milk instantly, without lumping. That is because of the famous "DOUBLE MALTED" process. The vitamins are not destroyed and the activity of the enzymes, the malt tonic property, is retained.

Quickly digested, Thompson's helps digest other foods. That is why you pick up health and energy when you drink it for breakfast or during the day. Light and yet nourishing, it is a snug night-cap inducing restful sleep.

### Chocolate or Plain—Hot or Cold 30 glasses in every pound

Prepared in any way it is always creamy and smooth. To make hot Malted Milk most people prefer Plain Malted Milk. To make a cold drink, just put two spoonfuls of the Chocolate Malted Milk into a shaker, add cold milk and shake. Children make it for themselves.

### 7,000,000 American Families

That's the number that are now making Thompson's Malted Milk at home. Ask your children how many of their friends enjoy it—and then ask for Thompson's, plain or chocolate flavored, at any drug-gist or grocer. Or send the coupon for the biggest coupon value we have ever offered.

### At the Soda Fountain

Your soda fountain man deserves special credit for paying a bit more for Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk so as to serve you with an extra quality malted milk drink. Look for Thompson's serving jar at the soda fountain.

**Thompson's**  
"DOUBLE MALTED"  
**Malted Milk**

FREE  
25¢ VALUE  
SHAKER WITH  
EACH ONE POUND  
CAN

Thompson's Malted Food Co.  
Dept. 350, Waukesha, Wis.

Gentlemen—

☐ Send me a full pound of Thompson's Sweet Chocolate Flavored "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk and a 25¢ value aluminum shaker FREE. I enclose 60¢.

☐ Send me a trial sample and an aluminum shaker. I enclose 25¢.

Name .....

Address .....



IF IT'S THOMPSON'S IT'S "DOUBLE MALTED"

## THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

[Continued from page 77]

Forest. The Milky Way began to fade. Clouds gathered to shut out the stars. Then came the darkness which precedes the day, and after that, dawn.

Jeems rose to face his blasted world. He was no longer a youth but a living thing aged by an eternity that had passed. It was Odd who led him in the quest for Hepsibah Adams. He sought like one half blind and yet sensed everything. He saw the trampled grass, the moccasin-beaten earth at the spring, a hatchet lost in the night and on the hatchet an English name. But he did not find his uncle.

In the same gray dawn, stirring with the wings of birds and the play of squirrels among the trees, he set out for Tonteur Manor.

He carried the hatchet, clutching it as if the wood his fingers gripped held life which might escape him. Because of this hatchet there grew in him a slow and terrible thought that had the strength of a chain. The English had come with their Indians, or had sent them, as his uncle had so often said they would. The English. Not the French. The English.

And he held the hatchet as if it were an English throat.

As he drew nearer to Tonteur Manor the instincts of self-preservation awoke in him. They did not make him leave the open trail nor travel less swiftly, but his senses became keener and unconsciously he began to prepare himself for the physical act of vengeance.

To reach Tonteur was the first obligation in the performance of this act. Tonteur still had a few men who had not gone with Dieskau. Jeems had faith in Tonteur and did not question what had happened in the bottomlands. Before this, no doubt had crossed his mind as to Hepsibah's fate. The English hatchets had caught him, somewhere, or he would have come during the long night when he and Odd had watched alone with death. But now a forlorn and scarcely living hope began to rise in his breast as he came to Tonteur's Hill—an unreasoning thought that something might have driven his

Uncle Hepsibah to the Richelieu, a hope that, after lighting his signal fire, he had hurried to the Manor with the expectation of finding his people there.

Jeems might see Hepsibah, in a moment, coming over the hill...

Hepsibah, and the baron, and men with guns...

Even Odd seemed to be expecting this as they sped through the last oak open and climbed the chestnut ridge. Maples grew on the side toward the Richelieu and the leaves were knee-deep. Beyond these were the thick edging of crimson sumac, a path breaking through it, and the knob of the hill where they had always paused to gaze over the wonderland which had been given by the King of France to the stalwart vassal Tonteur.

Jeems emerged at this point, and the spark which had grown in his breast was engulfed by sudden blackness.

There was no longer a Tonteur Manor. A thin, earth-embracing fog covered the bottomlands. It was like a veil drawn lightly to cover the ugliness of a thing that had happened, something that was not entirely unbecoming, a cobwebby, multi-colored curtain of pungent smoke drifting in the sunlight, a fabric strangely and lazily woven by whitish spirals that rose softly from wherever a building had stood in the Tonteur Seigneurie.

Now there were no buildings, but one. The great manor house was gone. The loopholed church was gone. The farmers' cottages beyond the meadows and fields were gone. All that remained was the stone grist-mill, with the big wind-wheel turning slowly at the top of it and making a whining sound that came to him faintly through the distance. That was the only break in the stillness.

Jeems, looking down, saw in the drifting veil of smoke a shroud that covered death. For the first time he forgot his father and mother. He thought of some one he had known and loved a long time ago—Toinette.

[Continued in JANUARY McCall's]

## A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 21]

ones were taken in a rowboat, and they got their grub quickly, jumped on board and passed out of sight with not even a glance back at us or a farewell word.

June 9th. The grub served gets worse every day. There is no sugar, and the bacon gets more rancid daily. No butter, no milk. The mosquitoes have come on us like the fabled locust swarms in the Bible.

To a man named Smith, we trusted our second last hundred dollars to buy a rowboat and pole it up to us.

He came back with the boat—and we are standing guard two at a time now, over it, drawn up on the bar, for fear it will be stolen by some one. I feel as if I had had an unexpected pardon from a life prison sentence.

June 14th. Our provisions were piled high on the boat early this morning and Smith's too. We perched on top of it and pushed off without one backward look at the Mukluk.

Our boat is about twelve feet long, very wide and packed with about two tons of freight. We are quite comfortable by fixing up bags of clothing, beans and flour for beds.

June 15th. We left Circle City last night with the sun streaming down. I feel as if I could not describe the river to another person. Seventy and a hundred miles wide and thousands of islands of all sizes scattered in it, ice cakes piled high on them. Trees piled up until the islands look like heaps of debris raked together.

Late at Night. Perhaps it is childish faith to feel that some power is protecting you, but it is a comforting one.

Today the wind too was much higher. Suddenly to my horror we struck an island. It seemed to me we could never get out again from under it, and trees and stumps and debris crowding us all the time. I closed my eyes and waited to see if we would be pitched out in the water or banged to death. Then I heard Charley say, "Hurry up," and opened my eyes to

see him and Smith clutching roots to help us along, and glory be, there was an opening at the other end, and we emerged into safer water, and in a little while found a place to land.

I sat there while those men slept, and I gave thanks to God for saving us—we three and our little boat and our beans and our flour and our bacon—I gave separate thanks for everybody and everything. I have that blessed feeling of being cared for by some one over us, the way I used to feel when I was caught in railroad wrecks with the circus, or cyclones or "hey rube" shooting scrapes.

All I meant to do is sit here by the fire and watch the fifteenth of June fade away, and thank God we have come this far alive and pray that we will go safely through whatever the future has to offer.

June 17th. Today is beautiful—another of Alaska's tricks. The river is smooth, without a ripple, and I am nearly suffocated with the heat.

Late tonight we landed at a place with the usual bar, pulled well up on the sand, and got ready for supper. I began to pick up drift while the men went inland to find a duck or a goose or something for a change of diet. I begin to think even worms might be tasty. I did try moss, and it tasted pretty good.

But before I had supper half ready, the mosquitoes came in a horde, thicker and thicker, until we had to give up all the idea of supper and spend a hasty five minutes getting the boat off. We took off the stove pipe and closed all the draughts and turned the stove into a smudge maker. By midnight we had got fairly rid of them, by rowing fast, and the current and the wind helped us. Our eyes looked as if we had been crying for a week.

It made me sick to have to use our best clothing for smudges, but all warfare is experience I suppose, and this was no exception. Smith declares an army of them tried to pull his mos- [Turn to page 81]



# That old-time buckwheat taste

## tender cakes made with Aunt Jemima's own ingredients



**M**AGIC memories you share with your husband! "Buckwheats" in childhood days with the old-fashioned "tang" no man forgets. How long since he's tasted the real kind?

These frosty winter mornings many men are hankering for tender fragrant cakes with that true buckwheat savor. And that's just what millions of women are giving them—using Aunt Jemima's celebrated recipe.

Her own old-time ingredients with just enough choice buckwheat flour added, come *ready-mixed* in the *yellow* package—Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour. To offer

*Pancakes with the old-time plantation flavor! In the red package—Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour*



**We are often asked,**

"Are these stories of Aunt Jemima and her recipe really true?" They are based on documents found in the files of the earliest owners of the recipe. To what extent they are a mixture of truth, of fiction and of tradition, we do not know. The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, Quaker Oats Company, Chicago

*All the tenderness and texture for which Aunt Jemima's pancakes are famous, with the keen, savory taste of buckwheat at its best—that's what you get when you use Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour in the yellow package*

you that wonderful buckwheat "kick" at its best, we use only the pick of the crops from special grain growing sections.

*No overnight waiting*

No trouble at all today to bake these golden-brown cakes with the taste that men remember. No overnight waiting for the batter to rise!

No chance to go wrong! Just add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour—and stir.

Watch for that little boyish grin, that look of youth in the eyes when your husband first tastes Aunt Jemima's—"Buckwheats"—with that real old-time taste. Plan now to

test this celebrated recipe—*ready-mixed*—Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour in the *yellow* package. Use coupon below to send for trial size package or get full package from your grocer.

**FREE**—a chance to test this famous recipe

*Trial size package Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour free with new recipe booklet giving many delightful suggestions for pancakes, muffins and waffles. Mail coupon today.*

THE AUNT JEMIMA MILLS BRANCH  
Dept. D-20, St. Joseph, Mo.

Gentlemen: Send free trial package of Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour with recipe folder.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

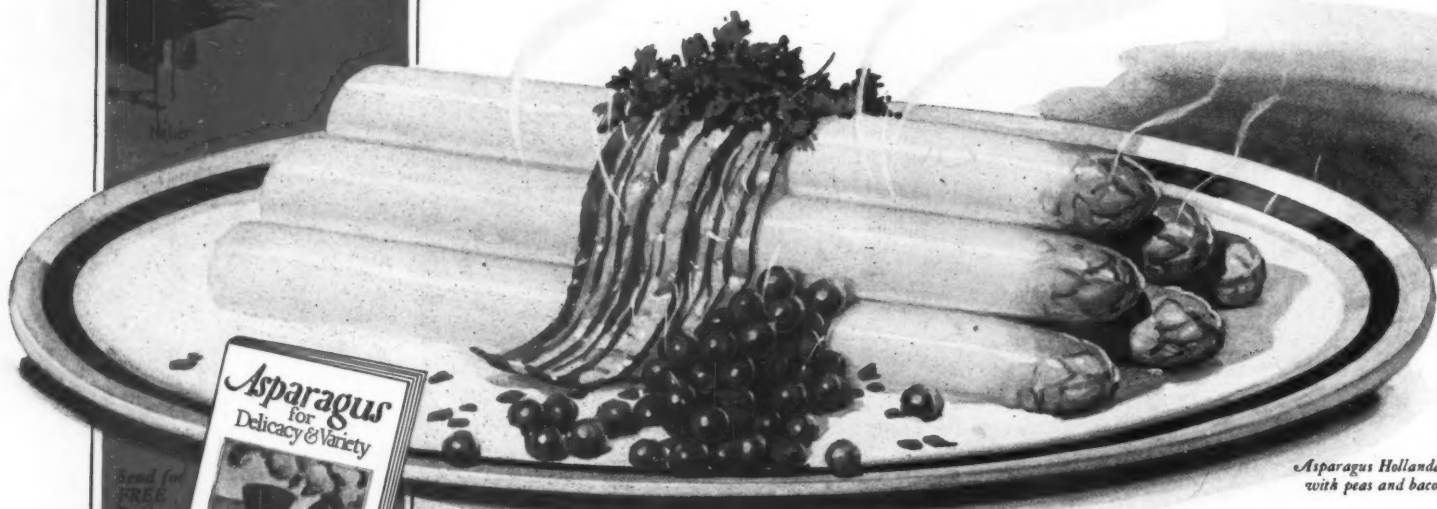
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



*Her own ingredients—ready-mixed*



# In many homes they now call it ~ the Asparagus Course



*Asparagus Hollandaise  
with peas and bacon*



The same thing—often—for the sake of variety! Day after day—yet no hint of sameness!

Hardly seems possible, does it? Yet that is the remarkable fact about California Canned Asparagus.

And just because it *can* be served in so many different ways, it is fast becoming a regular part of the daily menu.

There's a place for California Canned Asparagus, either tips or long spears, in any meal of the day, any time of the year. Asparagus omelet for breakfast. Cream of asparagus soup for luncheon. Dainty asparagus salad for tea time. And dozens of asparagus appetizers and substantial dishes for dinner.

The asparagus course may be simple or elaborate, but it is always distinctive. Surprising, too, how economical it is. Less expensive than most foods of equal delicacy, and prepared without waste or bother.

Introduce the asparagus course into your home. Your meals will take on new distinction and variety. And you will profit by its economy, convenience and healthfulness.

CANNERS LEAGUE OF CALIFORNIA—ASPARAGUS SECTION  
Dept. 515—451 Montgomery St., San Francisco

## CALIFORNIA CANNED



Packed in 3 sizes of cans—  
TIPS in small square and  
round cans. LONG SPEARS  
in tall square cans —

# Asparagus

The World's Most Popular Salad and Vegetable Delicacy



# A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 78]

quito netting off him.

June 19th. A peaceful night passed and a peaceful morning greeted us.

A little boat that was drifting faster than we were gave us some newspapers from Dawson. The people are swarming out of there by the hundreds.

The papers are dated May 8th, and we read with great interest an account of Mayor Wood's successful expedition. It is advertised as the only one to get safely through—and it is at this minute held fast on a bar nearly a thousand miles from Dawson and nearly a year after it started! I wish we could send out word somehow of the real truth.

June 20th. Today we landed at Minook. We decided to unload our grub and accept the use of a cabin.

I find the outside world is growing dim to me. Perhaps it is better to let it grow dim and forget it. Money for transportation is our only hope—and that is dim like the rest.

June 27th. Smith told us today of a bar he knows about directly below us, right in sight of every passing Yukon voyager. It is all gravel, and very hard to climb. But there is a stake at the top, and Smith says that stake means a "home stake"—and a home stake here means a fortune for life. He himself hasn't been able to get up there to see if the staker's possession has expired, but he declares here is a gold mine overlooked by real miners because it hasn't the appearance of what they are used to looking for. Smith says we will all go down there when no one is about.

He left for St. Michael this afternoon, after making us promise to say nothing about it.

I met today a Mrs. Hopkins, whose husband is the saloon-keeper here, and consequently a big man in town.

July 4th. A few guns early this morning told us it was the glorious Fourth. Last Fourth we were at Terrace Park in Cincinnati, a big contented family, and now—

July 5th. Ice and frost.

The Mukluk went by today. She made Dawson at last, and with only four of her original passengers on her she is going out again. They all report Dawson full and overrun with disappointed people. The people on her have only one desire—to get out.

July 8th. The days are much the same. Charley spends his time on the gulch, restaking little abandoned claims. It is really hard to keep up a belief in gold very long unless you actually see it.

July 9th. Miserable days, cold and windy and rainy.

We sent an Indian named Silver after our dogs. They came today, and I hardly know they are my dogs. They are so thin, poor things. Beautiful Pedro, who looked more like a gorgeous wolf than a dog, seems to be a little crazy.

Well, anyway, there is something worse than town. Here at least we can gladden our palate with a pie made of cornmeal flavored with cocoa. Until you haven't had anything but beans and tea for ages, no one knows how marvelous that is.

July 18th. Fog has settled on Rampart, and we need candles all the time. The report has come from up the river that twenty-one boats have been lost coming in. A little boat came in today, and left a Mr. Chambers and his wife, and a Miss Houk, who have taken a cabin near ours.

July 22d. Charley went out early this morning on another trip to the gulch and also to try to find Pedro.

As if some magnet pulled me I sauntered this afternoon down to the bluff where the great discovery is, hoping perhaps to devise some way of getting up to that stake. It was about two hundred feet above me, and since it had been put there, there is a loose bank of gravel and sand for a good distance before you can reach it. I knew I had to work carefully.

I looked up at the stake, and it began to look easy. I climbed at an angle, only to loosen a lot of gravel, slide down, shake myself out of the dirt and go up again. I can't remember how many times I came down and went back up, but I was get-

ting higher and more confident. At about seventy-five feet up suddenly I felt everything give way. It seemed very long before I struck bottom. My body seemed paralyzed and I was shaking all over from fright.

Down below me I fancied I heard that rippling laugh of the Yukon I had heard before.

My same judgment told me to give the thing up, but I panned several pans of sand and found some crystals, and began to regret giving it up. An Indian came along and my ambition took root again. I showed him the rock sticking out and said, "Me white woman, me go up. Yes, no? Me give you two bits," and I showed him the money. "You lookin', yes. You comin'—yes?" I got him to follow me and give my foot support till I found another resting place.

The earth began to feel insecure as I went higher; my trembling made it worse.

The Indian was scared. "Yes, you broke. You fallin'. You come down. You broke. I dunno." I remembered the silver quarters I had with me and drew them out, offering a quarter at a time till I had five out, when he consented to help. I kept on till I was beyond any turning back. Frightened to death I worked frantically, catching hold of this and that projecting rock, and swinging myself up and over on it. I got very near the stake, saw a rock sticking out and realized if I once swung by that I was at the end of my trip. So I made one last leap, landed with my hands around the stake. But I had loosened the whole top and it came tumbling down and I woke up to find myself at the bottom. I decided I was what the Indian had warned me I would be—"broke." I was aching and bruised and stiff and dizzy, all right. But there before me lay the coveted stake, and in a flash I realized what I had done. From what I learned of miners' laws since I have been here I know that no one who molests a stake can stay in the country—it is one of the greatest crimes in the land, and here was the Indian a witness besides!

The only thing to do was to put it back. I looked at the pitiless hill and quailed at the task, so I began bargaining again with the Indian. I gave him all the quarters I had left to go up and put the stake back. Finally he started up and each time his feet slipped and he was sent sprawling flat, he kept saying, "Me no can do," and then I urged him some more, and finally commanded him in my despair. At last he reached the top; he put the stake in. He looked down. He started down. When he got to the bottom I saw a perfectly good white Indian! He waited not to see if I had any more bargains to offer. He just started off on a good fast dog trot, and soon disappeared.

It seems weeks since I crossed Big Minook this morning. I am in my bunk now awfully tired and suffering with fear of it all, but am congratulating myself that my body is still whole.

The adventure itself was so important that I am almost forgetting to write that the stake proved to be free from writing, but was blazed.

The Rock Island Number One came up from St. Michael yesterday and I bought some eggs from them for only two fifty a dozen and some butter for two fifty a can. And even potatoes for twenty-five a pound. Potatoes were a wonderful sight to us and I put them in a bowl as if they were fancy fruit.

I am afraid to break into our last hundred dollar bill, but so far we have been able to get credit for food supplies at the company stores.

August 8th. I have a new occupation now—taking care of the sick. Many of the cheekaukos are falling sick with typhoid fever, and several have died. The sanitary conditions of this town are terrible and it is only natural that Summer should bring disease.

Steamboat expeditions are coming in fast. It is a great game for the steamboat companies. The people come in, lured by stories of real discoveries, as often by a tenderfoot as by a seasoned miner. But these people come [Turn to page 82]

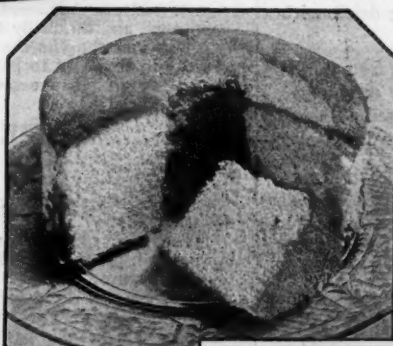


"Ask us again..." the men begged  
"for Hot Cakes and Home-made Cake"



Contains no alum.  
Leaves no bitter taste.

Pancakes—waffles—hot biscuits—  
there's a succession of Sunday suppers  
that can make you famous.



Sunshine Cake—has a tender, foamy texture and a delicate flavor that blends deliciously with fruits and ice cream. You will find this accurate recipe clearly stated on page 10 of the Royal Cook Book

THE men just took over the kitchen when they heard there were pancakes to fry. It was a camp trick, they insisted, that no woman ever really learned to do.

They flipped them for wagers; she lost track of the times she had to mix the batter; and even the mathematician couldn't tell how many they ate.

And then they finished the cake as enthusiastically as though they'd never heard of pancakes.

She'd been keeping something from them, they complained; they hadn't known she could cook. And to tell the truth, she hadn't known it herself.

She had tried it just for fun one day with a Royal recipe that sounded easy to follow and she'd been amazed at her success. Flaky, hot biscuits she made in just 20 minutes and her cakes rose feathery light.

You can depend on Royal Baking Powder to leaven perfectly every time. It never fails you!

It never leaves a bitter taste for it is made with Cream of Tartar, a fruit product from ripe grapes.

FREE—famous  
Royal Cook Book  
with 350 recipes

The Royal Baking Powder Co.  
Dept. R, 105 E. 42nd Street, New York City  
I am interested in your recipes. Please send me your complete Cook Book—Free.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....





## Heed the warning of "Coated Tongue"

A COATED tongue, and the unpleasant breath that usually goes with it, is Nature's unfailing signal of trouble ahead.

It tells you of upset bodily processes. It warns you of intestinal stoppage—cause of many, many ills.

Thousands of men and women who used to suffer frequently from headaches and from the other enervating effects of stoppage, now feel and look their best by taking this simple precaution:—

*Each morning, these people look at the tell-tale tongue. If it is white and furry, they nip trouble in the bud by taking Sal Hepatica, the approved effervescent saline.*

Sal Hepatica clears the intestines of waste products—usually within a half hour. It promotes natural elimination by releasing the water secreted in the intestines.

Sal Hepatica is beneficial, too, in the treatment of indigestion, poor complexion, hyper-acidity, rheumatism, auto-intoxication, and disorders of the liver and kidneys.

For Sal Hepatica contains the same health-giving salines as the European spas. Like these famous waters, Sal Hepatica keeps you internally clean and sweeps away the insidious poisons of waste.

Dissolved in a glassful of water, Sal Hepatica makes a sparkling drink with a refreshing, bracing tang.

Keep free from headaches, from dull and draggy days. Look at your tongue every morning. Whenever it is coated—when elimination is sluggish, take Sal Hepatica at once.

Send for the free booklet which explains more fully how Sal Hepatica corrects intestinal stoppage and relieves other ills.

For booklets please address

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.  
Dept. F-127, 71 West St.,  
New York City

# Sal Hepatica



©1927

## A WOMAN'S STORY OF THE GOLD RUSH

[Continued from page 81]

with stories of men who shovel up real gold with a real shovel, or who fish nuggets out of the river with fishing nets. They trample each other to get up here, see how little there is and how much suffering and leave by the next boat. It seems there is no way of people keeping the people from coming in, for the bad news is pigeonholed as were our letters last Winter.

August 20th. We have met two men, partners, who, like ourselves, have had plenty of experiences. They have a cabin but very little grub left, but they have staked some claims and mean to stay through the Winter.

Their names are Pine Coffin and Moore. For some of our grub and the use of our dogs Moore and Pine Coffin are giving us shares in claims of theirs. So we are going out today to work the claim.

August 26th. Well, we came home today to find a surprise. We dragged ourselves up,

all tired out and found our cabin rented.

So Pine Coffin and Moore offered to take us into theirs. And here we are. It is only twelve by eight, but we put up two-tier high bunks and accepted their hospitality thankfully. So here I am cooking for four instead of two.

But with the two men we have formed a partnership, joining their interests and ours. We know we will be frozen in here for another Winter. Last Winter we were at least sure of grub. But this Winter it all depends on how much gold we take out as to what kind of a Winter we spend.

Anyhow we must be all action. I guess Alaska is merciful after all. She gives one little time to think—one must work to keep alive.

August 28th. We started out early in the morning with a load on our way to the creek to build our first cabin.

[Continued in the JANUARY McCALL'S]

## THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 27]

passage of time, the assurance of John's vision. The play steadily rises in power and idea, to the very last moment, when John, not till now certain, knows by the fact that God delivers him to death, that the Messiah is surely come.

The return of Mr. Jacob Ben-Ami to Broadway, after his absence in the Yiddish theaters, is in itself an important event

To the part of John he brings his depth of feeling and unfailing sincerity. There is no actor on our stage who would know so well as he what is meant by this rôle of the flaming mystic and popular leader. We have no other actor who could convey in such a tragedy as this the necessary spiritual beauty and the long-sustained fire of soul.

## THE ART OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 27]

of Broadway there were (and are) streets filled with neglected houses.

The motive of the American skyscraper is the old one. Like the builders of the tower of Babel, we have builded higher than we knew: in the noble symbolism of the Bible, we have builded "without the Lord." We shall have to clamber down, and begin all over. The time will come when we will know that these monuments of a vaulting will were a beautiful fiction. Already, in practical terms, they have become a nuisance. They crowd

our streets, they shut out the air, they divorce us from the sun and stars. They have the fairness and the value of the works of youth. But they are essentially figments of that fantastic mood which maturity destroys. They are builded with wealth, rather than with wisdom; and not with love so much as with desire.

The mature American will recognize in his skyscraper the monument of his spiritual childhood. He will tear it down; and closer to earth he will begin to build in a way more truly near to heaven.

## THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 27]

Its original endowment was \$500,000, which Mrs. Bok has just increased to \$12,500,000, a sum that gives the Institute an assured annual income of three-quarters of a million dollars. Its General Director is Josef Hofmann the world-famous pianist, who heads the piano department as well. Other members of the faculty bear names equally illustrious.

Naturally, an institution so heavily endowed is not dependent upon tuition fees for its existence. Admission is by examination only, and the really talented student is given opportunities that have no relation to his capacity to pay. For example, a student who had extraordinary talent

but no money would receive free tuition under a great master, and, if necessary, financial assistance as well. He would be supplied with a piano, or any other instrument he needed, free of cost, he would receive free admission to the concerts of the Philadelphia Orchestra and the Philadelphia performances of the Metropolitan Opera Company; he would be given a chance to make public appearances during his student years, and to make Summer trips to Europe; and after graduation he would be helped financially in the launching of his public career. If ever again an American musical genius dies neglected, it will certainly be his own fault.

## THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 28]

in any battles that weren't fought with gloves.

The draft caught him and he was dispatched, protesting loudly, to the front line in France; there he discovered that the courage and skill which had sustained him in the ring were poor weapons against machine gun fire and gas attacks. He developed a wide and pitiful yellow streak.

It is a good idea for a story, and it has been developed with the utmost ingenuity by Alfred Santell, a director who has been coming forward rapidly of late.

Also recommended: *The Garden of Allah, Underworld, Wings, Chang, Stark Love, The King of Kings, What Price Glory?, Old Ironsides and The Big Parade.*

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 28]

This, unhappily, is just about the plot of *Meanwhile*. It is not at all the work of the novelist who wrote *Tono-Bungay* and *Mr. Polly* in the long ago before the war. Nevertheless, it is Wells at his best. All his fanciful imagination and his fascinating

conjectures on modern life and the forces at work in the world today are written into the novel with prodigious force. Of all English novelists writing today, he has easily been the most prolific and the most stimulating.



## A Gift that Will Please Any Mother

A RED WHEEL GAS RANGE is a lasting gift that will please any Mother. It will make her work lighter. It will give her more hours of leisure. It will end her cooking troubles. It will bring her happiness.

No single advertisement can tell you how or why, except that the Red Wheel automatically controls the oven temperature—and this makes many unusual things possible, such as cooking Whole Meals in the oven while you're miles away—and canning by the new and better Lorain Oven Method.

But, you can easily learn all the advantages at any store or Gas Company where Red Wheel Ranges are sold. Dealers will give actual cooking demonstrations if you ask them.

No handsomer, more efficient, more durable cooking appliances are made than Red Wheel Gas Ranges. That's why you should insist on the Red Wheel. Six famous lines to choose from—see illustrations—each to be had in many sizes and types. All made by American Stove Company. Red Wheel Gas Ranges are popularly priced and can usually be purchased on the deferred payment plan.

## AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY

Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World  
829 Chouteau Ave. St. Louis, Mo.



# LORAIN

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY  
829 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.  
Please send me free copy of your Lorain Book  
Goose Christmas Dinner Menu with recipes. (PRINT  
name and address plainly.)  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
McC-12-27



## BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 12]

peated slowly. "It can't be—twelve years." "It is!" she assured him tremulously. "It is twelve years. Had you forgotten that I was coming?"

His look had changed; it held a deep searching as though he fain would solve the problem for himself.

"You tell me you are Peggy," he said at last.

She faced him steadily, with blue eyes that never flinched. "I am your daughter Peggy," she said. "I have come out here from England to be with you."

He uttered a groan. "To be with me, child! You had better have stayed where you were."

"Don't you want me?" said Peggy, with brave eyes still uplifted. "Shall I go away again? I will—if you wish it."

"No, no!" he said. "No, no! Don't go—if you can help it! It's only a dream, I know. But stay with me—wherever you are—stay as long as you can!"

A sense of desperation came upon her. She stood up. "You're not very kind to me, Daddy," she said. "I think—Mummy—would be very disappointed if she knew."

She bent lower over him. Her whole heart yearned to him in that moment. "You shall never suffer again if I can help it," she said. Her arms went round him with the words. "Listen! I am going to stay with you—take care of you—love you! You'll try and love me too, won't you? For I am your own Peggy."

Her tears were falling now, wetting his face to which she had pressed her own.

They awoke him from his lethargy. He reached up abruptly and drew her down to him. "Child, don't cry—don't cry!" he said.

She went into his arms like a nestling bird. Her own were clinging closely round his neck. His lips were quivering, but he tried to smile. "God bless you!" he said again. "God bless you!"

PEGGY'S thoughts often dwelt in after days upon the hours that followed that reunion with her father, but she never spoke of them to anyone. Through the grief which had utterly overwhelmed him, blasting his whole existence, there came to Peggy glimpses of the mother she so vaguely remembered, recollections of the dainty personality that had filled him with rapture.

Straight from school as she was, she was slightly bewildered at first; but she had never been lacking in commonsense and she soon gathered up the reins of the household. Mirwani, the *ayah*, regarded her with the utmost deference. Sammy, her father's faithful old bearer, who had procured Mirwani, honored her also, but there was a considerable blend of awe in his respects for he had known her mother.

At Peggy's own request, Noel was not to come to see how she fared until the third day after her arrival.

"I want to shake down by myself," she had told him. "I can let you know if things don't go right."

That he would present himself on that third day she was quite convinced, and the cheery hoot of a motor-horn in front of the bungalow as soon as *tiffin* was over sent an eager look of anticipation to her eyes.

The first sound of his step, however, brought her disappointment. She knew in a moment that the visitor was other than Noel. It had a species of pomposity wholly alien to him.

Her father, who was leaning over a plan that he had spread upon the table, looked up with a hint of animation.

"Ah! Forbes!" he said.

A man came into view with his hands in his pockets and a cigar between his lips. His skin was dark, and his eyes were extraordinarily black and vivid. They came straight to Peggy as though drawn by some magnetic attraction. He looked hard at her as he entered, but his features which were slightly coarse showed no variation of expression. He addressed her father almost without looking at him.

"Good afternoon, Sir William! I've just got back. Anything doing?"

His eyes continued to study Peggy with an attention which she found distinctly unpleasing. Her father, however, noticed

nothing.

"I am very glad you are back," he said. "It is difficult to be in several places at once. I was just going over this tunnel business again. I think the blasting will have to start here."

"Oh, I see," Forbes said carelessly. "That would be better decided on the spot, wouldn't it? Have you taken another assistant in my absence, may I ask?"

Sir William looked up again. "Another assistant! What do you mean?"

Forbes laughed a little. To Peggy his laugh had a jarring sound. She knew instinctively why Noel did not like this man.

Sir William's look passed to Peggy. "You mean—my daughter," he said, and hesitated as if momentarily bewildered. "Didn't you know that she was coming?"

Forbes held out his hand to Peggy. "I am charmed to make your acquaintance," he said. "Yes, I had heard of your expected advent. My wife is very anxious to meet you."

She gave him her hand with a conscious feeling of reluctance. "Do you live near here?" she asked.

"Not far away," he said. "I might run you down in my car when the inspection is over. Now, Sir William! At your service! I presume the new assistant is coming too?"

"Of course she is coming too!" said Sir William, ere Peggy could reply. "She is keenly interested in it all. Are you ready, dear? Shall we go?"

Peggy looked and felt desperate for a second, then she made a bold plunge. "If you don't mind, Daddy, I'll stay behind. I have several things to do. Let me come next time if I may!"

He still looked uneasy. "I don't like leaving you," he said. "Something—might happen."

She looked up at her father with a troubled face. "I'll come of course if you want me," she said. "But I'm afraid I don't understand your engineering problems. And I think Noel will probably come some time this afternoon, and I shouldn't like to miss him. You remember Captain Wyndham, don't you?"

He frowned a little. "Oh yes—yes of course. Daisy used to be fond of him as a lad. He used to be kind to our little Peggy—to you, dear. You must do whatever you like, dear," he added, though the faint frown remained between his eyes. "You are not old enough, are you, to get too fond of him? I shouldn't like that to happen, for he wouldn't make you happy."

"Why do you say that?" said Peggy in surprise.

He looked at her with returning uncertainty. "I don't think I could make you understand, dear," he said. "He is a keen soldier and fine officer. I should not like to say anything against him. However, there are not many girls in the station, and—well, married women like to be amused, I suppose. I must be going now, or Forbes will be waiting."

MARRIED women like to be amused." What had he meant by that? What was the warning he had tried to convey? She puzzled over the matter as she sat waiting for Noel to come to her.

The next moment her father's *khitmutgar* entered and presented a salver with cards: Captain Wyndham, Mrs. Forbes.

A wave of incomprehensible agitation overwhelmed her. But a moment later, as they entered, she felt curiously cold and stiff.

The woman who preceded Noel into the room was young—possibly five or six years Peggy's senior. She moved with a lissom grace, almost as if she were dancing. Her face, olive-skinned with marvelous dark eyes, was of a beauty such as Peggy had never before looked upon. The shape of it was exquisite, the features practically faultless, unless the lips were a trifle over-full. They had the coloring of ripe cherries, and smiling, displayed teeth that shone with a pearly lustre in vivid contrast. The whole effect of her was vivid to intensity. Yet her voice was low and musical, with a languorous sound.

"I wanted so much to see you," she said. "I persuaded Captain Wyndham to introduce me. I hope you don't mind?" Her beautiful eyes [Turn to page 84]

## Individual Expression in A.L.L.U.R.I.N.G HAIR



No other hair is just like Miss Del Rio's—which speaks its own charm-story of personal good taste and personal supervision

"Oh, of course it's no secret," says Miss Del Rio. "This hair of mine which so many folks talk about and write about so kindly. I want to tell every girl who wants to know that for a long, long time I have permitted no other rinse than real, fresh lemon juice. And, to that 'lemon rinse' I credit my hair today; it is really beautiful, is it not?"

"It's so simple to reason it out why you, too, should use real lemon juice. You see, all soaps leave a thin—'viscous,' I think my hair-dresser terms it—curd on each tiny strand of hair after a shampoo."

"No—you can't remove it with water; no, not if you try it twenty times. So, I make it plain to you, that as long as soapy curds remain on the hair, why, it cannot be really clean!"

"It leaves the hair like a mat! You just can't arrange it properly! But—when you use real lemon juice, the mild, harmless, delicate lemon acid cuts the curd and away it goes in the water!"

"Then, you know you have clean hair. And, real lemon juice makes it instantly possible to regain natural gloss; pretty color is undimmed. But—be sure the lemon is real lemon. To me, that's everything."

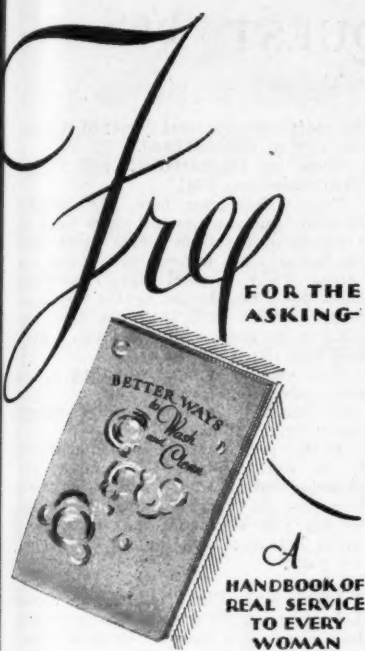
*Del Rio*

P. S. — "Tell them to do it this way," my hairdresser writes me—"Wash your hair thoroughly—at least two scapings—then rinse well to get out the free soap. Add the juice of two California Lemons to an ordinary wash bowl of water (about 4 quarts) and rinse with this, following with rinse in plain water."

"That's the way he rinses my hair."

EVERY modern woman should understand the value of real lemon juice as a toilet requisite. Send today for our informative booklet, "Lemon, the Natural Cosmetic," containing tributes from screen stars. Write your name and address on margin of this page, tear off and mail to

California Fruit Growers Exchange  
Sec. 1112, Box 530, Station "C,"  
Los Angeles, California.



THIS business of keeping things clean. Really, is there any other phase of housekeeping that takes more time and requires more hard work?

There's an easier way and a better way to perform these household tasks—the weekly wash, laundering your own dainty things, washing dishes three times a day, pots and pans, bathtub, refrigerator, cupboards, closets and woodwork. This new handbook tells the story. It was written to help you.

Pure, cleansing, mildly antiseptic, deodorizing, always safe—there is perhaps no other single product that has so many really helpful uses in washing and cleaning, as 20 MULE TEAM BORAX. This new handbook will acquaint you with methods known and followed by hosts of women—and yet unknown to thousands.

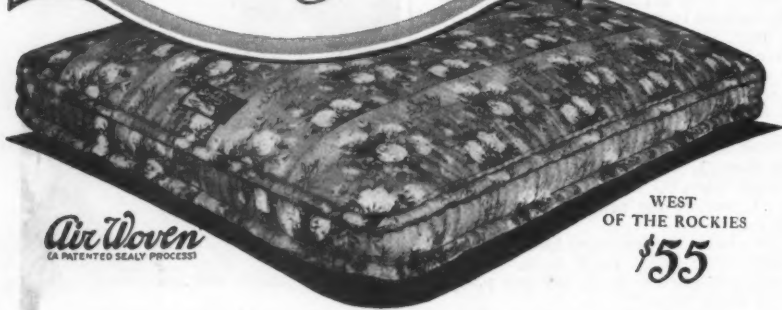
Send for a free copy right now. Learn how best to soften hard water; how to get 3 to 5 times more suds from any soap; how to whiten clothes and launder curtains, woollens, linens and all dainty fabrics with absolute safety; how to prevent that slimy ring around the bathtub; and dozens of other helps and hints that will lighten your daily tasks.

Simply request a copy of "Better Ways to Wash and Clean." Free for the asking and well worth asking for. Address Pacific Coast Borax Company, 100 William St., New York City, Dept. 535.





Did you know  
the Famous Sealy  
Tuftless Mattress  
costs only \$50.



**Air Woven**  
(A PATENTED SEALY PROCESS)

WEST  
OF THE ROCKIES  
**\$55**

**J**UST the name "Sealy" immediately brings you a sense of refinement, of luxurious and unequalled comfort—a feeling in which mere price plays no part.

And yet, the economy of the Sealy is in itself a delightful surprise to the prospective buyer. Comfort such as you never dreamed existed, nourishing, youth-preserving relaxation—these can be yours for less than three cents a night.

The Sealy Tuftless is the only Air-Woven mattress made. The natural buoyancy of pure, long staple, virgin cotton is magnified many times by the process of Air-Weaving. It so interlaces millions of tiny fibres in this famous Pillow for the Body that it retains its shape, its resiliency, and marvelous comfort through years of service.

*The* **Sealy**  
**TUFTLESS MATTRESS**

*Tune in—*  
on the  
**Sealy Air-Weavers**  
Every Tuesday Night Beginning  
September 27th—8:30 to 9 P. M.  
(EASTERN TIME) STATIONS: WFAA,  
WGR, WGY, WCAE, WWJ, WFL, WRC,  
WTAM;—AND 7:30 TO 8:00 P. M.  
(CENTRAL TIME): WEBS, WDAF,  
KED, WFAA, KVOO.



Sealy Factories located in

Atlanta, Ga.	Cleveland, O.	Houston, Tex.	Memphis, Tenn.	Richmond, Va.	San Francisco, Calif.
Baltimore, Md.	Dallas, Tex.	Indianapolis, Ind.	New Orleans, La.	Saint Louis, Mo.	Seattle, Wash.
Buffalo, N. Y.	Denver, Colo.	Kansas City, Mo.	New York, N. Y.	Saint Paul, Minn.	Sugar Land, Tex.
Chicago, Ill.	Detroit, Mich.	Little Rock, Ark.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Salt Lake City, Utah	Tigard, Ore.
	El Paso, Tex.	Los Angeles, Calif.	Pittsburgh, Pa.	San Antonio, Tex.	

## BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 83]

regarded the young English girl with frank interest.

"I am very pleased," Peggy said. "Do sit down!" She turned to Noel. "How do you do, Captain Wyndham?"

"Oh, I'm a little better now, thanks," he answered lightly. "I've been feeling rather anxious about you out here in the wilds. But since you have survived—"

"I wonder what you thought could happen to me," she said, with a lightness that matched his own.

"I suppose you have seen my husband," said Mrs. Forbes. "He has been away, but returned last night and came up to report about half-an-hour ago."

"Yes, I did see him," said Peggy. "They have gone up to the viaduct."

"Oh, the viaduct!" said Mrs. Forbes. "Nobody ever talks of anything else at this end. What shall we do about it, Miss Musgrave? I think it ought to be blown up, don't you?"

She spoke without any great animation, and Noel laughed. "She isn't so vindictive as she sounds," he told Peggy.

"No," said Mrs. Forbes. "I suppose my bark is worse than my bite—but I can bite, if I want to."

"About as hard as a month-old puppy," said Noel. "Which reminds me!" He addressed Peggy again. "Do you want a horse to ride? Because I've got one for you. Do you remember the Chimpanzee? Well, this is Chimpanzee the second, and I believe you'll love him."

"Oh!" Peggy said, with shining eyes. "How kind of you to think of that! When may I see him?"

"I'll bring him up this evening," said Noel promptly, and she saw at once that her half-formed plan to keep him at a distance was completely demolished. "We'll go for a gallop and see how you like him."

"And when are you coming to play tennis at the Club?" said Mrs. Forbes.

"I didn't know I could," said Peggy.

"Of course you can!" said Noel. "You were elected almost before you arrived. I'll take you down there this evening after our gallop, and show you round."

"I'm looking forward to meeting everybody immensely," said Peggy.

"Oh, you wait!" said Noel. "Wait till you've met the great Triumvirate—Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Hobart, and—last but not least—Mrs. Ash!"

**S**IR WILLIAM did not return to tea—an omission for which Peggy was not unprepared. She sat in the verandah when it was over, dressed for riding. When she heard the clatter of horses she rose. It was not the Noel of old who greeted her. It was a much older man—a man who understood.

"I want you to forgive me," he said, "for coming here with Mrs. Forbes today. She wanted me to come with her, and it would have been unfriendly of me to refuse."

"I think it would," said Peggy.

"Yes, I know," he said. "But I may as well tell you what you are bound to find out sooner or later. She is rather looked down upon by the military set—which is really the only set that counts. Forbes is not popular, and she has rather a rotten time. I think myself it's a shame."

"I liked her," said Peggy.

**P**EGGY found the Chimpanzee all that a girl's heart could desire. He was a small graceful creature with Arab points and a freedom of action which greatly appealed to her.

They rode out by the way that Noel had suggested—a long track that wound up the hill under the pine trees where monkeys peeped at them and fled and jays made raucous complaint of their presence.

"What a lovely place!" said Peggy.

"I thought you'd like it," said Noel.

"Does it remind you of old times?"

She nodded. "It does a little. What made you so good to me when I was such a little kid, I wonder?"

"I don't know," he said. "I think it was fore-ordained."

They went on to the point whence a glimpse of the viaduct was possible though it was far below them, as also were the

flat roofs and occasional domes of the native city of Ghawalkhand.

"Show me the barracks!" said Peggy.

"And where you live!"

"Not visible from here, I'm afraid,"

he said. "But you can just catch sight of a corner of the Club tennis-courts, and the barracks are beyond, just round the corner. There is good mugger shooting lower down the stream, by the way, and heaps of black buck up in the hills. I'm going to get some spoil next leave. I may find bear too if I'm lucky."

"Do you like big-game hunting better than going Home?" asked Peggy.

He laughed. "Under existing circumstances, yes, I think I do."

As they rode down the hillside at length in the brief twilight that heralded the darkness that already shrouded the desert distances, she felt that the good comrade by her side was more than enough to shield her from any lurking evil about her path.

**H**ERE is the Club!" said Noel. "Come along in! We shall just have time to look round, and then I'll see you home."

Ah, there is Mrs. Griffiths—and Mrs. Hobart too! By jove! What luck!

To Peggy the whole place seemed swarming with people. It was the social half-hour that immediately preceded the general dispersal for dinner.

"This way!" said Noel, as Peggy stood hesitating in shy uncertainty. "Good evening, Mrs. Griffiths! I simply had to bring Miss Musgrave in to see you. Good evening, Mrs. Hobart! Here she is!"

Peggy liked Mrs. Griffiths at sight. There was something downright and spacious about her friendliness, very warming to the newcomer's heart.

She was not so sure of Mrs. Hobart. Yet there was nothing hostile about her.

The news of her coming evidently spread, for after a few minutes, a stout, rather florid man came out to join them, at sight of whom Noel straightened himself from his lounging attitude and stood up.

Mrs. Griffiths turned her head. "This is Miss Musgrave, Herbert. You remember Captain Wyndham told us that she was coming."

"Ah, to be sure! Yes, yes! Sir William's daughter!" He shook hands with her kindly. "Well, Miss Musgrave, I hope you will manage to dig him out of his seclusion, for I'm sure it isn't good for him. And how do you like India?"

"Oh, it's just like it used to be," Peggy said. "I am getting back into the ways. I was born in India, so I am not really a stranger."

During the banter that followed, two or three subalterns came up and were introduced, and then Major Hobart strolled out, bringing with him his late tennis-partner, Mrs. Ash, to inspect the new arrival.

The latter was a small woman with quick dark eyes and a ready tongue for giving advice which had induced irreverent youngsters to dub her "Auntie." Her greeting of Peggy was brief and business-like.

Then Mrs. Griffiths asked Peggy to have tea with her next day.

"Oh, thank you very much," said Peggy.

"But I have already promised to go to tea with Mrs. Forbes."

"With whom?" said Mrs. Hobart.

Peggy looked at her. Somehow the question had a scathing note. "With Mrs. Forbes," she said. "She very kindly said that she would bring me down to the Club afterwards."

"That was very kind of her," commented Mrs. Ash.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Griffiths, with the air of one making the best of things, "you must come to me another day . . ."

Riding back up the hill with Noel, Peggy made a sudden observation. "I'm glad—very glad—that I met Mrs. Forbes first. Because, kind as they are, I believe I am going to like her the best."

**P**EGGY'S second impression of Mrs. Forbes merely deepened the first. She paid her promised visit on the following day and found her alone in the drawing-room warm with oriental [Turn to page 87]



—and that's  
why women really  
**PREFER it**

Women have an instinct about food that seldom goes wrong.

Wesson Oil, for instance . . . Here is a pure, rich salad oil. Light in color. And so delicate in flavor—so wholesome. And quite *deliciously* good to eat.

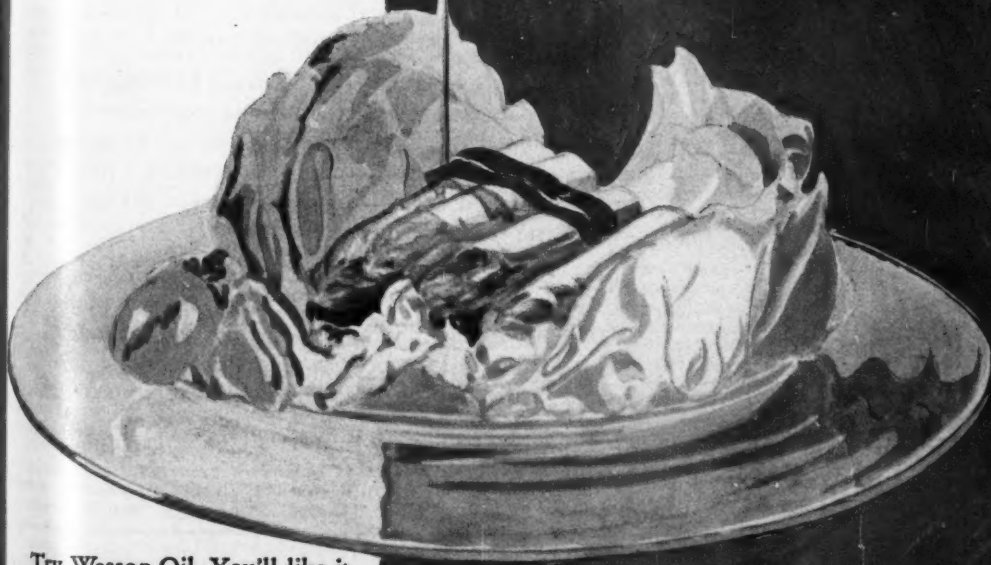
Pour some out into a glass. Hold it against the light. See how crystal clear it is—a pale straw color.

That's because Wesson Oil is not only made from the finest oil that can be obtained, but because it is refined and refined and refined until only the rich, nourishing food content is left.

Taste it . . . Wesson Oil has that exquisite delicacy of flavor that everyone likes and that tells the story of its own goodness.

Indeed, it's so good that many, many people keep a cruet of it on the table and use it on their salads and vegetables, plain, just as it is.

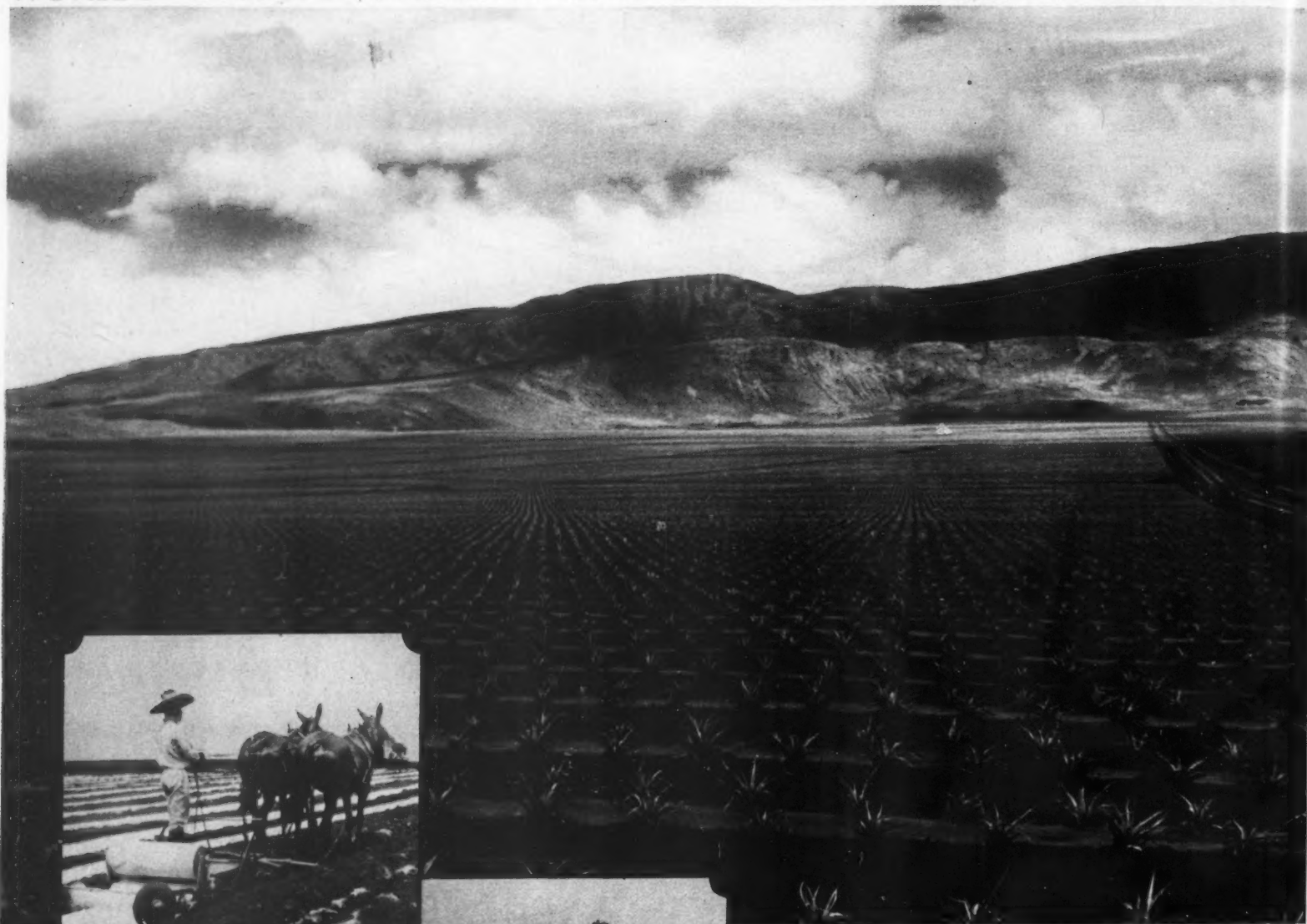
Do you wonder that Wesson Oil has become almost universally *the* salad oil? That it makes the most perfect and delicious French Dressing that ever lent piquancy to a crisp salad?



Try Wesson Oil. You'll like it.  
It's good and it's good for you.



# WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



Laying part of the 4,000 miles of mulch paper—the final step before setting out the young pineapple plants.



We plant our pineapples through paper because it banishes weeds, holds the moisture in the earth, keeps the soil at even temperature. Yes, it is costly—but it's fine for pineapples.



Would you like to read a most romantic story—try 30 new Hawaiian Pineapple recipes prepared by Good Housekeeping, McCall's and Pictorial Review? Then send for your copy of "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden"—"Jim" Dole's kingdom in the South Seas. Simply mail the convenient coupon below.

## We lay a magic carpet of paper along these endless aisles

James D. Dole, head of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company, was talking with John L. Whitmore, Vice-President in charge of plantations. "Seems to me, this new 'mulch' paper might help keep down weeds—one of our worst enemies." "I think so, too, Mr. Dole. Let's see what we can do."

It was a simple idea, but it took years to work out. "Mulch" paper wasn't perfect. So we experimented and developed it—finally planting our young pineapples right through the paper. It worked a miracle. It banished weeds—held moisture in the earth—kept the soil at even temperature.

Now, each year, we lay a magic carpet of this paper 4,000 miles long. Through it we plant 30,000,000 choice pineapple slips a year. It helps make our boundless acres as neat and weedless as a formal garden—our pineapple unbelievably perfect.

You can thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple

Honolulu  
HAWAII

**HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY**

Sales Office  
215 Market Street  
San Francisco

Free Recipe Booklet MAIL THIS COUPON TO HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CO., Dept. M-12, 215 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO

You may send me "The Kingdom That Grew Out of a Little Boy's Garden," with its 30 new Hawaiian Pineapple recipes.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Street \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# BY REQUEST

[Continued from page 84]

coloring in the midst of which she herself looked like some splendid tropical flower. She greeted Peggy with sufficient animation to convince her that she was welcome. "I was not at all sure that you would come," she said.

"But why?" said Peggy, "I said I'd come. Besides, I wanted to."

"That is the kindest thing that has been said to me for a long while," said Mrs. Forbes.

"Why are they all horrid to you?"

Mrs. Forbes uttered a sigh. "You have met my husband, haven't you?" she said. "That's one of the reasons," said Mrs. Forbes.

"Oh!" said Peggy, and felt herself color hotly.

"I'll tell you one thing," said Mrs. Forbes presently, speaking as one who follows a train of thought, "there are very few people in this station who are worth putting oneself out over. It's a continual round of tennis, racing, dancing, and cards, and through it all one vast flirtation match in which it's advisable always to think of oneself first. For it's a fairly hot place for scandal. It doesn't do to ride more than three times running with the same man if you value your reputation."

"How absurd!" said Peggy.

"Isn't it?" said Mrs. Forbes. "That's why I always do it. You see, it doesn't matter for me. My reputation went by the board long ago."

They were on the verge of departure for the Club when there came the sound of a man's feet on the verandah and Forbes walked in.

"Just in time!" he observed. "If you will wait a moment, I will take you down in the car. How are you, Miss Musgrave? Still going strong?"

The atmosphere of ease was completely dispelled, and during the brief interval that ensued the conversation was somewhat disjointed and strained.

Peggy was in fact almost on the verge of excusing herself from accompanying them and returning to her father's bungalow on the plea of fatigue when Mrs. Forbes to her amazement took her by the arm as her husband strode out onto the verandah, leading the way with a lordly disdain of convention, and murmured into her ear two words: "Humor him!"

It did not take long for Peggy to discover that to appear at the Club under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Forbes was a very different matter from dropping in under the easy escort of Noel Wyndham.

Matters improved, however, when Noel presently came upon the scene and impetuously arranged a set in which he matched Peggy and himself against Forbes and his wife.

It proved an interesting match, and very soon spectators had drifted down to watch it. Noel had set his heart upon winning, and after her first nervousness Peggy developed into an ardent and understanding partner, forgetting the critics in her zest for the game. They won.

She left the Club soon after in Mrs. Griffith's 'rickshaw, and returned to the bungalow up the hill with a warm sense of gratitude at her heart. It seemed that everyone was ready to receive her and be kind.

She entered her father's bungalow, light-footed, singing a snatch of song, and went straight to the room in which he worked, finding him as usual at his desk with the lamplight shining on his bent gray head.

She wound warm young arms about his neck. "Oh, Daddy," she said, "I have had such a lovely day."

FROM that day Peggy was an accepted member of the Ghawalkhand community.

Her first dance was at the Club, and it was here that she realized to her surprise that the popularity that had come to her on the voyage out was still hers. The subalterns vied with each other for her favors, and not only they. Major Hobart and even the Colonel himself sought her out, complimented her upon her dancing, and generally made much of her.

She was also compelled to dance with Forbes in spite of her utmost efforts to avoid him. Because of her liking for his wife which was developing into a genuine affection, she could not openly refuse.

Mrs. Forbes was beyond all disputing the best dancer in the room. Her beauty and her elegance seemed to cast a spell. Her chief partners were Noel and a senior subaltern known as "Hadlow the High-brow," whose love of dancing was almost an obsession. Peggy noticed that she did not dance with her husband at all.

A little later Noel came to her. She thought him less merry than usual and inclined to be abstracted.

They danced on with the rest, but in silence. She enjoyed that dance more than any that had preceded it, and she knew that she would look forward to her next with him with a zest which would make the intervening ones seem tedious. She was aware of a little pang, swiftly stifled, when he left her to return to Mrs. Forbes.

Later, pleading fatigue, she sat out with a young subaltern named Worthing and watched the two. A good many people were watching and presently Peggy became conscious of fugitive whispering.

Peggy spoke abruptly.

"I wonder why everyone is watching those two. Is it because they dance together so beautifully?"

He gave her a quick half guilty glance, and she noted that he did not ask to which couple she referred.

"They ought to dance well together," he said rather bluntly, "considering they're practically always doing it."

She clenched her hands tightly. Noel was of the same stuff as other men after all, and she had been a fool to imagine him otherwise.

She did not ask herself the cause of her sudden anger, or why the conviction hurt her so.

In the end she left earlier than she had intended, mainly to avoid her last dance with Noel, and went back to her father's bungalow in a state of great depression.

She found her father at his work, and with infinite tact and patience managed to detach him from it, though she strongly suspected that he would creep back to it as soon as she was safely out of earshot.

Very tired and dispirited, at length she lay down, feeling as if her whole world were awry. In her fatigue, she presently slept, but her brain could not wholly cast out the images of her waking hours. She went back to the Club in her dreams and watched Noel and Mrs. Forbes dancing.

She did not want to watch them, but something held her watching. Something was coming to her, some species of revelation hitherto undreamed of, but it was not for herself that she feared it. It was for Noel—her Noel—with whom she had been so angry only a short time before.

What was this? What was this? Before her dilated vision one of the dancers was changing—changing. Into the woman's beautiful rapt face had come a look as of some unknown element awaking. The eyes that had been half-closed were opened now, and in their depths there was a wolfish glare. They never left the man; they seemed to gloat upon him.

The music quickened; the crisis was at hand. The woman's face was the face of an animal, craving, insatiably fierce.

And still Noel did not see—could not realize—the danger.

She knew that the end was at hand, and she was powerless to help or hinder.

It came very swiftly at last—a sound as of demons laughing that ended in a wailing shriek; and she saw the animal that had been a woman leap forward upon her prey. In that instant she also saw the sudden dawning of a horror unspeakable in Noel's face . . .

She started up, gasping.

Some sound unknown and dreadful still lingered in the air—the sound that had awakened her from her vision of terror. Perhaps it was only the dim echoes to which her normal faculties had been alive. It might have been the call of a jackal. Or it might have been India once more—the mysterious and tragic—crying out in her sleep.

[Continued in JANUARY McCALL'S]

## For Christmas and for always

There is a sentiment that includes the giver in the gift, and a lasting quality of delight to enrich the years, in Wm. Rogers & Son's fine silverplate. Beauty and usefulness, that which is most prized, and at little cost for Christmas and for always.

STAINLESS STEEL STEAK CARVERS  
in lined gift box. Illustrated in Mayfair Pattern  
\$3.75 per set

FLAT SERVER  
in lined gift box. Illustrated in Triumph Pattern  
\$2.40 each

BUTTER SPREADERS  
a half dozen in a lined gift box. Illustrated in Mayfair Pattern  
\$4.40 per set of 6

INDIVIDUAL SALAD FORKS  
a half dozen in a lined gift box. Illustrated in Triumph Pattern  
\$4.80 per set of 6

Triumph Pattern Tea Spoon  
\$3.50 per doz.

THE CASE OF PLENTY  
(Illustrated above) is complete service for 8 covers with all the useful serving pieces as well—86 pieces in all—with stainless steel knives \$74.50  
Triumph Pattern shown

"PIECES OF 8"  
set in a glass bottom serving tray. 8 tea spoons, 8 table spoons, 8 medium forks, 8 medium knives, 1 butter knife, 1 sugar shell, 34 pieces in all for \$20.25  
26-piece set with tray \$18.00  
Triumph Pattern shown

The gifts illustrated can be supplied by your dealer in Triumph, Mayfair and La France Patterns

# WM. ROGERS & SON

SILVERPLATE

Quality guaranteed by

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.



## Christmas Gifts You Can Make at Home

HOW much more the gifts are treasured that you have made yourself! And what fun it is to make them when you have hundreds of suggestions to choose from and simple, easy directions to follow. This year Dennison's, headquarters always for holiday plans, have prepared instructions for a host of lovely new gifts that will provide happy hours in the making and will delight your friends.

**Pleated Lamp Shades** are the smartest new decoration for the home. You can get the pleated paper in all sizes, cover with Dennison's decorated crepe, paint with sealing wax and have shades in striking, colorful designs at such little cost that you will want to make several for your own home and for gifts. Full directions for making are sent free.

**Crepe Twist Bags**, embroidered with Dennison Crepe Twist on canvas patterns, are another new gift idea—instructions for making are free and you can get the materials at your local store.

### Get These Dennison-craft Books

These famous Dennison-craft books, all beautifully illustrated, show you how to make at home, hundreds of other unique and useful gifts:

**Sealing Wax Craft.** Shows how to make or decorate jade trees, swinging parrots, wall plaques, vases, boxes, vanity cases, and other objects.

**Crepe Paper Flowers.** Gives complete directions for making 21 different flowers, with patterns for each.

**Weaving With Rope.** Contains instructions for making baskets, trays, lamps and vases.

**The Party Magazine (Christmas Number)** is ready too, filled with ideas for happy holiday parties, games and gifts.

### Send for the Books and Free Instructions

Dennison-craft books and Dennison holiday goods are on sale at stationery, department stores and many drug stores. Or send the coupon now, checking what you want and enclosing the correct amount.

### Dennison-craft

Dept. 3-M, Framingham, Mass.

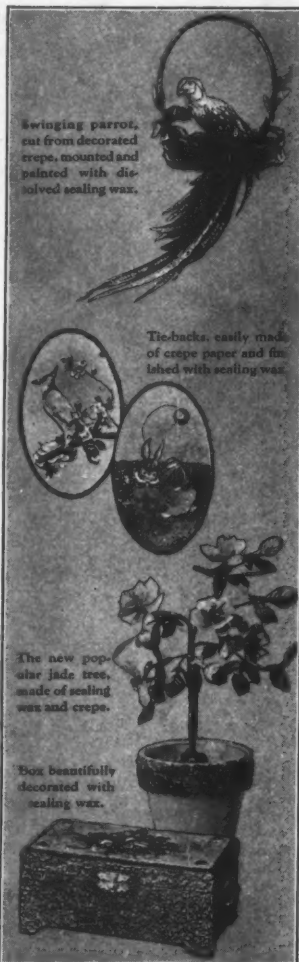
Please send me the Free Instructions and the Books I have checked. I enclose remittance to cover all.

.....Christmas Decorations, Free .....Sealing Wax Craft, 10c  
.....Pleated Lamp Shades, Free .....Crepe Paper Flowers, 10c  
.....Crepe Twist Bags, Free .....Weaving With Rope, 10c  
.....The Party Magazine (Christmas Number) 20c

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Chapped hands?

My dear, you should use Mentholatum.

You just feel it heal—

I mean you actually do!



### TRIAL OFFER

Send this coupon with 4 cents for mailing costs to Dept. M 4-Z, Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y. You will get a trial tube of Mentholatum. Feel it heal!

Name.....

Address.....

Have you ever used Mentholatum? Yes ☐ No ☐

## A POOR LITTLE RICH BOY'S CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 18)

at and fingering our toys, our parents would go to our respective rooms with us. Then we would give them the Christmas presents we had made or bought for them. We were always encouraged to make things with our hands. I had a work-room at the house, where from the age of six I was taught how to use various tools and, later, elementary chemicals. My father was an engineer and desired to encourage similar tastes in his son.

Then my parents would go to their rooms, and at a quarter to eleven we would be brought down stairs fully dressed to accompany them to church. St. Thomas', the fashionable church where we always went, was but a few blocks away; but rain or shine, snow or sleet, we always entered the brougham, drawn by two fiery chestnuts, with two men on the box, and set off, as though we were bound somewhere miles away.

Christmas morning meant large crowds outside the church, and many photographers; in fact, everybody in town who wanted to have a peep at the wealthy and their children. Two awnings were put up, from the church to the street, and as the carriages drove up, police wedged the crowd back so that they could not interfere with the passage of those going in to worship in a fashionable manner.

In church, we went into our pew, and the whole assemblage would have a chance to see us arrive. Here every Sunday during the Winter, and especially on church holidays, the most advanced creations of the season are worn, in order that everyone, rich or poor, may be given an opportunity of seeing what milady says is the fashion for that season of the year.

On Christmas we never stayed for communion, as on other Sundays. So as soon as the sermon ended we left by the front entrance. We children, my sister and myself, were sent ahead. I wore a derby hat and an Eton coat with long trousers and, when I reached the age of twelve, a top hat which I detested. One snowy Christmas a funny little ragamuffin knocked it off with a well aimed snowball. My mother was very angry, but I secretly wished for a similar opportunity. Alas! It never presented itself. The vigilance of my keepers and bodyguards was too unrelenting.

On our return from church there was a big luncheon at which all our closest relatives were present. After lunch, we had the Christmas tree—the real event of the day. Much money had been spent to make it the most beautiful private tree in New York. The tree, thirty feet high, was placed in the ballroom. Up until ten years ago, we never used electricity, so that in the candlelight it was really a magnificent sight.

We children came into the room first and were led to the foot of the tree where there were more presents for us all. Then we sang Christmas hymns. Later the older people came in, and stood about us, chatting and sipping their after-dinner coffee, and liqueurs. They gradually drifted away, to other parties they had promised to attend, while we played with our new toys.

At 3:30 every Christmas afternoon, all the servants in the house, those at the stable and garage, the crew of any yacht we had in commission, lined up backstairs with the butler and housekeeper leading, and marched in line, like soldiers, to the door of the ballroom. Here behind a large table my little sister and I stood; and as each one came up and wished us a "Happy Christmas sir, or miss," as the case might be, we handed them a box of candy and an envelope. This latter contained a check for from ten to one hundred dollars, according to their station in the household. The butler and housekeeper were given one hundred dollars apiece. My sister gave the men their presents; I gave the maids theirs. None of the fifty-four domestics ever said anything more than "thank you."

After the termination of this formality, we were hastily taken to the side door to enter the calash—a large open vehicle drawn by four horses, similar to the carriage in which the reigning monarchs of Great Britain attend the Ascot races. Shortly afterwards my parents would join us. We were not allowed to speak unless spoken to, and were supposed to rest for the strenuous evening ahead.

At 5 o'clock we came back to the house where we received guests for tea. Often as many as three hundred people filed through the house then, and to look at the presents we had all received. Some brought more gifts with them, and these also were put on display.

An hour was given to bathe again, and dress, and at 8:30 sharp we all drove up to the Chateau, as my Grandmother's, the senior Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's huge home, was called.

Dinner at my grandmother's was a sumptuous affair, and the food was very good. We children always had our share of the sweet-meats and the plum-pudding. Too, she had delicious waffles. After dinner, the children were sent home to bed; and the gown-ups sat around for an hour or so, before excusing themselves.

When I was serving as a private in the trenches in France, I used to marvel at the great love which existed between the men and their families. The first real Christmas I ever spent was with an army friend whose family was quite poor. The depth of feeling the different members of the family showed each other was totally different from anything I had seen in my home. One of his younger brothers, a bright eyed boy of nine, received a pair of skates. His joy was beyond all bounds. I am quite sure he got more fun out of them than I did from the thousands of dollars' worth of presents that were showered on me each Christmas.

It was with a feeling of inexpressible sadness that I left their humble abode, poor in material things, but richly endowed with those of the spirit. The loneliness of my boyhood flashed before me, and I vividly realized how meaningless and delusive wealth and position can be when they are not coupled with warm hearts and sincere love.

### SAINT NICHOLAS

(Continued from page 13)

he was persecuted for his faith and kept in prison until the more merciful emperor Constantine released him, and that he died a martyr. Some antiquarians assert that he was present at the celebrated Council of Nicea convened in the fourth century. But there is no proof of this assertion, and his name does not appear among those of the bishops summoned to that Council. Nevertheless in the Greek Church he ranks immediately after the great Fathers. Four hundred churches in England alone register him as their patron and this notwithstanding the tendency of Anglo Saxons to economize on their Saints.

Nicholas was born at Patara or Panthera, a city of the provinces of Lycia, in Asia Minor. His parents were Christians of illustrious descent and he was the son of their old age. His father was a wealthy

ship owner and merchant whose vessels traversed the Mediterranean conveying goods from near and far. As a boy he longed for the sea. Its challenge was in his blood. He anticipated the glad hour when he would sail the main in a tall masted vessel of his own, her sails bent to the billowing breeze. A sailor he was bound to be, despite the jeers of his companions, the warnings of his schoolmaster and the exhortations of his parents. Finally his father spoke in the decisive tone of a great man of affairs: "Let him be a sailor. The call of the sea is his divine summons." Its hard discipline matured his dawning manhood. He soon found that a life on the ocean wave was no day-dream.

Upon his parents' death of the plague, Nicholas inherited a colossal fortune. Those who supposed he would [Turn to page 89]



# SAINT NICHOLAS

[Continued from page 88]

seek the political or social preferments to which his eminence entitled him were disillusioned. Marriageable maidens who cast coy glances at Patara's young patrician received no encouragement from him. After much reflection he entered the ministry, was ordained a priest. He gave his substance to the poor, his service to the people, his life to his God. In furtherance of his piety he made a voyage to the Holy Land during which a violent storm arose. The ship's master implored his help, whereupon he prayed so effectively that the raging waves were staved.

On returning from Palestine St. Nicholas transferred his residence to Myra where he pursued a retired life of humility and service. But the eyes of the devout were on him and when the bishop of the city died they insisted that he should be elected to succeed him. Time would fail to tell of the wonders of his episcopate; how he fed the hungry, saved Myra from famine and rescued its innocent citizens from unjust penalties. Yet none of these contributions could defend him against the anger of reviving Paganism. The politicians plotted; the populace gave vent to its passions and beasts fought like men while men fought like beasts. Meanwhile the bishop tended his flock and communed with the Good Shepherd. When a drunken reveller asked him in what he found contentment during such troubled days, he answered, "I have the supreme happiness." "What is that?" inquired a cynical bystander. "The happiness that comes of joyous giving," replied St. Nicholas; whereupon his critics protested he was mad.

One does not have to reconstruct at length the details of his career. It should be clearly understood that no one of his high rank could be a holy bishop under Diocletian without exposing himself to that tyrant's vengeance. The besotted Romans supported the emperor's reprisals. Hence arose the cry in every town and city: "The Christians to the lions!" The jails were crowded with them: the public concourses were lit up at night with their burning bodies. We who sit in quiet and safety awaiting Christmas as the Birthday of the King of kings cannot easily apprehend the terrible persecutions which Nero, Domitian and Diocletian inflicted on our spiritual

ancestors. They died to make us free in a larger liberty than our political charters have bestowed. St. Nicholas is numbered among them. He became, as we have seen, bishop of Myra because his brethren recognized his superior merits. His fortune was placed at their disposal for the spread of the Faith and the relief of the poor. Henceforth he trod a path beset by countless menaces. The majority of his countrymen would have been glad to hear of his death. When it overtook him he was remote from all earthly cares. Ripened in soul by his privations and sufferings he calmly awaited the call of his Master.

Probably not all the youngsters who hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve and reluctantly march off to bed to dream of fairylands filled with prancing reindeers and the jingle of the sleigh-bells know that the well-fed Santa whose scarlet and befringed coat and baggy pants are in evidence during December is the modern representative of an ancient bishop of the Christian Church. His outlines are well nigh lost in the mists of antiquity, but Santa is very much alive and the spirit of that beloved bishop could have no finer embodiment.

Before the last change in his name, travelers invoked his protection and then started on their journey. When he hitches up for his annual trip he is encompassed by more invocations than the recording Angel can set down. If readers of McCall's could gather up into one great supplication all the faith, prayer and affection lavished on Santa's yearly trip they might transform the world's hard and selfish living.

The mere mention of his name thrills one's heart. December is as pleasant as May when Santa is near. In his presence everlasting Spring abides with never withering flowers. Let us have done with the useless chatter about forbidding him to visit us. Before we imitate those Roman rascals and turn our guns on venerable Santa, what about ignorance, prejudice, cant, hate, lies. Why not give them a short shrift? Why not have a thorough house cleaning *inside* as well as *outside*? Then he will be doubly welcome and the Christ he subserves shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

## IN CHAINS

[Continued from page 17]

be like that, stiff and hard, and forever served by Rose, on her knees, with her mouth full of pins. Well, he would see her today. She was coming home, for the two weeks that would be the Christmas holidays for her, and a time of doubly hard work for Rose.

It exasperated him to hear Rose talking about it. New curtains to be put up in Ally's room, a cake to be baked for Ally, more coal to be ordered, so that the house could be kept nice and warm for Ally.

"And now if only Tom can get back in time for Christmas!" she said.

But Captain Jarvis had a great dread of meeting his son again. For when Tom came back, either Captain Jarvis must go on wearing the apron, or he must see Tom in it. And it was intolerable to him, either way.

Again he asked himself how this shameful thing had come about. He could remember the small, the innocent beginning. It was the day that Tom had gone back to his ship. He had pitied Rose then; she had been cheerful and busy all day; she had said good-by to her man with a smile, but there had been a dreadful weariness in her face, as if she smiled and moved and breathed with a cruel effort. She had gone out to the road with Tom, and long after he was out of sight, she had stood there. And Captain Jarvis, watching her through the window, had seen in her, for that moment, a pitiful and exalted beauty, the immeasurable fortitude, the faithfulness, of the woman who sees her man go off into the world and, with mute patience, waits and waits for him to come back to her.

At last she had come into the house again; she had passed Captain Jarvis without seeing him, a blind look in her eyes. And in his compassion he had fol-

lowed her. She had gone, as if by instinct, into the kitchen.

"Let me help you, my girl," he had said.

"No, indeed, Father!" she had answered. But her lip had trembled, her eyes were misty; she had looked so small and weary, so very lonely.

"Can't you take things a little easier?" he had asked, with a sort of severity.

She shook her head, and, without looking at him, had set two irons on the stove and pulled out a basket filled with dampened clothes.

"I don't want things to be—like this for Ally," she had said. "I want her to have—a good chance—a fair start. And I want—if we can save a little—Tom could—come home to live... He could leave the sea. We could get a f-farm..."

Tom on a farm! Tom, son of a long line of sailors! But he had not said that to her; he had stood in the doorway, frowning anxiously.

"I'll just press a few things—while the supper's cooking," she had said, and suddenly a sob broke from her.

"See here!" he had cried. "Leave that! Wait till the morning!"

"I haven't time in the morning, Father!"

"Perhaps I can help you out," he had said. "I'm always up early."

"Oh, if you'd just put on the coffee, then!" she had cried. "If I could just have a cup of coffee, first thing!"

That was the beginning. He had made the coffee that morning, but he had seen what a lot of other things there were to do for breakfast, and he had learned to do them. At the end of the first week he had insisted upon paying board; she had protested, but in the end had yielded. Then she had had a toothache; she had gone about for two days, white with pain, until he had made her go to [Turn to page 90]

# The FOURSOME



## "Why don't you get a FOURSOME"

It's a nuisance when lamps and electrical appliances must "take turns" on a single outlet. There's nothing like the Foursome for multiplying the convenience of electricity in the dining room—living room—anywhere you could use more outlets than you have.

The Foursome is a beautiful new four-way outlet, complete with six-foot cord for connection with lamp socket, base or floor plug—the easiest and most practical means of making up for the lack of enough electrical outlets.

If your dealer does not carry it send us his name.

Sent postpaid with money-back guarantee upon receipt of \$2.00 in check or money order. See coupon for choice of colors.

"JUST WHAT I'VE ALWAYS WANTED"

Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.

Hartford, Connecticut

Enclosed find \$2.00 for FOURSOME. Check color desired. Black, Mahogany, Walnut, Onyx, Green, Lacquer Red.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

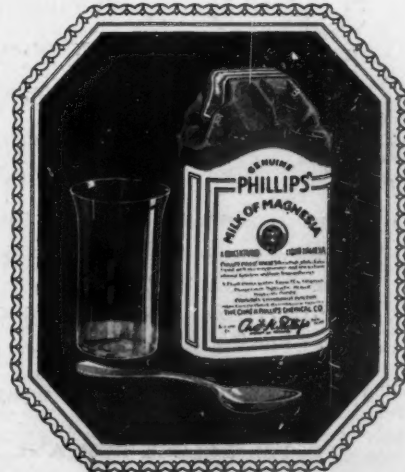
Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

# Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

For over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians as a harmless antacid, laxative, and corrective in conditions attended with acidity of the stomach and intestines, with heartburn, sour eructations, sick headache and flatulence; and in other complaints attended with sour stomach, biliousness and constipation.

Millions have found it ideal, because it is harmless, almost tasteless, mild in operation and never causes nausea, griping or the slightest inconvenience.

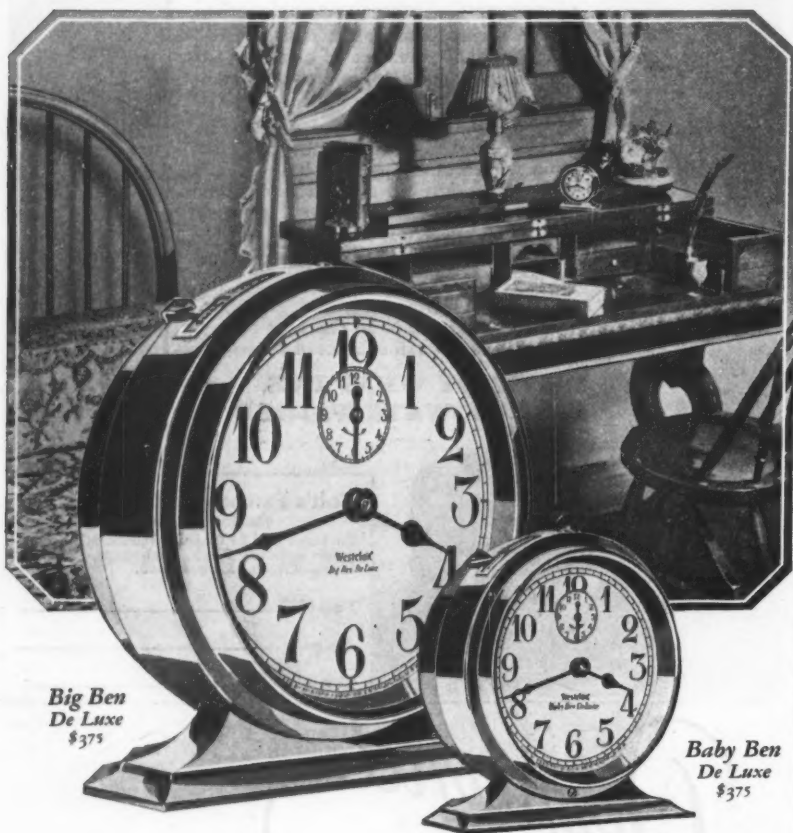


"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

# Westclox

## New de luxe models



# ...for Christmas!



Correct time and  
a sure alarm are  
necessities in  
every household

THESE attractive new Westclox are appropriate and welcome gifts. They can be relied on for correct time and a sure alarm. Their unusual beauty is becoming to any room in the home.

Big Ben De Luxe and Baby Ben De Luxe are designed on a new principle. They stand firm and solid, which adds to their long life. Underneath, there's felt-cushioning for protection.

Sold everywhere for \$3.75. With luminous night-and-day dial, \$5.00.

Prices slightly higher in Canada

WESTERN CLOCK COMPANY, LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

Factory: Peru, Illinois. In Canada: Western Clock Company, Limited, Peterborough, Ont.

## IN CHAINS

[Continued from page 89]

the dentist and had insisted upon paying the bill. Then the roof leaked, and he had found her up on a ladder, making some preposterous attempt to stop up the ceiling, and he had paid to get that job done.

And all the time, no matter what he did, she was just as hurried and anxious, worked just as hard. A horrible life, he thought; inhuman; there was never an hour of the day when the house was serene.

So different from his own old home, that little white cottage on the coast... He could not remember it without a stab of pain, yet he loved to remember it. His haven, it had been, a place of sweet content and tranquillity. His wife had never seemed busy; there had never been anything brisk and preoccupied about her. Such a gentle woman, and so bonny, with her shining brown hair and her smiling eyes.

"She didn't 'manage' the house," he thought. "She lived in it. She was happy there. And so was Tom. And so was I."

Again and again he made up his mind to get away from this life.

"I could send Rose a little money every month," he would think.

But after his own expenses were paid, what he could send would be too little.

"She couldn't manage," he would think. "Not this month, with more coal to be bought."

And every month there was something else, and, try as he would, he could not escape becoming absorbed in these affairs of Rose's.

"Never did before..." he would think, dismayed.

He had been a husband and a father and a householder himself in other days, but he had not been troubled by things like this. Never! Never had put on a pot of water to boil, never so much as saw the household bills. When he had come home, he had been made comfortable, like an honored guest.

"If Kate had lived..." he thought. "She could have talked to Rose. This—it's not right! It's—like a treadmill!"

How could he get off it? For three months he had been waiting for it to stop, even for a moment, but it ground on and on, this anxious, ungracious life of futile work. And it was going to be worse now, with Ally coming home.

"I've got to clear out!" he thought. "This would be a good time—while Rose has the girl with her."

He went to the window and looked out, so that he need not see Rose, but he could hear her quick, light step behind him. Of course she could not sit down and eat the breakfast prepared for her. It was impossible for that woman ever to be at peace. The treadmill was grinding away, and he was caught in it, a lamentable figure, shorn of dignity. That was how the girl Ally would see him.

"No!" he cried in his soul. "It can't be like this! I've got to clear out!"

A reckless, a mad idea occurred to him. He would go to Hervey, the junior partner in the shipping firm, and he would ask for an advance on his pension, and he would give the money to Rose and get away. Even if his income were reduced to half, it would be better. Perhaps he could get a job as watchman down on the docks, and live in a little room, alone, in peace, a man's life.

"Rose!" he began abruptly, for he was not accustomed to diplomacy. It had been his habit to deliberate matters alone, and then to give orders.

"Yes, Father?" said Rose.

He looked at her. No; it was not possible to tell her, just now.

"I'll wait until I've got the money," he thought. "She's—she's a good woman. I don't want to hurt her. A good, kind woman..." And aloud: "I think I'll go into the city today," he said. "Something to attend to."

He spoke with such dignified reserve; impossible to imagine that he was planning to run away. Yet he saw something very like suspicion in Rose's face.

"Father!" she said.

"Well, my girl?"

She got up and came over to him.

"Father!" she said. "Don't do it!"

He was terribly taken aback; he could

not speak at all, could only look down at her face in conscience-stricken silence.

"I know you're planning something for Christmas!" she went on. "Please don't, Father! You've done so much..."

Heaven knows what he would have said to her then, so moved was he by her pitiful mistake, by her face, by the touch of her work-roughened hand on his sleeve. But it was at this moment that Ally arrived, and he was saved.

A taxi had stopped before the door, and the girl got out, and rushed into the house like a whirlwind. Because he knew that she was studying to be a school teacher, and because of his observation of that obnoxious dress-form, Captain Jarvis had expected Ally to be a stiff, cool, dictatorial young person. Well, she was not. She was a little, glowing, dark thing, with a sand-colored hat pulled down over one eye, and a fur coat, and a very short skirt. She was as pretty as a picture, but he was not going to be influenced by that.

"Handsome is as handsome does!" said Captain Jarvis to himself.

She took off the little hat and flung it across the room, and seized her mother in a fierce hug. He saw then that her hair was cut short, and he did not like that.

"Frisivolous!" he said to himself.

And when at last she noticed him, and turned toward him, he held out his hand with the manner of that Captain Jarvis who had been a man of dignity and supreme authority.

"Hello, Grandpa!" she said, in her light little voice. But he saw that she was impressed, perhaps even a little alarmed.

"Very glad to see you, Ally!" he observed.

And then he realized that he was wearing that apron.

It was one of the bitterest moments of his life. For a moment he stood staring straight before him, over the top of her head. Then he untied the apron, slipped his arms out of it, and laid it on the window-seat.

"By Heaven!" he said to himself.

"That's the end!"

The taxi driver had come up on the porch with Ally's bags. Captain Jarvis opened the door.

"Wait a moment!" he said. "You can take me to the station."

He went up the stairs and got his hat and overcoat. And, as he closed the door, gave a last look at the meager little room.

"That's the end!" he said again.

When he came down, Ally was in the kitchen with her mother.

"Father!" cried Rose. "Going..."

"You'll be back for dinner, of course?"

"Yes, I'll be back for dinner," he answered.

"Wait!" said Rose, and darted off, and came back again with a woolen muffler of Tom's. "Do wear it!" she entreated. "This damp, raw weather..."

He thanked her and put the thing around his neck. He meant to take it off as soon as he was out of her sight, but he did not.

It did him good to buy a ticket and get aboard the train. He felt a free man once more, going about his business among other men. He bought a newspaper, but he did not read it. He was steeling himself for the almost insufferable thing he had to do. Not before in his life had he ever asked for money.

It was bitter beyond measure to him to do this. But he could not go, leaving Rose in difficulties, and go he must and would. Three hundred dollars was the sum he had decided upon. If he could get that for her, she could have those storm-windows put up, and new linoleum for the kitchen.

He frowned. Never mind what she did with it. It would relieve her of financial anxiety for months, and he would be free.

It had begun to snow when he reached New York. And, though in no circumstances would he have admitted it, the air, thick with whirling flakes, the roar and speed of the monster city, disconcerted him. He felt, among the crowds, among the thousands and thousands of unknown people, very much alone, and, for the first time, it came to him that now he was homeless. Always before, in any port, there had been his ship and his own cabin to go back to, but not [Turn to page 93]





# ROYAL

## fruit flavored

# GELATIN



*The juice of 35 raspberries*

*The juice of 25 cherries*

**N**OW at last—a gelatin that really tastes of fresh fruit! The juice of 35 raspberries flavors each package of Royal Raspberry Gelatin. The juice of 25 cherries in Royal Cherry—every one of the flavors of Royal Gelatin is rich and refreshing and *true* because all of them come from the fresh fruit itself.

You will prefer Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin, for its quivering tenderness—because it whips beautifully like heavy cream—unmolds cleanly and perfectly—and because it has not the slightest trace of gummy taste or odor. This superiority of texture and of flavor

is just what you would expect of a product made by the makers of Royal Baking Powder. Yet it costs no more.

### *Purest and Best for Children*

The special need of pure gelatin in the diet of children—as a protein—as a digestive aid—as a principle of growth—which is being stressed by food experts everywhere is supplied ideally by Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin. Ask for it in the red package, the same color as the baking powder can. Five Fresh Fruit Flavors: Cherry, Raspberry, Strawberry, Lemon and Orange.



The moment you open the package, you recognize the entrancing fragrance of the fresh fruit which gives it its *true* rich flavor. You know it is different from anything you've ever bought before.

**ROYAL FRUIT WHIPS**—This delightfully simple means of varying your desserts is also a rigid test of the quality of the gelatin. Prepare as for clear gelatin, but when it is almost set, surround the bowl with cracked ice or very cold water and whip with a rotary egg beater until frothy like whipped cream. Chill and serve.



**IT UNMOLDS EASILY** and beautifully! Just hold the edge of the mold containing the firm Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin with both hands and dip it up to the very rim into warm (not hot) water while you count to 10. Now place a plate face down on the mold, reverse quickly, then lift off the mold and serve immediately.

As you pour on the boiling water the gelatin has no slightest gummy odor or taste—just that same warm fragrance—that same mellow, fruity taste—that the fruits themselves have in the sunshine.



# COLOR in Zippers

now introduces fascinating possibilities of costume harmony

THE new Zippers are ready for you in smart tweeds, in rich beige, in dainty grays, in brown stripes, in tan, in sand, in black, in mottled shades—surely an array to delight the feminine love of color.

So glove-like and trim are they, that they set off the foot and ankle with slender symmetry, enhanced by the gleaming vertical line of the HOOKLESS FASTENER.

Women who set the style will choose several pairs of Zippers, in harmony with their different costumes. It is really economical when you consider the cost of the dainty shoes which Zippers so cleverly protect. See the new styles at fifty thousand department and footwear stores, or write for the 16-page "Goodrich Zipper Color Harmony Guide."

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, Established 1870, Akron, Ohio  
In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ontario

WET pavements hold no threat of colds for the woman whose feet are protected by graceful Zippers. Below, you see the all-wool Gray Tweed, in a pattern woven for Goodrich exclusively.



SEE how the top of this new Lo-N-Hi Zipper folds down when desired. You can only do this with the flexible HOOKLESS FASTENER found on genuine Zippers. This featherweight, glove-like Zipper comes in Beige, Black, Gray—with harmonized rayon linings.



Listen In every Wednesday night, Goodrich Radio Hour 9:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over WEAF and the Red Network.

THIS year, the Lo-Zippers come just a little higher on the ankle—giving a slender charm to the foot which wears them... at the left is the new Striped Top Tan. The same style also comes in Gray.

## Caution!

ALL are not Zippers that close with a sliding fastener. Look for and find the name Zipper on the flap—and be sure of authentic Goodrich style, as well as the HOOKLESS FASTENER which cannot rust, stick, or loosen.

ANOTHER exclusive all-wool Tweed pattern, in Tan, is shown in these Lo-Zippers.

SEND for complimentary copy of Hazel H. Adler's GOODRICH ZIPPER COLOR HARMONY GUIDE, containing the Taylor Color Harmony Chart, which shows the authentic color combinations of Zippers, shoes, hose, dresses and accessories. Address Zipper Dept., Desk M.



# ZIPPERS

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

ARE MADE ONLY BY

# Goodrich



## IN CHAINS

[Continued from page 90]

any more. Not again. He belonged nowhere. It was not right; it was not good. "I'll find myself a room before I go back to Rose," he thought.

He took the Subway downtown, and in due course of time, stood in the presence of Hervey, the junior partner.

"Well, Captain Jarvis!" said Hervey. "What can I do for you? Sit down!"

Captain Jarvis' dignified air did not desert him, but the words he meant to say stuck in his throat. Hervey waited, and again he was conscious of a queer discomfort.

"Have a cigar?" he said. "Thank you!" said Captain Jarvis. It helped him, that cigar, made him feel more himself.

"I'll tell you frankly, Mr. Hervey," he said. "I want to raise some money."

Hervey flushed a little. "Confounded shame . . ." he thought. "A fine old fellow like that . . . You can see how it goes against the grain. . . Used to be a bit of a nabob, too, in his way. . . I see!" he said, aloud. "Well, we're all pretty much in the same boat, this time of the year. Christmas—Lord! I've got a wife and three young ones, you know . . . Whew! You have a family, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Captain Jarvis. He saw that Hervey was trying to make things easy but he would have preferred more bluntness, so that there might be an end. "It's a considerable sum I'm wanting," he went on. "I thought it might be arranged that I could draw on my pension in advance. I—" He paused. "It was three hundred dollars I had in mind."

Hervey was silent for a moment, his florid face turned aside. This was a request that it was impossible to grant. The senior partner would never consent.

But, all the same, he did it. Captain Jarvis left the office with a check in his pocket, and no idea as to what he owed to Hervey's good will. Simply a matter of business, he thought it.

But he did not feel so very business-like. He remembered how his wife used to say that money burned a hole in his pocket. So it did!

He went up-town again, to get himself some lunch in the only restaurant he ever visited. And all the shop-windows were filled with Christmas wares.

"Better deposit this check!" he said gravely to himself.

So he went to his bank. But he took some of it in cash, a tidy sum. And he bought presents.

Very particular, he was, in selecting them. None of your second-rate things for Captain Jarvis. He bought a hundred cigars for Tom; he bought a wrist-watch for Rose, and he bought for Ally a lovely little Italian silk shawl. She didn't deserve it, but it would suit her dark, vivid style. And incurably lavish, he bought a five-pound box of chocolates, and some crystallized fruits, and a bowl of blue luster ware that took his fancy, and a little glass box that had a parrot's head on the lid.

He forgot to look for a room. When his shopping was done, he went to the Pennsylvania Station and took the train home.

The dusk of the short December day had come. He was smoking a cigar he had bought, and he was filled with a great content.

"The chocolates—and the bowl—and the box—" he thought. "Might as well open them this evening."

He never had been able to keep his Christmas presents until the proper time. He would bring something to Kate and say it was meant for Christmas, and then he would have to show it to her, after all, to see her face.

He got out of the train with all his packages, and went toward the taxis. But, on the snowy evening, they were in great demand; there was only one left when he got there, and almost at the same time, another passenger arrived.

"Both goin' the same way?" asked the driver.

Captain Jarvis gave his address.

"Same house," said the other, and got in beside him.

Captain Jarvis caught a glimpse of him by the strong light in the station shed; a

good looking young fellow, slender and strong, but with a look of resolution on his face that made it almost grim.

"Same house, eh?" said Captain Jarvis. "Yes, sir," said the young man. "I'm going to see Miss Jarvis."

"Ah . . . !" said the Captain. "Do you—know Miss Jarvis?" asked the young man, abruptly.

"Yes," said Captain Jarvis, equably. "She's my granddaughter."

"Oh, she is?" said the young man, and again there was silence.

They were out in the country now. "My name's Craig, sir," said the young man. "I'm an electrical engineer."

"Ah!" said Captain Jarvis again, and smiled to himself in the dark. "She's very young. Not more than nineteen . . ."

"Lots of girls marry at nineteen," said the young man.

"I know . . ." said Jarvis.

He was thinking that Rose had married at nineteen. Ally—such a pretty little thing—not such a crime, after all, for nineteen to be a bit frivolous . . . His own Kate had been so fond of pretty clothes.

"I thought I'd come—" said Craig. "Once more."

Something in this speech displeased Captain Jarvis.

"That's not the way to go about it, my lad," he said.

"I know it isn't," said Craig, and his voice was not altogether steady. "But—well—I can't understand her, that's all."

"She's a woman," said Captain Jarvis. "You've got to have tact—patience—sympathy."

"Yes, sir," said young Craig. "That's all very well. But there's one thing—I won't be under any woman's thumb. I—"

The taxi had stopped before the little house; the friendly lights were shining from the windows. With an authoritative gesture, Captain Jarvis waved aside the young man's attempt to pay for the cab, and went up the path with his bundles.

And it came to him suddenly that here was his home, the women of his family, whom it was his duty to protect and his delight to surprise with presents. He opened the door softly and went down the hall, and there in the kitchen he saw Rose, sitting at the table, peeling potatoes, and Ally, whom he had called frivolous, Ally was at the stove, wearing the rubber apron.

Go away from them? He had come home to them with presents, just as he used to go to Kate. And just as he gave all his money to Rose now, so had he once given it to Kate.

This idea astounded him. He stood still, in the hall, with the bundles in his arms, and he realized, with a sort of stupefaction, how Kate had used to manage him. The gentlest, sweetest woman in the world—yet he remembered the guilty uneasiness with which he had faced her when he had spent too much.

"I was—under her thumb!" he said to himself, amazed. "Never suspected it—but I was! Upon my word!"

"There's Grandpa!" cried Ally, turning. "Oh! What have you got, Grandpa?"

"Never you mind, my girl!" he said, firmly. "Here's a young man come to see you—"

"I know that blue paper!" said Ally, in triumph. "It's a box of candy!"

And rushing up to him, she gave him one of her bear's hugs.

"Here now! Here now!" he said, sternly, but his hand touched her little cropped head very gently.

He went into the dining-room, and set his packages down on the table.

"Father!" said a voice. It was Rose, who had followed him. "Whatever have you been buying?" And it might almost have been Kate speaking.

"Presents!" said he.

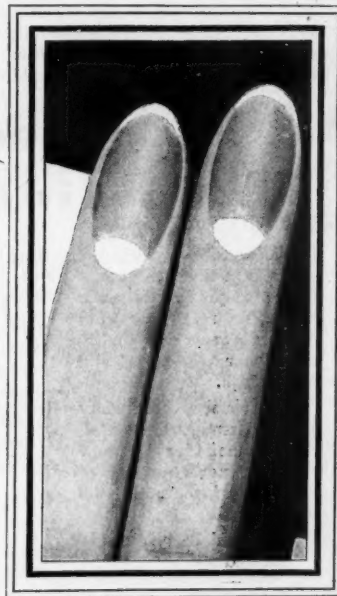
"Father! You shouldn't—"

"Look!" said he, and unwrapped the watch and the blue bowl and the box with the parrot's head on it. And tears came into her eyes, so great was her pleasure.

The door into the kitchen was open. He glanced in there, and he saw Craig, that resolute young man who was never going to be under any woman's thumb, sitting at the table, peeling potatoes, absently, his eyes following little Ally. Saw him wearing the rubber apron!

## FOR SHAPELY ALMOND NAILS

"Remove the dead cuticle  
Supply the missing oils"



Your nails cannot be shapely with ugly, dead cuticle clinging around the edges. Remove it with the safe antiseptic Cutex. Moisten the nail base and just wipe away every shred of dead cuticle

Then restore to the cuticle the oils it lacks with Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil. Massage it in after the Remover to keep the cuticle soft and pliant, to make the nails almond shaped and to show the pretty half moons

**N**ORTHAM WARREN, the great authority on the manicure, says everyone can have the lovely almond shaped nails that give aristocratic slenderness to the whole hand.

It is simply a matter of caring for the cuticle properly.

**First**—As the cuticle grows up on the nail and dies, it must be removed—but never by cutting. Wet the nail base with the safe, antiseptic Cutex Cuticle Remover. Then the disfiguring dead skin can be just wiped away.

**Second**—The cuticle lacks the oils that keep the rest of the skin soft. The only way to keep it shapely is to supply the missing oils. Do this with

either of Mr. Warren's wonderful new preparations—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil. Almost immediately the cuticle is pliant, the pretty half moons show, the nails are almond shaped.

Use the Oil or Cream in your regular manicure after the Remover. Smooth it on every night, at first. No longer will you envy others their charming aristocratic finger tips. Your own will be so pretty.

Full sizes are 35c each at toilet goods counters. Or send 10c with the coupon below for samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover with this special new Cream and Oil. If you live in Canada, address Dept. FF-12, 1101 St. Alexander St., Montreal. Northam Warren, New York, London, Paris.

Mail coupon for new way today



I enclose 10c for samples of Cutex Cuticle Cream, Oil, Remover, etc., enough for 6 manicures.  
Northam Warren, Dept. FF-12  
114 West 17th St., New York

## new! pond's skin freshener



The makers of Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams offer two delightful new preparations to complete the Pond's Method of caring for the skin.

Pond's Skin Freshener, the most delicious thing you've ever known, closes the pores, tones the skin, keeps it firm and fine. And a special ingredient heals all roughness.



Use it after every cleansing with cold cream as part of your complete Pond's Method. It leaves your skin delightfully cool and refreshed, free from any lingering trace of cold cream—\$1.00.

## new! pond's cleansing tissues



Large, absorbent, firm, yet softer than fine old linen—Pond's simply had to make them for removing cold cream. Women have fairly begged for tissues soft and fine enough.

Ample in size, these dainty Pond's Tissues absorb all oil and moisture immediately, never tearing or rolling into ineffectual little balls.

Packed in two sizes—25c and 50c.

**New 14¢ Offer!** Send a dime and 4 cents in stamps for samples of Pond's Skin Freshener, Pond's Cleansing Tissues and Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams—enough to last a week. Fill out and mail the coupon.

The Pond's Extract Company, Dept. Z  
1111 Hudson St., New York City.

Enclosed find dime and four cents in stamps for samples of Pond's Skin Freshener, Cleansing Tissues and Two Creams.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

### for Christmas Gifts Kiddie Frocks

AND many other Nu-Way easy-to-make styles for children and grown ups, suggestions for home draperies, hats; many practical ideas—all found in the new

### BARTONS BOOK of Tempting Trims

Save dollars. Send ten cents and name of your favorite dry goods store, and receive your copy of this money saving book, together with actual samples of fancy trims of Bartons Everfast Bias—made from Genuine

#### Everfast

wash fabrics—no washing instructions needed.

Remember, there's a suitable, easily applied bias trimming in Bartons line to decorate any garment or needlecraft item. Send today.

Bartons Bias Company  
75 Madison Ave., N. Y.  
Showing Bartons No. 1248 Pinstriped with Ladder Stitch

Directions for making the applique on little frocks given in our book. Send 10¢



## Loosen Up Chest Colds

### Just Rub Away Danger

When your lungs are congested and you have a hacking cough watch out! Rub Musterole on the sore spot. There's nothing better for quick, safe relief. Musterole penetrates the skin bringing a soothing, cooling sensation and welcome relief.

Recommended by doctors and nurses. Musterole relieves cold in chest, sore throat, bronchitis, aches and pains in the back and joints. Keep Musterole handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

### Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for free distribution by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU  
SUITE G-308 GOOD HEALTH BLDG.  
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

### DELIGHTFUL XMAS GIFTS

NAME stamped in Gilt letters on Pencils and Case—FREE.

Quality Lead Pencils, made by Eberhard Faber, in all Sets



No. 1—Six Pencils (assorted polishes) in genuine Leather Coin Pocket Case with NAME engraved on each pencil and Case—78 cents

No. 2—Three Pencils and Case—Name engraved as above—40 cents



No. 3—Three Pencils (fancy polishes) Name Engraved—Xmas box—25 cents

No. 4—Box of Six Pencils—48 cents No. 5—Box of Twelve—88 cents

Order by No. Print out Names. Send Check or Money Order.

Prices include Parcel Post. For Guaranteed Delivery add 10 cents.

BALLARD PENCIL CO. Dept. 428 250 W. 54 St.  
New York, N. Y.

## THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 23]

"I've bullied this young person to be the model in the first act. Think of me, an inky desk-man, going to step out in the provinces after all these years—"

"Of course you must say yes," gushed Telva. "The Players is my child—it was born in room 84 of the Hotel Lenox—a good, lusty infant with six charter members for nurses and sponsors. It has grown until we have almost two hundred. Come along, Carol, think how superb you'll feel propped up on a modelling block and draped with the swankiest sheets in town."

"Of course you are going to," was all Ames said; Carol did not seem to notice.

It was not until the rehearsal was well under way with Blair directing, acting and sampling the cocktails while Telva and Sam Russel indulged in verbal battles as to the matter of lighting that Ames managed to draw Carol aside and say imperiously:

"Why didn't you tell me that you knew him—at least well enough to go to that sort of a place for dinner?"

"Why should I?" was Carol's cool reply. "Why didn't you tell me that you were going to be there?"

"But you've refused every invitation I've mustered up the courage to extend—you've been unapproachable to me and to my mother as well. Think that's quite fair?"

"I've stopped thinking for now. I'm playing this model thing for two reasons—guess them!"

"Because we can see each other more often and because you're the most beautiful model these morons could ever hope to find!"

"Wrong. Because I want to please Blair and because I find that you are right—I'm lonesome. I'd run back to the woods and brood unless I did something like this."

"Why didn't you tell me that you had changed your mind?" In the dark of the studio corner it seemed as if they were alone. Carol sat in a carved, high-backed chair looking soberly at Ames' puzzled face.

"You are not frank with me," he complained. "You seem to know Blair rather well," Ames spoke with constraint. "When did all of this happen?"

"It began by my eating lunch and he breakfasting at the same unfashionable place. For days we sat vis-à-vis, indifferently passing the salt and sugar. One day he began about the weather. Then it was Dalefield's lack of cosmopolitanism, then it was the woods. All the time it seems that he knew who I was—then I found out who he was—then we talked about you."

"I hope I came in for an occasional word."

"Not many—still, Blair is fond of you," she admitted. "Failure that he is, he wants to see you a success."

Telva glided over to claim him. "Your wren wants a flight," she ordered. "I'll send Sam to you, Carol. Try to find out if he insists upon having the straw-colored lights for the second act. If he does I'm

going to turn a searchlight on his conscience." She drifted off in Ames' arms as the saxophone quivered and the drum beat.

AT midnight Ames drove Blair and Telva and Carol to the little red jewel box where Stanley was waiting. It was a hazy, sultry night and they lingered by the garden pool to sip iced drinks as the stars faded.

Stanley betrayed no surprise when Blair was introduced as the "savior of the Town Players," the "angel-duck who would carry the day," nor did she know anything but enthusiasm when Carol was announced as the model for the first act.

After the young things went into another room to pick up something on the radio, Blair's head turned to regard Stanley. Without preliminaries he began:

"Time flies; we are almost too old to do any more mischief."

Stanley made a deprecatory gesture. "That girl is the right sort—meaning Carol," Blair added, "Why not take Telva out of the combination?"

"You must suffer from hallucinations." Stanley broke a flower into useless bits and dropped it slowly into the pool. "Under the stimulus of drink you are even bitter toward me—"

"Bitter? Good Heavens, if these flip-pant young things knew, even the ruthless Telva, they would not attempt to outdistance your feats. If I realize that my life is shot you won't admit that yours is lived. You are still scheming, dominating, warning. You want to keep the boy in his cradle; you disguise it in the form of an eight-cylinder car."

"That is pathetic impudence." She spoke in the slow, cold voice she had sometimes used when speaking to Van Zile. "You are as amusing as you are absurd—I should take a man who picked my pocket more seriously."

Vehemently he blundered on that she was walking roughshod over her son even as she had walked roughshod over her own generation, this talented boy who could go far with the right person by his side.

"Carol is such a person," said Blair.

"Hers is the ability to make one express the best within him without that abject sacrifice of self or the parasitical influence which blights. Ames needs just such a some one. All of his life he has had your cloying self directing, what he was to do and say and be. He has not given you loyalty but blind devotion. You crave endlessness, Stanley, not eternity. You flinch from conclusions. But age will soon stand in your way—then what? It is around the corner from us both," Blair added thoughtfully. "Here we sit, after the stress of noonday, I with an ancient festering wrong and you on the defensive lest I save some one whom you are crushing so exquisitely . . . You hold me in contempt—I am everything which spells failure in your eyes. You don't fancy for a moment that I could become formidable . . . Well, I agree with you. I can only plead that the boy go free and Carol go with him. Once I [Turn to page 95]

## THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 24]

mitted twenty-nine miles to the large industrial region of Liège. It may be of interest to Americans to know that this undertaking, as well as many others throughout Europe, was initiated and is being directed by D. N. Heineman whose achievements are but little known to his fellow countrymen, but who in fact is one of the most remarkable Americans of today.

French influence in a large part of Belgium is strong. If war should come by any mischance within the next ten years between France and another power, Belgium, almost of necessity, would have to join France.

It is pleasant to find, during these days when there is so much unrest in governments and dissatisfaction with rulers, the admiration and affection in which the Belgian people hold King Albert. His conduct and courage during the war and since have appealed to citizens in every walk of life. He appears to be entirely without fear, and this in itself is a quality which

humans admire most.

Some two years ago when there was a ministerial crisis in Belgium it was my good fortune to be with the King when it came to a happy termination. After signing the commissions for the new Government he remarked that when the crisis was at its worst stage he did sums in higher mathematics, just as others would read light literature in order to divert the mind. This illustrates the man and indicates his mental processes.

Happy in its present condition, happy in its outlook for the future, happy in the possession of such a monarch, there is but one cloud hanging over the inner consciousness of the nation and that is the shadow of future wars in which it may helplessly be involved. Deep down in their hearts the Belgians want peace more than any other thing, and one finds nowhere in all the world prayers more fervent for the continued success of the League of Nations than in this heroic little kingdom.





## Spare Yourself Embarrassment



Use a salt you know will always pour

It's a serious problem of conduct for guests when the salt refuses to pour. Usually they make a polite pretense of shaking the salt cellar . . . and then go saltless! Embarrassing, isn't it? And so unnecessary. For Morton's Salt Pours freely in any weather. And such flavor! Zesty, snappy, even, because each tiny crystal dissolves separately. Ask your grocer for Morton's Salt . . . in the triple-wrapped package with the handy spout. Morton Salt Co., Chicago

## MORTON'S SALT

WHEN IT RAINS—IT POURS

30 to 38 is the danger period, the time of life when any child may easily contract simple goiter. Why needlessly risk your children's health when the regular use of Morton's Iodized Salt will protect it.



PLAIN OR IODIZED

## THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 94]

begged you to think of my love for you—now I ask you for your son—"

The silence was broken by the sounds of an old-time waltz and a jubilant cry from the young people that it was Oakland "coming in as clear as a bell!"

The tinkly music box tune—"Invitation to the Waltz," no less—brought to these middle-aged enemies sentimental memories; like faint perfume from an old rose jar there lingered an aroma of romance and charm. Stanley's terrier muzzled Blair's hand as if to plead for her.

The Oakland station had finished its program and the young people were returning to them. A debate about seeing Carol and Telva home resulted in Ames' driving everyone to his or her respective destination and coming back at a thoroughly disreputable hour to find his mother still awake beside the pool in the garden.

"Mia," he began in alarm, "did you fall asleep here and waken when I drove in?"

"No," holding up her face for a kiss.

"Why this morning vigil?"

"I wanted to think," she confided seriously, ignoring the fact that Ames had been drinking. "It was about you and your friend, Blair. He tells me that you must go far away and take some one along with you who is as independent and beautiful as Carol. You'd probably build a cabin and start in raising crops and killing queer snakes, yes, drastic all that," the dawn showed a weariness in her face which was impressive.

"Blair's an impudent grouch," Ames excused, sitting beside her. "His favorite indoor and outdoor sport is interfering in other people's affairs."

Then after a silence Ames said, "For a long time—ever since I—well, for some time I've felt as if I had frittered away time. I have decided to go back to school and really study. I want to enter Columbia this year. Telva will be willing to wait."

At sunrise Stanley was still awake, attributing Ames' new resolution to Carol, wondering as to Carol's technique and blaming herself for having failed to become her confidante.

**S**HORTLY after her night of brooding Stanley stopped at Sam Russell's office regarding an investment matter of which Ames knew nothing, Sam a little and Stanley almost everything. Mr. Russell was out of town. Should she speak with Miss Clive, who was his assistant these days and no longer his secretary?

Her curiosity piqued, Stanley consented. Her reward was to face a new, fascinating Carol. In that instant the older woman experienced a thrill of adventure. Telva's Japanese face with the coil of shining black hair above it came to Stanley's mind as she studied this electrified Carol whose hair had been cut in an above-the-ears shingle and whose frock was an amusing English print made with old flares and flounces. She was adjusting a floppy hat of periwinkle blue, an untrimmed, distinctive thing.

An impressive finger ring, an octagonal wrist-watch, shoes and stockings of rose nude shade, a touch of rouge on her cheeks and one of lipstick on her mouth and a daringly embroidered wrap, one of Valja's gifts, completed Carol's costume.

"Oh, hullo," she began unceremoniously as if unconscious of the effect she had created. "Sorry, Sam's away—will I do?" There was nothing of Telva's self-assurance, rather an imperious I'll-do-a-dashed-sight-better-than-Sam attitude. She might have walked down the Champs Elysées and commanded attention, was Stanley's estimate. If only she could win Carol completely she would not mind if Ames . . .

"You're charming," she pronounced in her softest voice. "Tell me who gave you the inspiration."

Carol smiled. "Ames doesn't like it," she said in mysterious fashion as if she had discussed the matter at length. Stanley flushed.

"He is an old-fashioned lad," in a pensive manner, "I'm afraid Telva shocks him."

"Then I have galvanized him," finished Carol. "Do sit down, I have the figures about the investment—it's the Northwestern Utility stock you're looking up, isn't it?"

"Yes, but that can wait," Stanley

dropped her pose. "Don't you think we're fond enough of Ames to be frank?"

"I don't know," retorted Carol. "It might be as well if we did not attempt to decide. I don't mind admitting that you were right—I needed to get into step with my own generation. I must have been ridiculous to everyone—a long-haired, long-skirted person who sat in judgment or else gasped with horror, who had the bad taste to admit that she loves some one who was afraid to love her." The blue eyes were very clear as she said this last and the tilt to her head gave the Grecian features a piquant expression.

"Afraid to love you—why, my dear." Stanley wondered how much to accuse, how much to ask—and how little to admit.

"We won't argue about it. I merely stated a fact. As long as I cast my lot with this generation instead of staying with Valja or becoming a browbeaten boarding house mistress on the old farm I decided to do the thing thoroughly, I began to sell myself to myself—and it took considerable persuasion. I bought new clothes and a vanity case. I learned to dance and drink enough to escape being conspicuous and to smoke because I found I liked it—not because it is the thing. I had a little money from the farm to invest—Sam needed a saleswoman. I proved that I could sell securities as well as anyone—if they were gilt-edged and I had the right sort of hats!" pointing solemnly to the floppy affair. "The uncertainty is great fun; pounding a typewriter one always knows what will happen."

"My dear, you're adorable," praised Stanley.

She admired the girl's poise but she did not succumb. "I have only a moment," she said firmly. "Yes, we ought to—to drop pretense."

"A few weeks ago I would have chosen the rôle of a saint rather than conqueror," began Carol slowly, "but I'm off with that, as Telva says. I want to be victor of the glen. When I found myself loving Ames I began to study him, decide what was wrong with this brilliant idler. You were the 'wrong'—do you never intend to remedy it?"

"You infer—" began Stanley. "I do—is there need to be more explicit?"

The challenge had been offered. Stanley felt a certain exhilaration coupled with fear. "So we are not to be friends after all," she said wistfully as if she had made the most violent sort of overtures. "Ames so wanted that to come to pass. Life is quaint, isn't it, Carol?" turning to go. "Try not to be too unhappy," coming back with tiny, hurried steps which in another woman would have seemed an affectation. "Perhaps I understand more than you realize—has no one ever hinted that you are mentally arrogant, a would-be firebrand upsetting everyone's pet theories and not offering to help with the chaos? Then I hint that this is so . . . don't be too unhappy because of Ames, you've many years ahead—there are always many Ames," and she actually left a soft little kiss on Carol's cheek before she hurried from the office.

**C**AROL had moved into the Arts Studio building. She furnished the odd, six-sided room in Balkan colors. Valja's offering came to light and caused callers to gasp with envy.

She planned on giving her own sort of parties—the music furnished by her playing on a Roumanian zither and serving queer yet delectable messes cooked in the near-Dutch oven which her father had made in lieu of a chafing dish. She felt at home in the little studio—she hummed as she hung pictures and unpacked and hammered and scrubbed. Then she went forth in her best bib and tucker and sold securities, met new and curious friends and invited them to her *piéd à terre* to judge for themselves whether or not she was "the thing." Telva came to criticize and remained to admire. Blair and his newspaper crowd were always keen for an invitation. Even Sam Russell was decoyed for a party while the Players Club stormed the studio and left at dawn.

Soon after Carol had established herself in her new quarters [Turn to page 96]



## "..and when Santa comes"

**F**ANCIFUL questionings, pretty fairy tales; happy anticipations, desires fulfilled! Toys, of course—all those delightful little creations from the Land of Make-Believe that make young hearts joyous. But there will be needed things, too—Simplex Flexies, for example—for someone else's children if not for your own!

Flexies promote happiness not only now, but in the years to come—for these dainty health shoes safeguard the wearers' heritage of perfect feet. Flexies are designed and built on Nature's plan. They let tender, growing feet exercise freely and develop naturally, without harmful restrictions. And yet—they are as dainty as shoes can be!

Add Simplex Flexies to your Christmas shopping list. Ask your shoe dealer for the Simplex Flexies Style Book—it will aid you in your selections.

**SIMPLEX SHOE MFG. COMPANY**  
Dept. A-712 Milwaukee, Wis.

Creators of daintier footwear for young feet from 1 to 31.



Flexies are made in both low and high styles, in a great variety of attractive leathers.

## Simplex Flexies

KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG

Fill out and mail the coupon. It will bring you two very interesting, nicely illustrated booklets—one for you in information and one for the children's entertainment.



Gentlemen: Send me the name of nearest Flexies dealer—also your booklets "The Care of Baby's Feet," explaining the six fundamental features to look for in children's shoes, and "The Tale of Brownie Lightfoot," a fairy story for the kiddies.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ A-712

## THE FOX WOMAN

[Continued from page 95]

Ames had made a determined appearance at the offices of Samuel Russel and Company. He was going to take Carol to lunch or to her flat or to drive or to walk or to fly, whatever she wished—but he was not going to leave the office without her—did she understand? There were many things that she intended saying and she had given him no other alternative than to storm her business headquarters at the risk of making himself obnoxious . . . well, was it to be lunch? Good. At her studio? Better still.

Not sure of what he was going to say but satisfied with her answer, Ames waited until Carol found the lemon sombrero and the flowered parasol and strolled with him into the September sunshine.

**Y**OURS is a dynamic personality, capable of presiding simultaneously over two worlds," decided Ames as Carol finished her after-luncheon cigarette in an expert manner, flicking its ashes into the fireplace and listening with an indifferent air. "Incidentally you are making me feel that I've overstayed any reasonable bounds, yet we've not said anything satisfactory. If I pay tribute to your ability, won't you please be yourself?"

"When I was myself things went badly. I was stupid and made no money." She stifled a yawn as if the possibility of being herself was too boring for serious consideration.

"Does this new person with eight dinner engagements for the seven nights in a week care for me at all?" he demanded.

Carol shrugged her shoulders. "Part of me will always care, but I've decided to put that part in moth balls. It may be nice to re-discover when I'm old and dependent upon memories. For now I'm a hardworking debutante who wishes you well in your new career."

"I doubt it. I think you want me to come a cropper for the good of my soul."

Ames stood before the unused fireplace with its plump Hessian soldiers acting as andirons. His jaw had assumed a sudden determination. His eyes betrayed hard, steely tints as if he planned some definite line of conduct the outcome of which must result in victory.

Carol's color heightened beyond the boundaries of her rouge. "What an idea!"

She was full of the thought that she must not let him go to New York with Stanley following in his wake, allowing him married to Telva with the air of a benevolent despot. She must arouse the soldier in Ames as well as the savant.

How could she tell him that she felt equal and willing to do this thing?

"I want you," she heard Ames saying, "I know that I want you more than anything else in the world."

"Are you sure?" It was like a dialogue they had rehearsed until its meaning was somewhat lost. "Then you may have me," she wondered how the words sounded. The hardish lights in Ames' eyes changed into tender eagerness.

"What do you mean?" (more of this strangely familiar dialogue which must be spoken; she wondered if it so appealed to him.)

"Exactly what I said. I cannot let you fail. It is failing to go to New York and have her dictate the terms. I will go with you."

"But—" (Yes, that was in the dialogue, too—that indefinite, weak 'but' that he felt duty-bound to say.)

"I don't ask you to break with Telva just now. I don't want to marry you. I love you too much. I want to be with you since you say that you need me. Let me show what I mean instead of this endless talking, talking," (the dialogue was ending—she would begin to voice her original thoughts.)

"You don't know what you are offering. I can not let you," he did not try to come nearer; instead he stood back as if agitated at what she had said.

"My father loved some one who loved him; their error was marriage. I don't want to marry you, I love you too much. Oh, I'm not saying that I'm unworthy to marry you," she added proudly—as Jim Clive's daughter would be bound to add. "But marriage would be fatal—I refuse it at any price and on any terms because of Stanley. Can't you believe that I mean

what I say—no matter if I've often said what other people think that I mean? I am not afraid to go with you. You are, that's half the trouble. It is neither time to hesitate nor analyze, to wonder why you came to the north woods or why I happened to be there or why we loved each other—it is the time to decide and then to act. I have told you that I was not afraid to love you—but I have yet to prove it. You have said that you loved me—but you have not been free enough or great enough to prove it. Oh, I understand. Sometimes I feel that you might be my child and not hers." The blue eyes closed to prevent tears starting from under the black lashes.

In another moment she was in his arms. Instead of dialogue there followed tense, half-completed sentences:

"When you said that I could have you—"

"Yes, yes, I mean it—I—"

"Of course you can't be expected to realize, neither can I—"

"I tell you that I do and that you must."

"What would the world say?"

"Why consult the world," Carol heard herself call out. "I've found it a stupid world. I'll go back to my woods when I've saved you. I had convinced myself that they were unbearable—now they will be my haven—"

"Don't tempt me, remember I've always had everything that I wanted. Let's be concrete—do you mean that you'd come to New York with me—we must come to our senses. (Darling, let's don't try too hard.) We must remember that wiser ones than we have tried to be revolutionary—only to fail."

"We must chance it. Eventually you must stand alone—without Stanley, without me. Oh, but you must . . . not another kiss—not just now—"

"You are as wonderful as you are precious; I'm such a cad. I want to sneak away with you, only to shout from the housetops that you are mine."

"Let me help you to be free—let us prove it to her." The blue eyes were shining, triumphant. There was nothing of the uncertain girl he had just kissed. "If I can do that much I shall be content—"

"No, no," he begged as if asking some indulgence. "Don't tempt me—"

"I am not tempting; I am offering."

Tears again threatened. She was annoyed at her lack of poise. Ames caught her in another close embrace.

"I love all of you," he found himself saying, "I want you—I must come right for you as well as me. We were meant for each other but not for foolish sacrifice—"

"I realize what I am saying—I tell you that I do not wish to marry you," furious at his arguments.

Now it was Ames who seemed mature, protecting. "It would mean that you'd end all hurt and helplessness. I'd despise myself for the rest of time. Carol—let's talk it out—I mean your plan—"

"I want to come to New York and keep your house, be your comrade. All I ask is that she knows; Telva will not care—if it does not become town talk and if her engagement apparently stands. But I will not go under cover, Stanley must know—"

"I cannot let you—"

"You mean that you are afraid! You cannot tell her that I have refused marriage but that I will accept your love," with a defiant toss of the head. "Once they see that I am in earnest; that you are brave enough to claim me, Telva's modern tolerance will vanish. She will be the same as any woman who realizes marriage as her final goal; she will weep in your arms while she scratches your cheek! Stanley will be taken ill, she will expect you to turn penitent. As for me—"

"As for you, darling—let's talk about that," he was persistent and ashamed at once. His arms kept their tense hold of her as he waited for her to continue.

"I give myself as freely as I will take myself away when the time comes. I would rather have this sort of love between us, if only for a little, than heavy, legalized years of—"

"I'm as fortunate as I am unworthy." Ames' head was on her shoulder. "I warn you—look to your own interests."

[Continued in JANUARY McCALL'S]



### HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

**TRUE** Windsor breakfast sets that are beautifully colored and extremely comfortable are now being shown by Heywood-Wakefield dealers. There are many attractive styles from which to choose, and the prices are surprisingly reasonable.

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD COMPANY  
Boston, Mass.



**ASPIRIN**

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN"—Genuine

Prescribed by physicians and proved safe by millions for

Headache Colds Neuralgia Lumbago  
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

**DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART**

**Safe** → Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.



# McCall Patterns for Decorative Gifts Smart Women Want



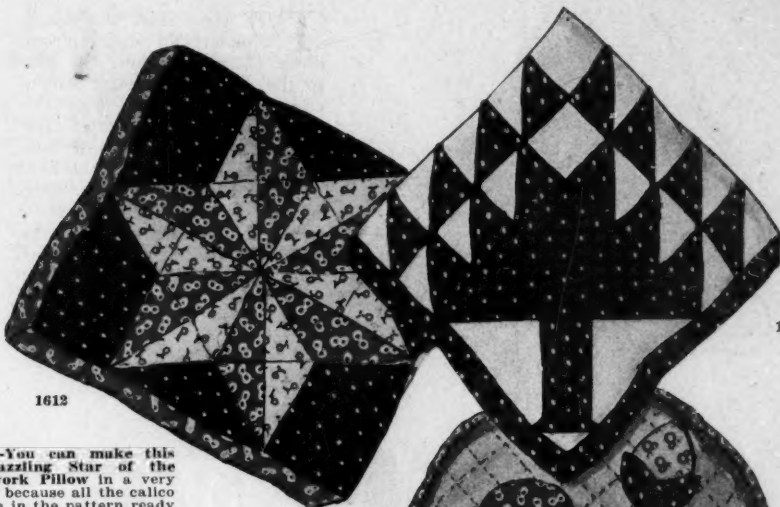
1621

No. 1621—Painted Wall Hangings of silk, satin, cotton or velvet are of recognized importance in today's decorative scheme. In this striking design the oriental influence is strongly felt in the motif itself, and in the rich colorings of the metallic paints used. The Chinese border motif signifies Justice and Mercy, and the large round motif at the bottom is a favorite one with orientals meaning longevity or long life. The material is black sateen and the metal paints, (which are opaque) are red, violet, green, blue, gold, copper and silver. Complete directions and color chart given with transfer. Finished panel, 24 x 45 inches. Price, 50 cents. Yellow.



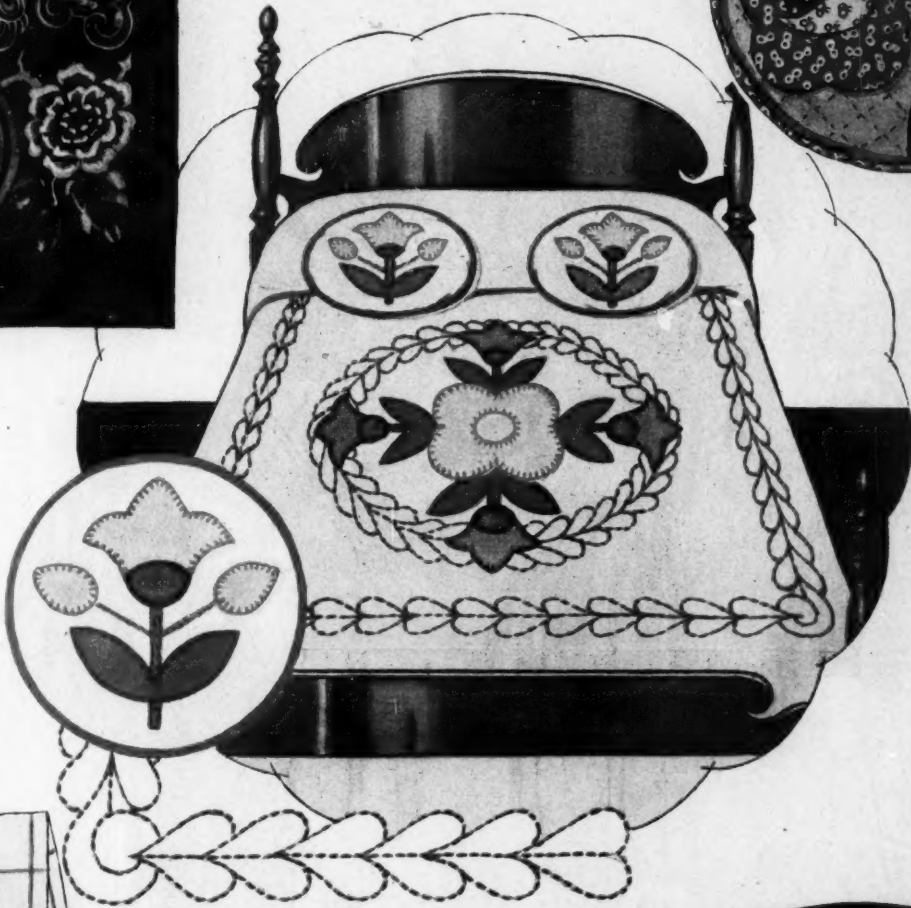
1617

No. 1617—Calico patches for tea towels are in the pattern with the transfers.



1612

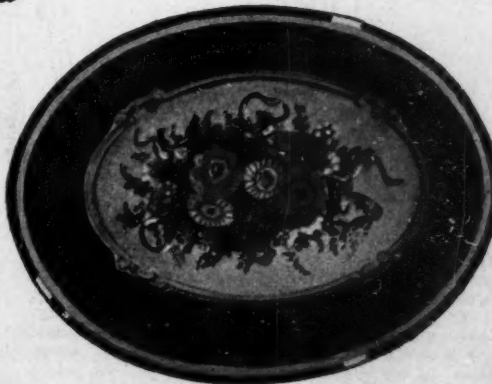
No. 1612—You can make this gay and dazzling Star of the East Patchwork Pillow in a very few minutes, because all the calico patches come in the pattern ready cut, and a piece for pillow back. In the real old-time prints, now all the rage for home decoration. Size, 11 1/2 x 13 inches. Price, 50 cents.



1613

No. 1613—Fine Tree Patchwork Pillow. Includes the ready cut calico patches. An exact copy of a lovely old colonial original, this delightful pattern is one of the smartest for the very popular patchwork pillows now all the vogue in interior decorations. Its chief charm is the quaint old-fashioned calico from which the patches are cut. The pattern provides the patches ready cut, 17 of green calico, 19 of fine unbleached muslin and a calico piece for back of pillow. Size when finished, 11 x 11 inches. Also includes diagram for making. Price, 50 cents.

No. 1614—Appliqué Flower Pillow. The third of this fashionable group of pillows is equally desirable for its quaint origin. The calico patches to make the flower and edging are provided in the pattern envelope, and all you have to get is a piece of gingham in light blue or cream for front and back. The quilted finish is especially attractive and simple to do. Size, 13 inches across. A yellow quilting transfer included. Price, 50 cents.



No. 1588—The practical serving tray artistically decorated.

No. 1619—This Patch Quilt Design has a special charm because it is adapted from the old traditional feather quilted border of colonial days. Worked in simple running-stitches, it makes the right setting for the quaint conventional flower motif in center of spread. (Center design measures 20 1/2 x 20 1/2 inches). On a spread of unbleached muslin, either gingham or chambray should be used for the appliqué. Pattern includes designs for center, for border and for two smart little bolster pillows. Full directions in transfer. Price, 50 cents. Blue.

No. 1617—This China Tea-Set Design comes to you with the actual calico patches inside the pattern envelope. The simplest method of putting the kind of decoration on your tea towels that makes them quite different from other people's. The cunning little yellow calico prints are the reason, you can't get them everywhere. Pattern includes calico patches and transfer designs for three towels. Price, 45 cents. Blue.

No. 1588—One beautiful Art Color Medallion is responsible for the smartness of this practical serving tray. You take the delicate paper oval all ready colored and apply it to the pasted center of the tray, smooth carefully, then give a coat of varnish. Size of oval, 5 x 7 1/2 inches. Pattern contains 7 more in 3 smaller sizes, lovely for pasting on articles of wood, parchment or card board, furniture, etc. Price, 50 cents.

## The Widened Hem

THE tight skirt is doomed. Women can step up and down better and they can offer to the observer a better silhouette. Each of the skirts on this page gives the new idea of freedom. They do not begin their fulness until they pass the bone of the hips. They are short enough to give their fulness a graceful movement. With this silhouette go the wider-brimmed hat and long pointed sandal known as the American last.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

L'ECHO  
de  
Paris



5115

5119  
Emb. No. 1543

No. 5115. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; cut circular without hem. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material. Width, at lower edge, about  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

No. 5119. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch light;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch dark. Width, about  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Embroidery No. 1543 may be used.

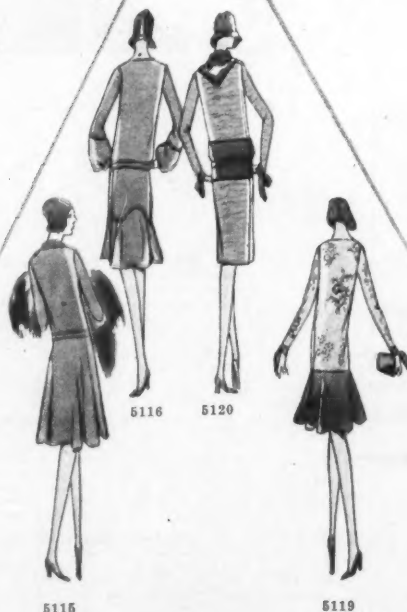


5116

5120

No. 5120. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; four-piece skirt with front godets. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch figured material;  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch plain. Width, about 2 yards.

No. 5116. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with jabot and drapery at left side. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards.



5115

5116

5120

5119



## The Molded Hip

THE fashions for Winter have not eliminated the so-called primitive hip-line. We are to continue to girdle our bodies in the primitive manner. The sash is not frequent. But belts are ubiquitous. The frock itself outlines the hips in a marked fashion. Observe the gowns on this page and see how they are manipulated. The fabric does the work. The fourth frock takes its girdle from the gypsies. It is only worn by the slim women.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

L'Echo  
de  
Paris

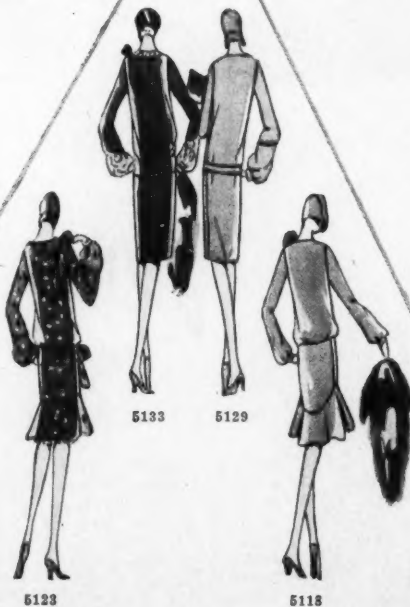


5123

5133

No. 5123. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; camisole lining; circular lower section. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 5133. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; slip-on blouse; four-piece camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch; lace,  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard of 40-inch. Width, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

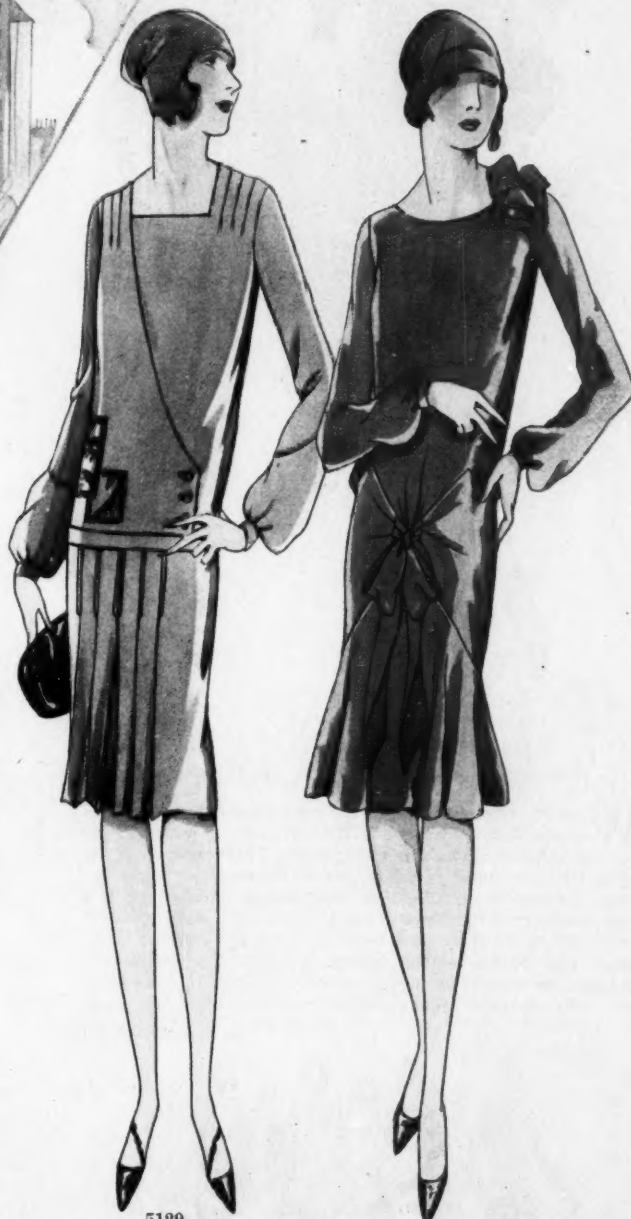


5123

5133

5129

5118



5129  
Applique No. 1602

5118

No. 5129. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; surplice waist front. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36,  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Applique No. 1602 makes an effective silhouette trimming.

No. 5118. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; circular lower section; sleeves gathered at wrist. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

# L'ECHO DE PARIS



5132  
Emb. No. 1590

5131

## Frocks that Go with Coats

WARM fabrics under the roof were abolished by steam heat. Now we dress for Winter much as we do in the Spring, depending on our top garments for warmth in the open. It is a most comfortable adjustment of clothing. Many frocks do for the same coat. Those sketched on this page perform that service. They borrow the points of Vionnet and the buckles and belts of Chanel. Two of them show the double collar which brings white pleasantly against the face. The barrel sleeve; tunic flounce and the left side drapery that crosses the body are all new.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5125

5134



5132

5131

5125

5134

No. 5132. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2 1/4 yards 54-inch; contrasting, 1/4 yard 32-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards. Satin-stitch Embroidery No. 1590 suggested.

No. 5131. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; three-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 5/8 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5125. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with tunic. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5134. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt with front flounces. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards 40-inch; collar, 3/8 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5150. Misses' Slip-On Dress; with two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/4 yards.



# L'ÉCHO DE PARIS



5130

5129  
Emb. No. 1602



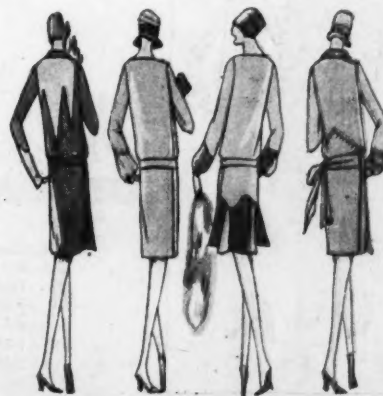
5116

5128  
Emb. No. 1541

## Sleeves Are Full at Wrists

LANVIN, of Paris, is credited with the trick of changing the style and width of sleeves after they leave the elbow. She got her inspiration from the cushions that Chinese mandarins place under their elbows whenever they sit down. Three of these sketches show different adaptations of the idea. The first frock in black and white has sleeves that adopt the gauntlet shaping rather than the barrel cushion. But the other three show the graceful bulging near the wrists. Such insets are usually of another fabric and color. Both chiffon and velvet are used with cloth frocks.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5130

5129

5116

5128

No. 5130. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with two-piece sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting 1 yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1 3/4 yards.

No. 5129. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch. Width, about 1 3/4 yards. Appliqué motif from Embroidery No. 1602 may be used.

No. 5116. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch. Width, about 2 1/2 yards.

No. 5128. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; with vest; four-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 3/4 yards. Straight-stitch Embroidery No. 1541 suggested.

L'ÉCHO DE PARIS

## The Vogue for Gray Tones

IN every way the dressmakers are emphasizing gray in furs, in shoes, in topecoats, and in handbags. Usually a black hat accompanies the gray costume. If gray hats are worn, they are of a warm tone with a black ribbon to give them character. Gray suede slippers with silver buckles are smart. Snake tones verging into taupe are preferred to mist gray. Evening gowns of silver are brightened by black or vivid green velvet flowers.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

5120  
Emb. No. 1466

No. 5120. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 yards of 36-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2 yards. Embroidery No. 1466 would be smart.



5120 5125



5125

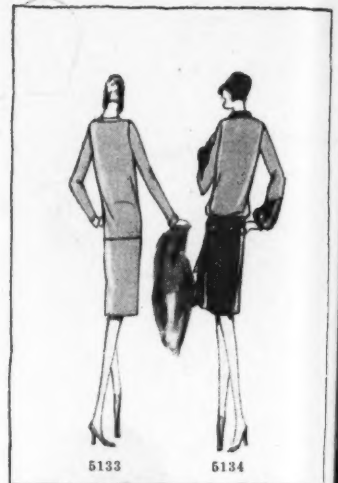
No. 5125. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with two-piece gathered sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch; belt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 40-inch. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

5133  
Emb. No. 1578

No. 5133. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 40-inch. Width, about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Embroidery No. 1578 may be used to trim.

5134  
Appliqué No. 1622

No. 5134. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch light;  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch dark. Width, about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Appliqué No. 1622 would make smart trimming.



5133

5134



# L'ECHO DE PARIS

## Velvet Appears Everywhere

THOSE who sell velvet do a rushing business this season. The weavers of it have done miracles. It's as sheer as chiffon; as opaque as night. The Venetian way of applying velvet to other surfaces is revived. It is used for a deep waistcoat under a bolero, for coin dots on transparent fabric, for applique scroll work, for double flounces and wide wristlets. Crepe gowns constantly carry collars and cuffs of it.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5119  
Emb. No. 1539

No. 5119. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 3 1/4 yards. Chain-stitch Embroidery No. 1539 may be used for contrast.



5118

No. 5118. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch light material; 2 yards of 36-inch dark. Width at lower edge, about 2 1/2 yards.



5123

No. 5123. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; circular lower section; camisole lining. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 2 1/4 yards.

B Rothschild



5132

No. 5132. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/2 yards.



5123

5132



5127

5053

5057

No. 5127. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; double breasted closing; two-piece sleeve. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material; lining,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch.

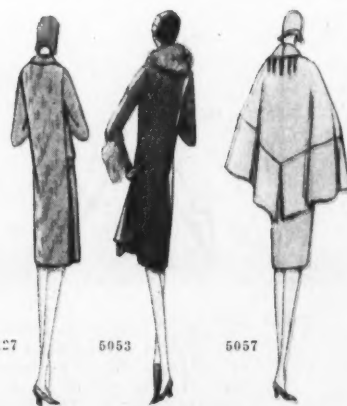
No. 5053. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; with flare at left side. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch or 3 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 yards of 40-inch.

No. 5057. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; with cape and shawl collar. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material; lining requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch.

## New Velour Weaves in Coats

**T**WEED is for morning and sports. Velour in an extra soft, pliable weave serves occasions of formality. There are really three differing fabrics used in coats this season, for velvet takes its place again as a coat that goes in motors. It is sometimes trimmed with ermine. But any of the precious furs will do. None of the cheap ones will. Black lynx is the fashionable peltry of the season, but all lynx colorings are accepted. Tweed coats don't carry furs. They are strictly tailored and belted. The new velour is like duvetyn, and Paris stresses coats of it this season.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



5127

5053

5057





No. 5055. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch. Width, about  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards. Beaded Design No 1548 may be used effectively.

No. 5051. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress; with sleeveless blouse and four-piece camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5117. Misses' and Juniors' Evening Dress; two-piece skirt with ruffles. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 16,  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 36-inch; ruffles, 2 yards of 72-inch net. Width, about  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards.



5055  
Emb. No. 1548

5051

5117



5055

5051

5117

## When We Dine and Dance

**E**VENING frocks are both simple and ornate this Winter. They are not as lavishly beaded as they were. But the period frock that Mme. Lanvin insists upon, is at the top of the fashion. Older women are now making it their own special style. Usually it is built of several flounces of taffeta and tulle. Always it is longer in back than front. Formal bouquets are placed at waist-line. The bodice is tight-fitting and not very decolette. Wide skirts prevail in all dance frocks. Cascades, pleats and godets give the fulness. There are no sleeves, but armholes are smaller than before.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



### SCHOOL CHILDREN

When cod-liver oil is emulsified it is split up into mist-like particles quite as Nature provides butter-fat in milk.

It is then in the form most suitable for the malnourished body to absorb its nourishing virtues.

### SCOTT'S EMULSION

more than fifty years ago won world-wide recognition as cod-liver oil scientifically emulsified, *pleasantly flavored* and made easy to take.

In many families Scott's Emulsion is now used as a part of the daily intake of food of growing children to assure them the protection of its potent vitamins.

Children take *pleasantly flavored* Scott's Emulsion readily—and soon acquire a fondness for it.

Scott & Bowne, Bloomfield, N. J.

27-9

### WHOLE FIGS PERFECTLY PRESERVED!

WESCALDER FIGS come to you in perfect condition—stemless, skinless and unbroken. Preserved in first run syrup, made from filtered rain water and pure granulated sugar. Packed in standard sizes, same quality in tin as in glass, in the most modern and largest preserving plant in capacity in existence—guaranteeing a product of unvarying quality. Your nearest dealer sells delicious WESCALDER PRESERVES—also Wescalder Fresh Figs and Fig Jam. A 13-oz vase sent for 35c postpaid.

Wescalder Preservers  
Beaumont, Texas

### Wescalder FIGS

**Ideal — Inexpensive Christmas Gift!**

**An Easy Twist—Kernel Comes Out Whole**

Cracks pecans, walnuts, filberts, Brazil nuts—luscious whole meats every time. No crushed kernels, flying shells, or pinched fingers. Fine for candy, cakes, or salting. This ideal

#### NUT CRACKER

is a useful Christmas gift. Indestructible. —At hardware, grocery and fruit stores; or mail stamps or money order to us. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

No. 2 Plain Nickel, ea., 75c  
No. 4 Highly Polished, ea., \$1  
Postpaid to U. S.  
Cook Electric Company  
2712 Southport Ave., Chicago, Ill.

### MATERNITY

MATERNITY apparel with no maternity look. Dresses, coats, corsets, underwear. Clever designing provides ample expansion and conceals condition. Also, apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.

Address Dept. 91, 27th St.  
Lane Bryant, 61 5th Ave., NEW YORK



No. 5126. Ladies' and Misses' Apron; with suspender straps and patch pockets. In one size only. One yard of 36-inch material or 40-inch material required.

No. 4978. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1 1/4 yards.

No. 5124. Ladies' and Misses' Step-in Combination. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 27-inch or 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 5090. Ladies' and Misses' Set of Underwear; bandeau and bloomers. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch or 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5044. Ladies' and Misses' Negligee. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch.

No. 5022. Ladies' and Misses' Slip; shadow panel. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards 40-inch. Width, about 1 1/2 yards. Motif No. 1590 may be worked in satin-stitch.

No. 463. Misses' Slip; small, medium and large. 38 bust, 36 inch; 2 3/4 and 2 3/4 yds.

No. 4903. Misses' Slip; no sleeves, 36 years, 36 bust, 36 inch; contrasting 1 1/2 inch. Width

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 116.



LE CHÔ  
DE  
PARIS



4637



4903



4796



5124

5010  
Emb. No. 1120



5089  
Emb. No. 1590



5022

4637

4903

5124

No. 4637. Ladies' and Misses' Nightgown. Sizes small, medium, large and extra-large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch; 2 1/4 yards of 3-inch and 2 1/2 yards 1 1/2 inch lace.

No. 4903. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch; contrasting, 3/4 yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1 1/2 yards.

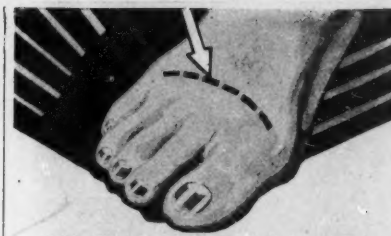
No. 5124. Ladies' and Misses' Step-in Combination; opening at left side. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 32-inch or 1 1/2 yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5010. Ladies' and Misses' Step-in Chemise. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 2 1/4 yards 40-inch; binding, 1/2 yard 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1120 suggested in rambler-stitch.

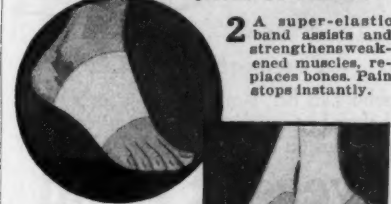
No. 5089. Ladies' Nightgown. Sizes small, medium, large, extra-large. Medium, 38 to 40 bust, 3 1/4 yards 40-inch; contrasting, 1/2 yard of 40-inch. Motif No. 1590 may be used to trim.

No. 4796. Ladies' and Misses' Negligee; with gathered ruffles. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, requires 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch or 4 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.

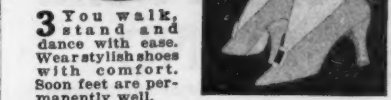
Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 116.



1 Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.



2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.



3 You walk, stand and dance with ease. Wear stylish shoes with comfort. Soon feet are permanently well.

## FOOT PAINS

ENDED IN 10 MINUTES  
—or costs you nothing

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from weakened muscles. Now a way is discovered to assist and strengthen these muscles. Results are almost immediate. That burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended. Pain stops in 10 minutes when an amazing band is used, called the Jung Arch Brace. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. You slip it on, that is all.

Pain stops like magic. Stand, run or dance with delight—wear stylish shoes comfortably. The secret is in the tension and stretch of the band. Nothing stiff to further weaken and cause discomfort. Nothing to mis-shape shoe. Results are permanent. Soon band may be discarded. Feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge it widely.

Test it 10 days, if not amazed and delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postman. Write for free book on foot troubles.

**JUNG'S**  
The Original  
ARCH BRACES

FREE if it fails

Jung Arch Brace Co.,  
2712 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.  
Send 1 pair ☐ Wonder Style, \$1. ☐ Miracle Style (extra wide for severe cases), \$1.50.  
☐ Money encl. ☐ Send C.O.D. plus postage.  
Shoe Size.....Shoe Width.....  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

Canada: M.L.C. Bldg., Montreal. Wonder \$1.25, Miracle \$1.75

## RAISES \$10<sup>00</sup> FOR CHURCH in 11 minutes

Mrs. Seawell of Missouri found DUST AWAY—the amazing mop innovation—the greatest money raiser ever heard of. A West Virginia auxiliary raised \$276 with it—and one Sunday school class made \$60 in one week.

DUSTAWAY sells everywhere like wild fire. Has 15 novel features. Makes broom into a mop in one minute. Washes out in a jiffy. Gets into hard places, under radiators, between banisters, etc. Holds dust without oil. No metal to scratch. Exactly what women have always wanted. Approved by Good House-keeping Institute!

Test Sample Sent FREE  
Test sample of this clever work-saver now sent for free inspection, on request, to officer of any recognized church, society, club or other organization. A two minute test will show you tremendous money-raising possibilities. Our special plan increases church funds quickly without investing one penny. Write for sample and details today! Generous provisions to spare-time workers, too.

GLENCO PRODUCTS CO., Dept. W-221, Quincy, Ill.

## Be a Dental Assistant

Earn \$20-\$35 a Week

MEET patients, help dentist, keep records. Study at home in spare time, and prepare for this newly opened profitable field for women. Hundreds of successful students. Practice outfit included. Money back agreement. Free fascinating booklet. Write for it today.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF DENTISTRY  
421 S. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.  
Dept. 15-5  
Please send me your interesting book, "A Wonderful New Profession for Women."

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....



### Fortunate the Child

who like her mother and grandmother before her acquires her early musical impressions on the limpid, sweet-voiced

## Ivers & Pond PIANO

Enrich your child's accomplishments by the graceful art of piano playing—an asset of culture and refinement, which will endure through life. And so will her Ivers & Pond piano. Its superb musical qualities and sterling integrity of construction have made this famous make the choice of over 600 leading musical and educational institutions and 75,000 homes.

### How to Buy

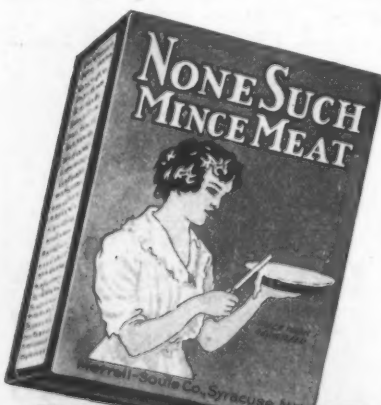
Where no dealer sells them, we ship IVERS & POND pianos direct from the factory. The piano must please or it returns at our expense for Railroad freights. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans.

Fill out and send this coupon to

**IVERS & POND PIANO CO.**  
149 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.  
Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_



**makes cookies more delicious than any you ever tasted**

SEE RECIPE IN THE PACKAGE

Won't Mar Finest Wall Paper  
And will harmonize with any color decorations  
**Moore Push-Pins**  
Glass Heads—Steel Points  
For heavy pictures, mirrors, etc., use  
Moore Push-less Hangers  
They strongly grip the wall  
100 pkts. Everywhere  
Send for Sample, New Enamored Cup Hook  
Moore Push-Pin Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

L'ECHO  
DE PARIS



No. 5067. Girl's Dress; long gathered sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch.

No. 5111. Child's Dress; with bloomers; long sleeves. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material; binding,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch.

No. 5113. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with jacket front. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch; contrasting,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 40-inch. Chain-stitch Embroidery No. 1539 would add smartness.

No. 5114. Girl's Coat; two-piece plain sleeve. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material; lining,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch.

No. 5068. Girl's Slip-On Dress; kerchief collar. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material; contrasting,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 40-inch.

No. 5072. Girl's Coat; convertible collar. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch or  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material; lining,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 116



### She Couldn't Take Bran

Her diet lacked bulk, but bran as a remedy seemed worse than her ailment. She knew what caused her poor complexion. Her run down condition. Then, she learned of a strange seed called Psylla. It affords bulk like bran, lubrication like mineral oil or agar-agar. But it is tasteless and so little is required. It solved her problem. In a short time she was normal again abounding in exuberant health.

Psylla is a tiny seed that swells in hot or cold liquids and exudes a limpid, soothing gelatinous substance many times its volume. It is such an agreeable change for those who find other forms of roughage irksome.

Psylla is not a medicine or a cure-all. Just psyllium seeds sterilized and packaged in convenient form. Used and endorsed by the Battle Creek Sanitarium. Try a can and note the splendid results. \$1.00 a can at authorized stores.

## PSYLLA

Battle Creek Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich.  
Please send free and postpaid a copy of "HEALTHFUL LIVING." ☐ Send name of authorized store featuring Sanitarium Health Foods. Mc-121

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

### ECONOMICALLY END

## GRAY HAIR

Tint gray hair at home for the Use of BROWNATONE, the tint of vegetable origin. Harmless to hair, scalp or skin. One application gives permanent color. Undisturbed by shampooing or other hair treatments. Buy BROWNATONE at drug and toilet counters, 50c. and \$1.00. Any shade from two colors. For trial first, send 10c. The Kenton Pharmacy Co., Dept. 2-4, Brownstone Bldg., Covington, Kentucky. Canada Address: Windsor, Ont.

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

## BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

ALWAYS Ask For DENISON'S—32 Years of Hit Comedy-Dramas, Farces, Musical Vaudeville Acts, Monologs, Dialogs, Comedies, Reviews, Make-up Good, Minstrels, Blackface Skits, Comedy Songs. Catalog Free. F. S. DENISON & CO., 6235 Wabash, Dept. 36 CHICAGO

**For You**  
**\$5**

HAVE you any spare time? Could you use extra money? McCall's can show you how to turn your "Spare Time" into "Extra Money." Just mail the coupon below!

Dept. 12X, McCall's Magazine,  
McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Please tell me how I can have an extra \$5.00 or more, regularly.

Your Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_  
Post Office and State \_\_\_\_\_

No. 5072. Girl's Coat; convertible collar. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch or  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material; lining,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch.



L'ECHO  
DE PARIS



No. 5073. Girl's Coat; convertible collar; one-piece sleeve. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 1½ yards of 40-inch.

No. 5075. Girl's Dress; with sleeveless jacket; two-piece gathered skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 5112. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 1½ yards 54-inch; collar, ½ yard 36-inch. Embroidery No. 1542 may be worked in single-stitch.

No. 5122. Child's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 8, 1½ yards of 32-inch. Embroidery No. 1576 would be effective in daisy and single-stitch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 116



## Small Motors Need 3-in-One

The motors of washing machines, sewing machines, vacuum cleaners and electric fans run so fast that only the highest quality oil provides proper lubrication.

3-in-One is a high quality oil—a scientific compound of several high quality oils! Penetrates quickly, oils perfectly, doesn't gum or dry out.

Use also on everything that ever needs oiling—locks, bolts, hinges, etc. Sold by good stores everywhere, in Handy Cans and bottles.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY  
130 LE William St. New York, N. Y.  
33 Years of Continuous Service

FREE: Generous sample and illustrated circulars. Request them on a postal. No obligation.

A Dustless Dust Cloth is economically made by lightly saturating a yard of cheese cloth with 3-in-One.



# 3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - Cleans & Polishes



finer than the  
finest Castile

All the purity of Castile at its best—and something Castile never had!

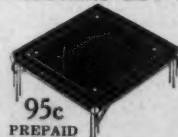
This is the new soap, Castolay, that doctors and nurses are recommending for a baby's tender skin.

As pure as genuine, old-time Castile—far safer than many soaps marketed as Castile—Castolay has the additional advantages of being more finely made, of lathering luxuriously and rinsing perfectly. It is safeguarded against imitation.

Get a cake of Castolay today for your baby! 20c at any drug store.

Free Offer: Send for trial-size cake of the new baby soap, Castolay. Andrew Jergens Co., 4523 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O., or 4523 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

### CHRISTMAS GIFT-CARD TABLE COVERS



95c  
PREPAID

Books for card players. Surface is patent leather finish, very artistic. No laundering. Fits 30 in. table. Two styles, plain as shown and one with checkerboard design. Wonderful for card prizes or gifts. State which you want. Money order or check. No stamps. Value \$1.30

SPRAGUE NOVELTY CO., FREMONT, IND.

## Maysville Guild Rugs

### HAND WOVEN

Beautiful designs woven with Maysville Guaranteed 4-Ply Warp, world's standard for strength and durability. Adopted by U. S. Veterans Bureau. See your local Maysville Guild Weaver for prettiest, newest patterns, woven from your tags or from Maysville Rug Filler. Look for Maysville Guild on Weaver's sign and on rug labels. Valuable Book "Hand Loomed Rugs in Home Decoration", 10c. Address January & Wood Co., Inc., Maysville, Ky.

## WEAVERS

and ambitious men and women who would like to become weavers:

Accept our help in building a bigger, better business! Join Maysville Guild Free. 6,000 members. We send you New, Free Rug Patterns and Business Methods. We give you right to use Maysville Guild Rug Labels, sent free with Maysville Warp & Filler orders. Send for free samples and information now, also Free Weavers' Manual. State kind of loom.

January & Wood Co., Inc.  
Dept. 10, Maysville, Ky.

## Maysville Guild Rugs

### HAND-LOOMED WITH

## Maysville Warp

Identify Maysville Guild Rugs by This Label

# WHOOPING COUGH

## Quick, Soothing Relief

MAGICALLY that terrifying "whooping" dies away. Phlegm loosens; coughing and strangling ceases. Free, natural breathing resumes and the painful irritation of throat and bronchial tubes is alleviated. All this is accomplished quickly by the time-tried and proven Vapo-Cresolene. Whooping cough is dangerous! Don't be unprepared! Write for the new booklet, "Free Breathing", which explains the wonderful results of the healing Cresolene vapors in relieving whooping coughs, asthma, head colds, night coughs, bronchitis and laryngitis. Complete outfit sold by good druggists everywhere for \$1.75. If you fail to get the genuine easily, tell us when writing for booklet.

Vapo-Cresolene Co., Dept. 1512,  
62 Cortlandt St., New York City.

**Vapo-Cresolene**  
EST. 1879

## 30 Christmas Greeting Cards

**\$1.00**  
POST PAID

Attractive Christmas Greeting Cards with newest designs and finest sentiments. Envelopes to No. 1110 match. Nearly all steel die stamped and hand colored. If you can duplicate for less than \$1.85 elsewhere, money cheerfully refunded. Our Special Price for 30 only \$1.00.

**FREE GIFT BOOK** 170 pages of charming, modern suggestions for every occasion. Write today for this book.

**BAIRD-NORTH CO.** 309 Broad St., Providence, R.I.

## MAKE MORE MONEY

### CANDYMAKING

BIG PROFITS being made by men and women with our WORLD'S SPECIALTY CANDIES new method; no expensive equipment or machinery. System operated anywhere, kitchen, shop or factory. Shapely candy course. Learn today, earn tomorrow. We furnish supplies; few dollars start you. Write today for proof of students' success. Free business copies.

DEPT. 6 481 N. BROADWAY  
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

**Liberty Casing & Supply Co.**

## THE PERFECT HEMSTITCHER

PERFECT HEMSTITCHING AND  
POCKET ATTACHMENT, PRICE \$1.00

Money back guarantee. Greatest invention known for the housewife. Fits all sewing machines. Pays for itself in ten minutes time. Hemstitching as beautiful as done by \$275.00 machine. For postmaster, five days free trial. Money back if not satisfied.

Hemstitcher Co., Dept. 12, Fort Worth Texas

L'ECHO  
DEPARIS



4037  
Emb. No. 739



2586



3311



5034



3496



5035  
Emb. No. 1072



3815



4201

No. 3496. Child's Union Suit; with dropped back; buttoned down front. Sizes 4 to 10 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 27-inch, 1½ yards of 32-inch or 1½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 5035. Boy's Slip-On Pajamas. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, 3½ yards 36-inch; bands, ¾ yard 32-inch. Monogram No. 1072 would add a touch of interest if worked in satin-stitch.

No. 3815. Girl's Combination Undergarment; with dropped back. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch or 1½ yards of 36-inch or 1½ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 2586. Girl's Pajamas; with contrasting trimming bands; short kimono sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 3½ yards of 36-inch; contrasting bands, ¾ yard of 36-inch material.

No. 4201. Child's Combination Undergarment; front and lower back cut in one piece. Sizes 2 to 6 years. Size 6, 1½ yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material; lace, 2¼ yards of 1-inch.

No. 4037. Girl's Slip or Petticoat. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 1½ yards 36-inch. Scalloped edging and dots may be worked in buttonhole- and satin-stitch with Embroidery No. 739.

No. 3311. Girl's Set of Underwear; with drawers buttoned to underwaist. Sizes 2 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material; lace trimming, 4 yards 1-inch.

No. 5034. Girl's Set of Underwear; underwaist and drawers with lower edges gathered into bands. Sizes 2 to 12 years. Size 10, 1½ yards of 36-inch or 1½ yards of 40-inch material.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 116.



## A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store,



"But my Dear I didn't know you could embroider"

—Nor can she!

Yet here are all her Table Cloths, Napkins, Towels, Sheets, Pillow Cases, Handkerchiefs with her initial beautifully embroidered.

Here's the answer! Venetian Maid Monograms in all initials, bought ready to sew on—in four sizes, 8c, 15c, 25c and 40c each at Art Needlework and Lace Departments. Why not have your personal and household things identified in this smart and beautiful way. And what a wonderful GIFT idea!

**Venetian Maid MONOGRAMS**  
Ready to Sew on  
Send Your Initial and 10c for Sample Monogram  
VENETIAN MONOGRAM CORP., DEPT. 1  
268 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY.

## Stop Dandruff this Easy Way

Night and morning for the next few days pour a little liquid D. D. D. on your scalp. Rub it in thoroughly. Note the clean, refreshing odor of this antiseptic. It's soothing, healing elements penetrate the scalp—and drive away dandruff and other scalp irritations. Stops itching instantly. Clear and stainless—dries up almost immediately. A 6c bottle will prove the merit of D. D. D.—or your money back. At all drug stores.

**D.D.D. The Healing Skin Lotion**



## Maybelline

**DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS**  
INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of women. Solid form or water-proof liquid. BLACK or BROWN. 75c as your dealer's or direct postpaid. MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO







And afterward, tenderly,  
he asked:

"You're not overheated, dearest? You mustn't catch cold—take one of these, do!" And, reaching deep into his pockets, he drew forth a package of Smith Brothers Cough Drops, a favorite even in the days of long ago.

Smith Brothers have guarded the throats of three generations. They quickly soothe irritation, relieve hoarseness, ease and stop the cough. The whole throat is cooled, cleared, and refreshed. 5c—S. B. or Menthol.

### SMITH BROTHERS Cough Drops



### BUNIONS GONE IN 15 DAYS

Clip This and Prove It FREE!

The pedodyne solvent treatment is a boon to those whose union joints cause constant foot trouble and an ugly bulge on the shoe. Pain stops almost instantly; actual reduction of enlarged parts begins within a few days. Your pair of shoes can be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. Prove it free. Send coupon today and the full treatment guaranteed to bring complete results may be yours to try.

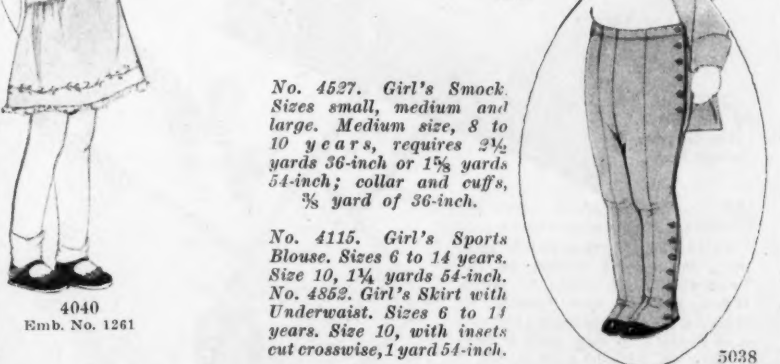
**SIGN AND MAIL THIS COUPON—**  
RAY LABORATORIES, Dept. H. 11, 180 N. Wacker Dr., Chicago  
Please arrange for me to try your pedodyne process, which is guaranteed to dissolve bunion formation and restore ease to affected joints.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
This is not an order, ship nothing C. O. D.

**Candy Making** Home Made Pays Big  
Our Home Study Method for ladies and men, taught by retired manufacturer. Turn kitchen into Candy Shop, make money from first day. Many wealthy started with no capital. Start quick—grow fast. In the Home Made Candy Business the little fellow has the big fellow at a disadvantage. We furnish tools. Free book explains. Capital Candy School, Dept. S-2703, Washington, D. C.

**WEDDINGS**  
ENGRAVED OR PRINTED INVITATIONS ETC.  
FREE SAMPLES: 100 VISITING CARDS \$1.00  
CAPITOL SOCIAL ENGRAVING CO.  
106 EVENING STAR BLDG. WASHINGTON D.C.

**\$10 for you**  
If you want McCall's to pay you liberally for your spare time, just cut this out and mail it to:  
Dept. 122 McCall's Magazine,  
McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.



No. 4527. Girl's Smock. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 8 to 10 years, requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch or 1 3/4 yards 54-inch; collar and cuffs, 3/8 yard of 36-inch.

No. 4115. Girl's Sports Blouse. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 1 1/4 yards 54-inch.

No. 4852. Girl's Skirt with Underwaist. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, with insets cut crosswise, 1 yard 54-inch.

No. 4040. Child's Slip or Petticoat; gathered at sides. Sizes 2 to 10 years. Size 8, 1 1/2 yards 36-inch; lace, 2 3/4 yards 1-inch. Embroidery No. 1261 may be worked in satin-stitch.

No. 5036. Child's Pajamas; with casing at ankle; dropped back. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 3/4 yards of 27-inch or 3 yards of 36-inch material.

No. 5038. Child's Leggings and Cap. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 8, leggings, requires 1 1/2 yards 36-inch or 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch; cap requires 1/2 yard of 36-inch or 1/4 yard of 54-inch.

No. 4610. Girl's Camp Suit; with bloomers buttoned to waist; short sleeves. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material; tie of ribbon, 2 1/2 yards of 4-inch.

No. 5037. Girl's Bathrobe; trimmed with ribbon banding. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material; ribbon, 2 1/2 yards of 1-inch.

No. 4048. Misses' and Girl's Bloomers; with elastic casing at waist and knee. Sizes 2 to 20 years. Size 10, 2 1/4 yards of 27-inch or 1 1/4 yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 116.



### Won't mother be pleased!

HERE'S the gift that will make mother's task of keeping the home clean easier every day in the year.

There's nothing like the carpet-sweeper for everyday sweeping. Silently, swiftly, with astounding ease, the modern Cyco Ball Bearing Bissell gathers up all crumbs, dirt, lint from rugs—keeps them faultlessly neat.

The cost of the first half-dozen brooms it saves pays for a Bissell which lasts for years. Play-size Bissells for a few dimes. At department, housefurnishing, furniture and hardware stores. Booklet of Bissell models, or suggestions for proper care and use of your present sweeper, on request.

### BISSELL Carpet Sweeper



Get rid of them now!  
**ROACHES!**

Peterman's Roach Food always kills!

Send for our free booklet, "A Few Polite Words About BUGS," illustrated with Harrison Cady's fascinating Bugville pictures. It tells how to keep insect pests from getting a start in your house.

Buy Peterman's from your druggist.

**Peterman's**  
200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

### Keep Your Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mergolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mergolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.



## A New Slip

Did you know that a fifteen-cent envelope of Diamond Dyes will duplicate any delicate tint that may be the vogue in dainty underwear? Keep your oldest lingerie, stockings too, in the shade of the hour. It's easy if you only use a *true dye*. Don't streak your nice things with synthetic tints.

Dye or tint anything; dresses, or drapes. You can work wonders with a few, inexpensive Diamond Dyes (true dyes). New colors right over the old. Any kind of material.

**FREE:** Call at your druggist's and get a free Diamond Dye Cyclopaedia. Valuable suggestions, simple directions. Piece-goods color samples. Or, big illustrated book *Color Craft* free from DIAMOND DYES, Dept. M9, Burlington, Vermont.

## Diamond Dyes

Just Dip to TINT, or Boil to DYE

## Kitchen Bouquet

for  
gravies

What savor, what  
color it gives!  
No Chef could  
do better

Famous for 50 years



**DAVOL**  
QUALITY SERVICE

"Anti-Colic"  
Nursing Bottle Caps of  
PURE Amber GUM

Keep Baby's Food Sanitary

They make Nursing Bottles  
GERM-PROOF and LEAK-PROOF  
under all circumstances

The Cap Tab makes it easy to apply or remove  
Better than Corks or Cotton

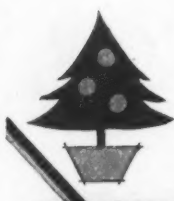
The Air-Tight Closure protects not only the contents  
but also the Rim of Bottle from Dust and Germs

10c each 6 for 50c At all Drug Stores

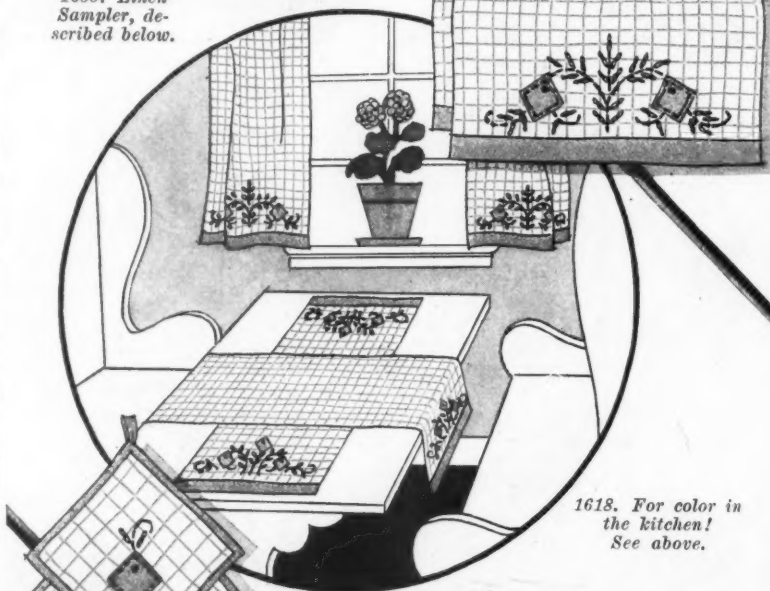
By mail 6 Caps for 50c. Send 10c for Sample  
DAVOL RUBBER CO. Dept. B, Providence, R. I.



**ROUGH ON RATS**  
THE OLD RELIABLE  
DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE  
25¢ and 50¢ a box  
Use the world over for generations  
E. S. WELLS, Chemist JERSEY CITY, N. J.



1600. Linen  
Sampler, de-  
scribed below.



1618. For color in  
the kitchen!  
See above.

1599. One  
of the novel-  
ties in en-  
velope bags.

No. 1600. Opportune with the Christmas season comes this lovely "Friendship" cross-stitch sampler, the quaint design on the linen itself, all ready to work. When finished and framed, it makes a colorful picture that will add dignity to any wall it may hang on. Size 10 x 13 inches.

No. 1599. Nothing is a surer sign of good style than the bag milady wears with her street dress. This unique design all ready on canvas, is extremely smart developed in wools or crepe twist, using colors that mingle well with a two-tone background in brown, blue or gray. Size 4 3/4 x 9 3/4 inches.

No. 1608. Kerchiefs with original hand-painted corners like these stand apart from the usual. You simply take a square of silk or georgette, and with the popular fabric paints develop these smart motifs. Seven different varieties with necessary instructions.

1608. Painted  
kerchiefs for  
milady.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 116.

## The Handmade Gift that Brings Good Cheer

By Elisabeth May Blondel

No. 1618. Color in the kitchen is the latest thing, and fortunately, in one of the easiest corners of the house for the home decorator to tackle. With a few yards of checked toweling, some matching gingham and the right embroidery design (such as No. 1618 illustrated below), the modest housewife can have curtains, towels, table runners and pot holders in a most enviable of kitchen ensembles. Motifs adapted to the pieces illustrated and 28 patch designs.

## I STOP GRAY HAIR

or you pay  
nothing



You test this way at  
home Free. Physi-  
cians endorse as safe.

NO more dangerous "crude dyes." Instead natural shade is called back to hair by clear, colorless liquid 100% safe. Faded, graying streaks disappear. Hair becomes live looking and lustrous. Stays easy to curl. Does not wash off.

This way embodies elements that take place of color pigment and give natural effect. Auburn hair reverts to auburn—black to black. Used by 3,000,000 women.

Send coupon for free test—or go to drug store. Few cents' worth gives perfect restoration. Money returned if not amazed.

### TEST FREE

Mary T. Goldman, 1301-S Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Check color: Black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....auburn (dark red).....light brown.....light auburn.....blonde..... (Print name)

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

**MARY T. GOLDMAN'S**  
Hair Color Restorer

## Instant Foot Relief

Keeps  
Shoes  
Shapely



Hides  
Large  
Joints

## Fischer Protector

Gives instant relief to bunions and large joints. Wear in any style shoe—outside or under stocking—in your regular size. Sold over 20 years by shoe dealers, druggists, and department stores.

Free Trial: Money back if not instant relief. Write giving size of shoe and which foot.

FISCHER MANUFACTURING CO.  
425 East Water St. Dept. 60 Milwaukee, Wis.

## High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. The and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

**AMERICAN SCHOOL**  
Dept. H 260, Duane St., 464th St., © A. S. 1925 CHICAGO

## IF YOU WANT CHRISTMAS GIFTS

—to bring happiness and remembrance three times a day give Red Bird Tea Towels. Softly absorbent, unexcelled and REALLY lintless, these wonder towels are "made in" for immediate use to dry dishes and polish glassware without effort—just as you've always wished towels would. A delightfully personal gift, embroidered in red with any name or initials specified. Send a card enclosed if desired. For U. S. Carton of six towels \$1.75; carton of twelve towels \$3.00. Send personal check, draft or M. O.

**RED BIRD TEA TOWELS**  
Spokane Toilet Supply Co. 9025 Erie St. Spokane, Wash.

## Interior Decorating LEARN AT HOME

Practical, easy. Beautify your home—or become high-paid decorator. Prominent New York Decorators give personal instruction by mail. Free Book describes wonderful opportunities. Write today. National School of Interior Decoration, Dept. 212, 119 W. 57th St., New York City.

## Be a Tea Room Expert

Tea room managers, assistant managers, waitresses, table directors, buyers, etc., needed everywhere. We teach you entire business in your spare time. You can quickly qualify as a tea room expert, ready to step into a well-paid executive position, or open a tea room of your own. A splendid fascinating work and easy hours await you. Send for Free 44-page Book, *Pouring Tea for Profit*. **LEWIS TEA ROOM INSTITUTE** Dept. AO-5066 Washington, D. C.

## CUT ME OUT

and mail me with your name and address to Dept. 12Y, McCall's Magazine, Dayton, Ohio. I will tell you how to get an extra \$5.00 or \$10.00 easily.

Mail Today!



...a." Instead  
...air by clear  
...d, graying  
...ive looking  
Does not  
...take place  
...atural effect  
...ck to black  
...go to drug  
...ect restora-  
...ed.  
...Paul, Minn.  
...medium  
...brown  
...do  
...IAN'S  
...elief  
...Hides  
...Large  
...oints  
...ctor  
...large joint  
...nder stock  
...ears by sh  
...ores.  
...ant relief  
...rich foot.  
...G CO.  
...auke, Wis.  
...urse  
...complete  
...lified. High  
...rse at home  
...ents for  
...ions. The  
...cribed in ur  
...es Chicago  
...S GIFTS  
...ree times a day  
...ent, apply  
...is one "hand  
...asware about  
...towel will  
...with any  
...neiled. Foot  
...elve toward  
...ELS  
...Spokane, Wash.  
...T  
...e and ab  
...Magazine  
...u how to  
...asily.

**Prompt relief from rheumatic pain**



**rub in**

**Absorbine Jr.**  
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

At all DRUGGISTS \$1.25  
Send for free trial bottle  
W.F. YOUNG, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

**For Christmas an Ingersoll**

**Yankee . . \$1.50**  
**Yankee Radiolite \$2.25**  
Improved model.  
A sturdy, dependable  
gift for everyone. Al-  
ways appreciated.



**Wrist . \$3.50**  
**Wrist Radiolite, \$4.00**

Everybody needs  
a wrist watch.  
The time's in  
sight at a glance.  
Unusually de-  
pendable.

**INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.**  
New York Chicago  
San Francisco

**save 1/3 to 1/2**



New FREE  
book quote Re-  
duced Factory  
Prices. 5-Year Guar-  
antee. Bond on stove,  
Ranges, Furnaces, 500  
styles and sizes. Beau-  
tiful porcelain enamel  
ranges and combination  
gas and coal ranges.  
Enamelware, porcelain  
enamel heating stoves.  
Cash or easy terms. 24-  
hr. shipments. 30-day  
free trial. 360-day test.  
Satisfaction guaran-  
teed. 25 years in busi-  
ness. 350,000 custom-  
ers. Write today for  
FREE book.

**Kalamazoo Stove Co. Manufacturers**  
81 Beebe Ave.  
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Gas \$25.00  
Stoves up

**"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"**

**WANT WORK AT HOME?**

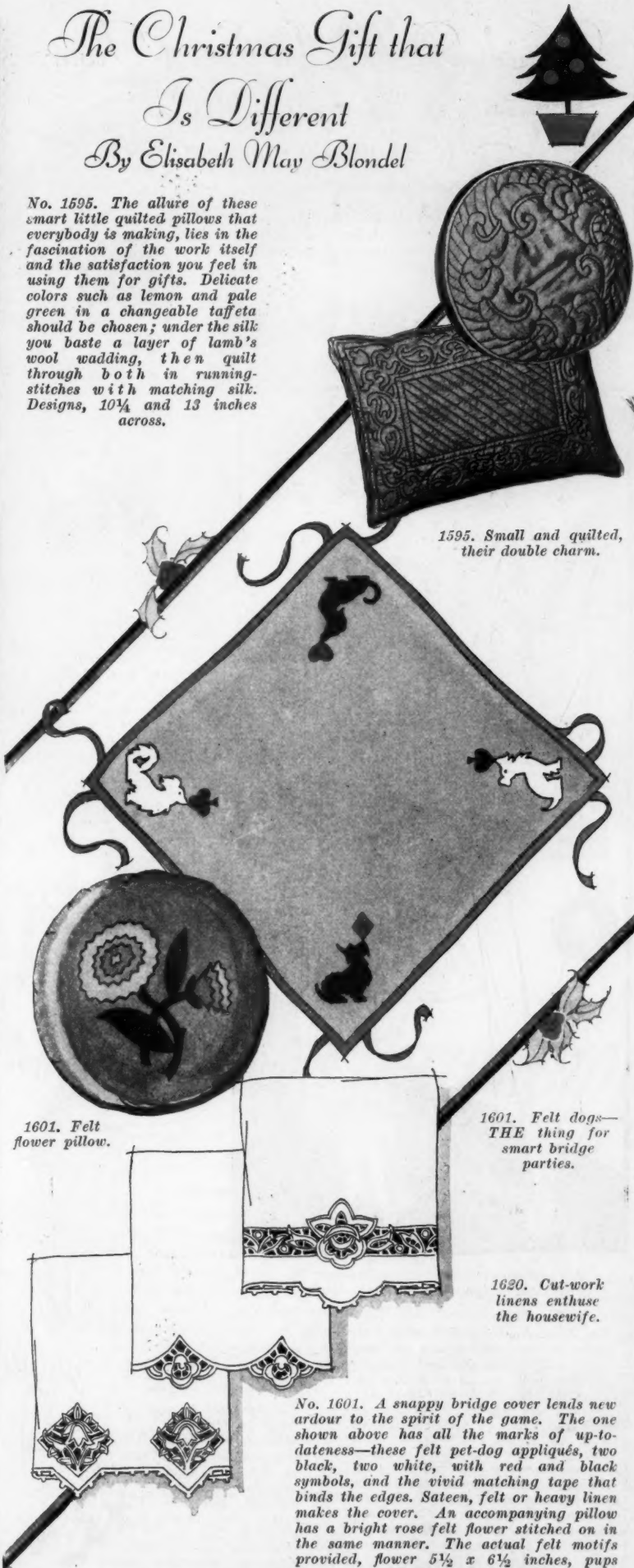
Men \$15 to \$20 a week REPRODUCTION photos, Men or Women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment, and furnish WORKING OUT-  
FIT. Limited offer. Write today.  
ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. 26, 2908 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

**Wedding Invitations—Announcements**  
100 in script lettering, \$2.50  
Including two sets of envelopes  
100 Visiting Cards, \$1.00  
Write for Samples  
C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1036 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## The Christmas Gift that Is Different

By Elisabeth May Blondel

No. 1595. The allure of these smart little quilted pillows that everybody is making, lies in the fascination of the work itself and the satisfaction you feel in using them for gifts. Delicate colors such as lemon and pale green in a changeable taffeta should be chosen; under the silk you baste a layer of lamb's wool wadding, then quilt through both in running-stitches with matching silk. Designs, 10 1/4 and 13 inches across.



1595. Small and quilted, their double charm.

1601. Felt flower pillow.

1601. Felt dogs—THE thing for smart bridge parties.

1620. Cut-work linens enthuse the housewife.

No. 1601. A snappy bridge cover lends new ardour to the spirit of the game. The one shown above has all the marks of up-to-dateness—these felt pet-dog appliques, two black, two white, with red and black symbols, and the vivid matching tape that binds the edges. Sateen, felt or heavy linen makes the cover. An accompanying pillow has a bright rose felt flower stitched on in the same manner. The actual felt motifs provided, flower 5 1/2 x 6 1/2 inches, pups 2 x 3 3/4 inches.

No. 1620. The new cut work pillow-cases will go straight to the heart of the housewife. These designs have an unusual distinction about them, and are therefore much in demand either for towels or pillow-cases. Adapted to one pair of each design, 22 1/2 inches across, with scallops for backs.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 116.

## garment insurance



## DUPLEX SAFETY PINS

Made of **Chase Brass**

Won't Slip  
Won't Tear  
Won't Rust

Your daintiest garments are always safe.

Write for free introductory card.

Consolidated Safety Pin Co.  
Bloomfield, New Jersey

## For Feminine Hygiene;

for feminine daintiness; for skin irritations, after shaving, for cuts, burns, bruises, oral hygiene, and as a deodorant—there is nothing like

## STERIZOL THE ANTISEPTIC

You Well?

It cleans, soothes and heals the tissues. Is not poisonous—not caustic—easy to use and economical. Sterizol is a highly concentrated powder that dissolves in water instantly, making solutions in quantity and strength desired.

I'm Well!

Prescribed by many physicians. At your druggist's, or order direct, enclosing \$1.00. Free booklet upon request.

THE STERIZOL COMPANY  
712 Water Street Ossining, N. Y.

## "My Clothes Don't Look Home-Made Any More"



"I've been sewing for years," writes Mrs. Mary C. Adams, "but I can see now that I never really knew how to make a dress until the Woman's Institute showed me the correct way—the easy way to design, cut, fit and finish. I learned just the things I needed to know to overcome that troublesome home-made look and put real style into all my clothes. I can make them as smart as any modiste."

**FREE** Mail the coupon for Free Booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes." It tells how the Woman's Institute can help you to have more and prettier clothes, and earn money at home.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 3-2, Scranton, Pa.  
Without cost or obligation, please send me your 32-page booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below—

☐ Home Dressmaking  
☐ Professional Dressmaking

☐ Millinery  
☐ Cooking

Name..... (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....



To  
make  
your  
pretty  
furniture  
prettier





and

old  
furniture

to look  
new-like

Use  
**O-Cedar**  
Polish

30c to \$3 sizes  
There is extra  
economy in  
the larger  
sizes



## Voguish Apparel for Every Hour

By Elisabeth May Blondel



No. 1603. With  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch velvet and  $\frac{1}{8}$  yard of three-tone ribbon, any woman using the helpful construction diagrams (No. 1603), can make herself this smart "chapeau."

603



1604



4927 Pajamas  
with Emb. design

3304 Pajamas  
with Emb. design

No. 4927. Smart and new are the pajamas with contrasting scalloped edges and V-neck appliqué. Adapted to sizes small (14 to 16 years), medium (36 to 38), large (40 to 42); medium size requires 4 yards of 36-inch goods and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard contrasting.

No. 3304. Another pair of pajamas is smartened by hand stitchery following its rectangular lines front and back. Adapted to sizes small (14 to 16 years), medium (36 to 38), large (40 to 42), the medium size requiring 4 yards 36 inches wide.

No. 1622. A large appliqué leaf is the last word in fashion's notebook (Shown on Dress No. 5061, 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust). It may be cut from satin, velvet or flannel; also two smart variations and banding.

The appliqué trimming is especially favored this season. Materials such as the popular satin-faced crepe, flannels and velvets, lend themselves to this new treatment most effectively. See description No. 1622.

Emb. No. 1622  
Dress 5061

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 116.



## Her Hair Fairly SPARKLES Now!

The woman who knows what to do after waving her hair doesn't fear the effect of hot irons. Nor of frequent washings. A few drops of Danderine—on comb or towel—and the hair is soft and lustrous, and behaves beautifully.

A bit of Danderine rubbed lightly into the scalp, is the one sure way to dissolve every particle of dandruff. But a few drops more make a dressing that is simply marvelous. A sheen that rivals brilliantine, and no grease!

Any permanent wave or water wave lasts much longer and looks much nicer when Danderine is used instead of water to "set" the wave.

### Ask Your Druggist

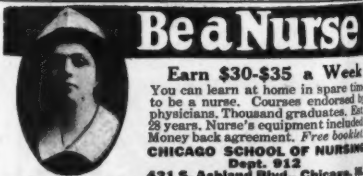
Get a bottle of Danderine and start its benefits today. Every drugstore in America has it, for only 35c. For the finest dressing you could find, and the best aid to hair health yet discovered, just try—

## Danderine



**RAT BIS-KIT**

is ready to use. Sure death to rats and mice. Quickest, cleanest, easiest way. New tin package contains 18 "Bis-Kits," always fresh. 35c at all drug and general stores. Guarantee coupon in every package. The Rat Bis-Kit, Springfield, Ohio.



## Be a Nurse

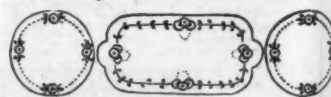
Earn \$30-\$35 a Week

You can learn at home in spare time to be a nurse. Courses endorsed by physicians. Thousand graduates. 25 years. Nurse's equipment included. Money back agreement. Free booklet. **CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING**, Dept. 912, 421 S. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me your free fascinating booklet, "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....

## Embroidery Lessons Free

Something New—Lazicircle Embroidery



To advertise our Super Value Needlework designs we will send all of the following for only 30c (value of stamps): 1 3-Pc. Buffet Set, stamped for embroidery; 1 Pkg. Superior Embroidery Needles; 7 Colors Nuns Ball-proof Floss, sufficient to complete the set.

TRU-VALUE PRODUCTS. Dept. M, 378 St. Charles St., Eight, Ill.

## GO INTO BUSINESS For Yourself

a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off. W. HILLIER RAGSDALE, Drawer 120, E. Orange, N.J.





# A Christmas Gift - that lasts throughout the year

## Special Gift Offer

2 One Year Subscriptions

to  
**McCALL'S**  
**MAGAZINE**  
for only  
**\$1.50**

**T**WELVE gifts, really, instead of one, is what you give in presenting a friend with a subscription to McCall's Magazine this Christmas. Each month from January through December, you and your Christmas good wish will be remembered as the postman brings to your friend's home the new copy of this fascinating magazine, containing novels and short stories by America's leading authors, informative articles on subjects of timely interest, helpful homemaking departments conducted by foremost authorities and a complete showing of the newest Paris fashions.

In Santa's hand above is a miniature reproduction of the beautiful McCall Christmas card which is sent you for announcing each gift subscription. The actual size of this card is 5½ by 7¼ and it is exquisitely done in full colors on fine paper.

What an easy gift to give—what a delightful gift to receive. No struggling through crowded shops, no worrying over what will suit and how much to spend—McCall's makes an ideal gift for the friend you want to remember with more than just a card and a most acceptable "extra" along with the "big presents".

*And how little it costs!* Two one-year subscriptions for only \$1.50. The regular price of McCall's is \$1.00, so you save 50 cents on every two subscriptions. You may use one or both subscriptions for yourself, or both for gifts—and you may give as many subscriptions as you wish. For a 1-year subscription send \$1.00. For a 2-year subscription send \$1.50. For two 1-year subscriptions \$1.50. Extra Gift Subscriptions 75 cents per year. Foreign postage, except Canada, 75 cents per year. But send your order promptly so the subscriptions may be entered and the cards sent before Christmas.

### Use this Special Christmas Gift Offer Coupon

McCALL'S MAGAZINE . . . Dayton, Ohio  
I enclose \$..... to pay for..... year subscription for myself and..... subscriptions for my friends. Send me the beautiful Christmas cards for my friends.

My Name.....  
Complete Address.....  
Friend's Name.....  
Complete Address.....

Mark "R" after names that are renewals. Write names and addresses for additional subscriptions on separate sheets and enclose with this blank. 330

# \$100.00

Dept. 12B, McCall's Magazine  
McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio:  
Please tell me how, without obligation or expense, I can  
secure \$100.00 or more, for my church.

Your  
Name  
Local  
Address  
City  
and State  
Name  
of Church

## or MORE For Your CHURCH

\$75000.00 Will Be Distributed  
Among Churches This Year



Send For Facts Today—Mail Coupon Above

WOULDN'T you be proud to be able to give your church a gift of \$100 or more? Wouldn't you personally or a committee of your society in the church be glad to learn of a new plan that is easy, pleasant and dignified; a plan that eliminates the distasteful soliciting for funds which so often has to be done?

There is such a plan, the McCall Church Plan, under which more than ten thousand different church societies have secured funds in varying amounts, some over \$800.00. Large church or small, in big city or tiny village, no matter what the denomination, this plan is open to you.

### Agents: \$14 a Day

Our wonderful new plan will put you in the \$5,000 class. 350 High quality products at low prices. Every one a household necessity. All fast sellers. Big orders in every home. Repeat business. Steady income.

#### New Plan—Big Profits

We show you a new way to build permanent business. Big profits from the start. Work spare time or full time. No capital or experience required. Free outfit. Free automobile. Write now.

American Products Co.,  
7689 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

### CORNS

For quick, safe relief from painful corns or tender toes and pressure of tight shoes

**Dr Scholl's  
Zino-pads**



At drug and shoe stores everywhere

### Ask for Century Sheet Music

SAY "CENTURY" and get the best Certified Music. It's 15c (20c in Canada). Most teachers use it. Parents appreciate the saving and the pupil gets the best. Get free catalog of 2500 selections at your dealers, or write us.

Century Music Publishing Co.  
241 West 40th Street  
New York City

15c

**10 BIG WEEKLY ISSUES**  
of The Pathfinder, one of America's liveliest, most unique, most entertaining weekly magazines. Full of wit, humor, information, news events, pictures, special features, best fiction. Once you read THE PATHFINDER you will never do without it. Send your name and 10c to IMMEDIATELY! THE PATHFINDER, Dept. G-52, WASHINGTON, D. C.

### Free Trial Till FEBRUARY

If you write NOW! The old house of Wing wishes you to try one of its rare instruments in your home until February 1, free. Return if you wish. Easy terms arranged. We pay all freight.

**Founded The Famous Wing 39th**  
1868 Year

Hear the rich inspiring tone, the secret of which for three generations has been held in one family. Save from \$150 to \$200 at reduced prices. 40 year guarantee—Direct to you—at Factory Price—Write for "The Book of Complete Information about Pianos," 140 pages. The New York World says "If every one should have this book." Mailed free and prepaid. Write today. No Payment Down

**WING & SON, 13th Street and 9th Avenue, Dept. 20-89 NEW YORK, N. Y.**



Style 18, One of our 60 Styles  
Also Player Pianos and Grand

### Want Some Money?

Here's a wonderful way to get it

OUR beautifully illustrated book tells how. It tells all about our new methods of art decoration, art treatment and how anybody can learn without previous training or experience. It contains page after page of handsome color illustrations of what you can make and sell.

#### Make Good Money—Book is FREE

Our system is amazingly easy to learn and the profits are larger than in almost any other business. You can produce beautiful finished art objects almost from the beginning. You don't have to know how to draw or have any experience. Begin making money now.

All supplies are sent by us with the instructions and many have made \$25 the first week. Some men and women have taken up this work for their own amusement. Either way, pleasure or profit, it's the most delightful home work you can imagine. Write now for your copy of this valuable book; it's FREE.

**Fireside Industries**  
DEPT. 18-W • ADRIAN, MICH.

## AROUND OUR VILLAGE

[Continued from page 7]

Then after a time I realized that they moved not according to their own fancy as I had at first supposed, but in response to shouted commands from the orchestra. "Change partners! Swing your partners! Ladies on the right, men on the left. All hands change."

The orchestra—he was worth going miles to see. A small man with a large mustache and a violin. Of course the Wayburns owned a victrola. All the people in Pleasant Valley own victrolas. But who would want to dance to a victrola when they could dance to Bill Riley's music.

Bill sat in a corner bowed lovingly over his instrument. He did not watch the dancers. His eyes were closed as if in ecstasy. It has been whispered that along toward one o'clock Bill Riley goes to sleep, but he keeps right on playing and calling the figures in, or, perhaps, of his dreams. As he plays he beats time with his right foot. It is essential. Once I am told a horse stepped on Bill's right foot and he could not play until it was well again. I believe this story.

Hospitable Mrs. Wayburn came to ask why I was not dancing. Alas, I did not know these dances. She spoke to the orchestra and when the dance was finished Bill Riley announced in loud tones that the next would be a fox trot. There were two fox trots that evening, but only two. The younger generation as well as the older one of Pleasant Valley prefers the old square dances.

To see an aged man jazzing with a young girl in a New York restaurant is rarely a pleasant sight, but to see Farmer Jones bow low before his stout, pleasant faced wife and then whirl her off by her no means unsubstantial feet in the "squirrel dance" is a very different thing. It is good for Farmer Jones, good for his wife and good for the community, and anything that is good for the community is approved in Pleasant Valley.

Speaking of the community good brings one inevitably to our Church. We always speak of it as Our Church. After a year I do not know to what particular denomination it belongs. It is the only church in Pleasant Valley and we all go there.

Our Church is white with green blinds and is prettily placed at the end of the village street. Next door to it is the parsonage where our young minister lives with his mother. Our minister is very active, very earnest and very young. It was his idea that in addition to morning and evening worship on Sunday, the church should open its doors at least once a month for some purely social purpose. And so the calendar is gaily punctuated with the Christmas party, the strawberry social, the ice cream festival, the Hallowe'en party, and other festivities that serve the double purpose of raising money for the maintenance of Our Church and of bringing the people of the countryside together for a good time.

With the first chill night the bonfire picnics begin. These are favorite entertainments with the young people and the children. The best place is by the mill pond which is our swimming pool in Summer. The mill pond is far enough from the main road to give the scene an air of real wilderness. Here spruce and hemlock trees abound and there are big rocks to make an excellent backing for the fire. We

gather there just at dusk and before the darkness falls the flames of our fire are leaping merrily.

There aren't any really formal affairs in Pleasant Valley, but perhaps the Grange parties are as near to formality as we can come. People from all over the country come to the Grange meetings which are held in the big town three miles away and while almost everyone knows everyone else by sight, the people are not all intimately acquainted as they are at our church parties.

Another thing that makes the Grange parties more formal is the dress. Yes, indeed, we own evening clothes in Pleasant Valley though we don't care to wear them often. There is a party at the Grange Hall every week during the Winter. Sometimes a dinner, sometimes a dance and bridge. You of the city never think of farmers playing bridge but we do, not only at the Grange but in each other's homes.

And then about Christmas time or perhaps earlier the old mill pond which was our swimming pool in Summer and the scene of our bonfire picnics in Autumn grows gay again with the shouts and laughter and swift moving bodies of skaters. Little boys getting in everybody's way, and older lads cutting intricate figures, and young men and girls skating far out in the narrow channel and back again with strokes like slow, graceful wing beats.

The days and nights pass swiftly before April ushers in the beginning of our working year. But you must not think that it is all work and no play in the summer time, though for the men it is almost that. Stock must be fed and cows milked in Summer and Winter alike. But in Summer this is additional to the work in the fields and dawn to dark is still the farmer's working day in spite of modern machinery.

Long before the city people have thought of coming to the country we make excursions into woods in search of the first violets—later we go up into the cooler air of the mountains for picnics. Perhaps we shouldn't call them mountains, for they are only big hills. Men who can find the time go fishing in the lake and as the weather grows warmer the old mill pond resounds again to shouts and laughter as children and mothers swim together.

It is after supper that the pond belongs to the men, not because we object to mixed bathing but because the women and children have had it all morning and afternoon and this is the only time the men have to swim, so we sit on the bank and watch them.

You must not think from all this that we are altogether frivolous or lazy. The farm kitchens of Pleasant Valley still send forth an appetizing odor of molasses cookies and ginger bread and men still come in hungry from the fields and are not disappointed. There are still rows of fruit jars and glasses of jelly in long, cheerful shelves in our cellars, but we have learned to play as well as work.

Our calendar is no longer marked just by seed time, harvest and Winter. Each month now has its own especial pleasure, and what I think is the greatest charm of life in Pleasant Valley is this—that while we have advanced it is not toward a cheap and ineffectual imitation of city life; we have grown in our own way and our play is as distinctly rural as our work.

### Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada; 204 Gt. Portland Street, London, England.

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
2586-.25	4610-.35	5036-.25	5072-.35	5095-.35	5105-.45	5115-.45	5125-.50
3304-.35	4637-.30	5037-.30	5073-.35	5096-.35	5106-.45	5116-.45	5126-.50
3311-.20	4796-.35	5038-.30	5074-.35	5097-.50	5107-.45	5117-.50	5127-.50
3490-.20	4852-.25	5044-.35	5075-.35	5098-.45	5108-.50	5118-.45	5128-.45
3815-.25	4903-.35	5051-.50	5088-.45	5099-.45	5109-.45	5119-.45	5129-.45
4037-.25	4978-.40	5053-.50	5089-.30	5100-.45	5110-.45	5120-.50	5130-.45
4040-.25	4978-.35	5055-.50	5090-.30	5101-.30	5111-.30	5121-.30	5131-.45
4048-.25	5010-.35	5057-.50	5091-.50	5102-.30	5112-.35	5122-.30	5132-.45
4115-.30	5022-.35	5061-.45	5092-.35	5103-.35	5113-.35	5123-.30	5133-.50
4201-.25	5034-.25	5067-.35	5093-.35	5104-.45	5114-.35	5124-.35	5134-.45
4527-.25	5035-.25	5068-.35	5094-.35				

#### EMBROIDERY PATTERNS

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
739-.15	1338-.40	1576-.25	1590-.30	1598-.50	1603-.45	1608-.35	1618-.40
1072-.25	1539-.40	1578-.40	1592-.50	1599-.50	1604-.45	1609-.50	1619-.50
1120-.25	1541-.35	1585-.40	1595-.40	1600-.75	1605-.30	1610-.50	1620-.35
1261-.25	1542-.30	1588-.50	1596-.50	1601-.75	1606-.30	1611-.50	1621-.50
1377-.30	1543-.30	1589-.25	1597-.30	1602-.35	1607-.35	1612-.45	1622-.40
1466-.40	1548-.35						



# HIGH TEAS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

[Continued from page 46]

beaten egg yolks and mix well. Mix and sift flour, salt and baking-powder and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Beat egg whites until light and fold into cake-batter with nuts. Add vanilla and almond flavoring. Bake in large angel-cake pan or in deep round cake pan in moderate oven (350° F) about 1 hour. When cool, frost with confectioner's frosting or boiled frosting made with the two remaining egg whites and decorate as desired. If a smaller cake is preferred, half the recipe may be used.

Make your ice cream in the morning then pack it down with more ice and salt in the early afternoon. It will keep in fine condition until you are ready to serve it. If you prefer to buy your ice cream, use a rich vanilla cream and make a Tutti Frutti sauce to serve over it.

## TUTTI FRUTTI ICE CREAM

3 cups milk  
4 egg yolks  
1 cup sugar  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup figs, finely chopped  
1/4 cup candied cherries, chopped  
2 cups cream  
1/2 cup macaroon crumbs  
1 tablespoon vanilla  
1/4 cup raisins, chopped

Scald milk in double boiler. Beat egg yolks slightly; add sugar and salt. Combine with scalded milk and cook over hot water until thickened, stirring occasionally to keep free from lumps. Remove from fire, add chopped fruit and cool. Beat cream until stiff and fold into custard mixture with macaroon crumbs and vanilla. Freeze, using eight parts ice to one part salt or turn into trays of electric refrigerator, first removing partitions. If the refrigerator is used, stir mixture every half hour for 3 or 4 times.

## TUTTI FRUTTI SAUCE FOR VANILLA ICE CREAM

1 cup water  
1/2 cup water  
1/2 cup figs  
1/2 cup raisins  
1/4 cup candied cherries  
1/2 cup macaroon crumbs  
1/4 cup chopped walnuts

Boil sugar and water together for 5 minutes. Add figs, raisins and cherries which have been put through the food chopper. Cook 3 minutes longer. Cool slightly; add walnuts broken in small pieces and macaroon crumbs.

## ROAST VIRGINIA HAM

Soak a whole ham overnight in cold water. Drain off water, wash thoroughly and trim off hard skin near end of bone. Cover with cold water and cook slowly until tender, allowing about 20 minutes per pound. Let stand in water until partly cool, then take out of kettle and remove skin and excess fat. Sprinkle with brown sugar and fine bread crumbs mixed together using half as much crumbs as sugar. Rub well into the fatty surface and stick generously with whole cloves. Place in a roasting pan and pour a cup of cider in the bottom of the pan. Bake in a moderate oven 400° F. until well browned. Baste frequently while ham is cooking. Serve hot or cold as desired.

The hot Parker House Rolls in Menu 2 may be made from the recipe for Ice-Box Rolls we gave you in September. In that case you can shape them before your guests arrive and allow them to rise slowly for 2 1/2 or 3 hours. They will take only about 15 minutes to bake in a hot oven (400° F). Or, if you prefer, use the Baking Powder Biscuit recipe and shape them as Parker House Rolls.

## VEGETABLE SALAD

1 cup cooked peas  
1 cup cooked beets  
cut in cubes  
1 small cooked cauliflower  
1 cup cooked string beans or lima beans  
Lettuce  
Mayonnaise dressing

Separate cauliflower in small pieces. Marinate each vegetable separately, that is, let them stand in a little French Dressing in the refrigerator until very cold. Just before serving mix them together, lightly, and serve in nests of crisp lettuce leaves with mayonnaise or Russian dressing. The vegetables may be prepared in the morning and left to chill. You will only have to put them together for serving at the last minute. (Fresh or canned peas, beets and beans may be used).

## INDIVIDUAL CHICKEN PIES

3 cups chicken stock  
4 tablespoons flour  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1/2 teaspoon pepper  
1/2 teaspoon paprika  
1 cup cooked peas  
3 cups chicken, cut in pieces  
1 cup cooked celery, cut fine  
1 cup cooked carrots, diced

Heat chicken stock and thicken with flour mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Add salt, pepper and paprika. To this seasoned and thickened stock, add chicken, celery, peas and carrots. Fill individual baking-dishes (or one large casserole) with this mixture. Cover with flaky pastry rolled to 1/4 inch thickness. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) about 20 minutes or until pastry is golden brown. If you make one large pie, bake it in a slower oven so that it will heat through while pastry browns.

## TOMATO SURPRISE SALAD

Scald tomatoes and remove skins allowing one for each person. Chill. Remove a little pulp from the center of each and drain off juice. Fill cavities with a mixture of chopped celery, minced green pepper and finely shredded cabbage moistened with a little mayonnaise dressing. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves and put a tablespoon of mayonnaise dressing on top of each tomato. Garnish with a sprig of parsley or watercress.

One final advantage of High Tea is that your house will look its best. Use white or red candles to light the downstairs rooms and if you are so fortunate as to have an open fire, be sure to keep it burning brightly. And these, with a lighted Christmas tree, will make a picture to live in children's minds for years, a dear and vivid tie to parents and home.

# GIFTS YOU CAN MAKE AT HOME

[Continued from page 64]

away. An effective shade can completely transform it. You can take an eleven inch shade frame, seven inches deep and cover it with Italian paper bound in surgeon's tape, painted red, green or black, and ornamented with a small French print. A two-compartment magazine rack goes nicely with the lamp. It can be bought unfinished and decorated in any desired color and stripings and a flower motif.

Unfinished furniture can be stained or painted and the smaller pieces make appropriate gifts. This hanging shelf, 18 1/2 x 30 inches is of unfinished mahogany and can be stained any color, as well as the inexpensive ladder back chair with a woven splint wood seat and a glazed chintz cushion to add to the comfort. A small foot stool is always a suitable addition.

In the way of boxes, here are three

that make nice gifts. The vanity box, 8 1/2 x 11 inches, and 3 inches deep is covered and banded with colorful Italian papers and a French print. The box is lined with white moire paper and the compartments are made of painted cardboard or wood. The lid is opened by a ball button. Green or red glazed paper and a hunting print make an attractive covering for a man's soft collar box. And a photograph or writing folio is made of cardboard green and gold paper and a French print, bound with surgeon's tape, toned red, and lined with blue marbled paper.

With these suggestions and with the aid of a little imagination and ingenuity, you can make many other similar gifts for your friends and family for Christmas—gifts that are easy to make and also easy to receive.



# Infant Care

Mothers, you can't start too early to establish a child's serene and tranquil disposition. Even an infant can have a happy, fretless state of uninterrupted health. What will help do this? A simple, purely vegetable product as old as you are: plain Castoria.

A few drops of Castoria will settle all uneasiness in a jiffy. Will dispel colic or ward off constipation; and just as surely check diarrhea.

In real sickness, call a physician. But many physicians urge only Castoria for those little childish disorders that need nothing more. You need never be afraid to give pure Castoria. It is safe and perfectly harmless, for it contains no paregoric, no opiates, no dope of any kind. At least, this is true of the genuine Fletcher's Castoria\*—and that is the kind doctors tell you always to buy.

Fletcher's Castoria is fine for any child. All children love to take it. Delicious tasting, and as good as it tastes.

Just look for the Fletcher signature on the package and you will know you have the genuine and pure Castoria.

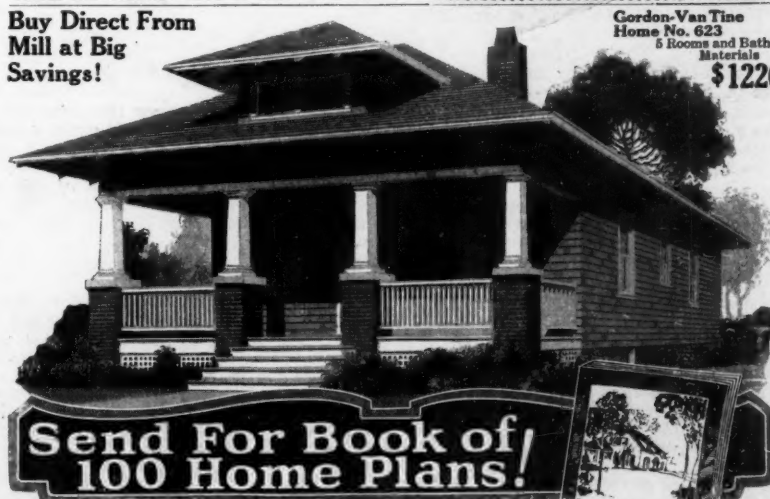
\*SPECIAL NOTE: With every bottle of genuine Fletcher's Castoria is wrapped a book on "Care and Feeding of Babies" worth its weight in gold to every mother or prospective mother.

## Children Cry for



Buy Direct From  
Mill at Big  
Savings!

Gordon-VanTine  
Home No. 623  
5 Rooms and Bath—  
Materials  
\$1226



Send For Book of  
100 Home Plans!

How Plan-Cut Lowers Building  
Costs—Save Up to \$2,000!

Your home is planned by skilled architects—then lumber, millwork and other material is cut to that plan by power-driven saws at the mill. You build to the plan—save 30% labor and 18% lumber waste. Machine accuracy insures tighter, stronger, warmer house. One guaranteed price covers all materials as specified. America's finest moderate-priced homes. 200,000 customers.

This 140 Page  
FREE Book  
shows photos,  
floor-plans, speci-  
fications, direct-  
from-mill prices on  
100 PLAN-CUT  
HOMES. Also ask  
for books on Gar-  
ages, Summer  
Cottages, Barns  
and Poultry  
Houses.

Gordon-VanTine Co.  
1012 Case St., Davenport, Ia.  
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

I expect to

☐ Build a

☐ Repair a

Send me proper catalog.

Name

Address

Gordon-VanTine  
(Established 1865)  
PLAN-CUT Homes

Free Estimate  
We will figure  
your lumber bills  
on any building  
job. Wholesale  
prices. Write!

*How to find Happiness in Work, in Play, in Love and Life?*  
*To this page McCall's readers contribute their views on this,*  
 \*\*\*\*\*  
*the most vital question of all time* \*\*\*\*\*



Today, we are learning to solve our problems by discussing them

## LET'S TALK IT OVER

BY WINONA WILCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT STRONG WOODWARD

**W**HETHER or not we approve or scorn the latest cult of mortals, all of us are interested in its trend. Therefore I have selected for this month's printing a number of letters which are essentially up-to-date.

'Tis the prevailing opinion that our changing morality is directed by youth. I am not at all sure about this. The most radical books I ever get hold of are written by men of fifty or more. It is said that the new morality as preached by youth is destructive, that it tears down the old and substitutes no improvement. This also I doubt because I receive from young people many letters which outline constructive schemes. For instance the following on divorce:

Dear Winona Wilcox: I am a girl who has made a rapid rise to business success. I have observed many affinity affairs, my parents' home was destroyed by divorce, so I feel qualified to talk on a matter of first importance to our social well-being.

I have known many married men who were philanderers. I have known the same man to make love to six girls the same day and nobody pretended to see. These cases are possible only because the girls permit or encourage the men, and because the wives tolerate the situation.

Now I am a thoroughly sophisticated person but much opposed to divorce. My own idea of improvement is that the girl and the wife no longer behave as rivals. They should get together, warn each other, help each other to their common benefit.

Not until all of the women of this land demand loyal husbands will any women get them. If a man knew that his wife would leave him when a girl reported that he was making love to her, there would be no unfaithful husbands. If the girls would accept the truth that married men do not disgrace their wives and lose their children for a transient heart flutter, then it would be possible for women to co-operate.

As I have observed life, I see the girls and the wives at war over men and the men meanwhile profiting by the women's rivalry!—A. R.

Here's modernity with a vengeance:

Dear Winona Wilcox: I'm an unmarried member of the younger generation but I don't expect to remain thus always.



I have my ideal of a husband. But Heaven forbid that he should "learn about women from me." I want him to know enough about the world and women to realize that his ideal doesn't exist. I'd never marry a man who believed me ideal, for soon he'd find out I was not. Such disillusionment is fatal. Of course I pet. Wherever my unknown future husband may be, I'm sure of this about him—he is petting, too. Frankly, I consider that's part of youth's education.—Seventeen.

Now for a novelty:

Dear Winona Wilcox: We are two girls of twenty-four, we hold good positions and enjoy life but our mothers and married sisters insist that we are ruining our lives by remaining single. We have many men friends, we have many proposals but we refuse to consider marriage. Our problem is whether or not to sacrifice personal inclination and present happiness to please our relatives.—E. and E.

Isn't this query prompted by a doubt in the back of the minds of the writers rather than by a fear of the opinion of relatives? Personally I believe the girls are not sure of what they want. They bolster up each other. If separated, they might develop the normal view of marriage.

A physician sends the following. He is a man of sixty, one possessed of the wisdom of years, also one who has kept pace with modernity.

Dear Winona Wilcox: Recently you called attention to the need of a scientific vocabulary of sex for laymen. I have advocated the same thing for years. Why not begin with "love"? At present it is the most misunderstood and misused word in the language. Girls constantly misinterpret it. If they could be brought up with a clear definition of love, and with correct ideas about the various emotions connected

with love, all put in plain scientific form, hundreds of them would be saved from disaster.

There is a short and ugly word which means what too many men talk of, and too many girls accept as love. We are accustomed to hear that girls read about love, dream of it, but they are warned about love by the minister and admonished by the doctor. But that is not the case. It is desire and passion which

girl is reading about and it should be presented to her such by you and anyone who has the welfare of our girls at heart.

In remaking a vocabulary of the emotions to fit facts would be well to begin with plain distinctions between love and all its counterfeiters. Only so can a girl know what is the earth earthy and of the body bodily. Only so can she choose—or refuse. Yours for the good of the youngsters J. M. B.

Now if a young man cannot find the correct words to plain his feeling for a girl, what wonder that the credulous young woman misinterprets his intentions? As follows:

Dear Winona Wilcox: A young man makes love to a girl in the same manner that he has to many others but in particular girl upsets things by falling passionately in love with him. When he says he loves her, she takes him at word and quite freely plans the wedding and numbers babies. She acts so indiscreetly that friends consider her engaged. He doesn't love her well enough to marry her is afraid for her if he does not.

Of course you'll say he shouldn't have talked so credulously about love but, what man today refrains when he holds a beautiful woman in his arms? From the above jump what do you think the man should do?—C. T.

If a man intends nothing serious when he tells a girl loves her, why doesn't he select a maid who is sophisticated and who understands the language as he does? This is the "fool question." It has an answer. There isn't for a man much satisfaction in wooing an experienced petter as there is in making love to an uninformed young thing. Innocence and ignorance add zest to his affair. But if the girl trusts and misinterprets him—he is indignant! Well, I for one do not him as a good sport. For the girl's sake, I would not let him marry her. Escape for her is worth the price of her break.





ABOVE

"I HAD BEEN TROUBLED with constipation, which resulted in stomach trouble, for many years. It hardly seemed likely that I could find anything that would help me. Finally a friend of mine who knew my condition, told me what Fleischmann's Yeast had done for him and advised me to give it a good trial. I started eating three cakes every day and kept it up. I began to feel better after only a short time. My improvement continued until I was completely well. I felt better, looked better, and found that I could eat things that before had caused severe indigestion. Fleischmann's Yeast has literally done wonders for me and I find that, by eating it regularly, I can keep the good health it brought me."

F. A. JETER, Former Secretary of State, Boise, Idaho



MISS MARIE URBANEK, Wyandotte, Mich.



ABOVE

"DURING a particularly busy summer in Chicago I began to lose that soft, clear complexion which is a woman's most valued asset. Sallowiness developed. I became haggard and tired."

"My maid saved the situation. She began to appear at my bedside each morning with a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast dissolved in a glass of milk. Soon I ate my three cakes every day."

"Before long that tired feeling disappeared, and I regained my soft, clear complexion. I am glad that Fleischmann's Yeast is available and fresh in every city where I play."

SOPHIE TUCKER, New York City (the "International Singing Comedienne")

## "I was run down and nothing seemed to help me—"

Wyandotte, Mich.

"UP TO THE TIME when I began to notice advertisements in the magazines about the remarkable properties of Fleischmann's Yeast nothing seemed to help me."

"Like many others, I had got into a run down condition. I felt exhausted after my day's work was over."

"I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. If I were to write ten sheets they still would not be enough to explain what wonders Fleischmann's Yeast did for me."

"Today I am in excellent health, and hope to continue that way by using three cakes of Yeast every day—regularly."

Marie Urbanek

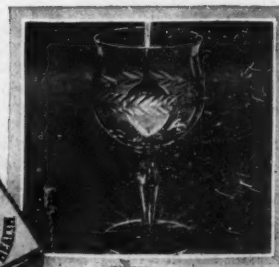
NOT in any sense a medicine, Fleischmann's Yeast is a pure corrective food—every bit as fresh and wholesome as any vegetable from the garden. Fleischmann's Yeast possesses to a remarkable degree the power to cleanse and stimulate the intestines. It causes easy, natural and complete elimination of food wastes.

As a result your blood stream is purified. Your di-

gestion and assimilation are improved. Your complexion soon reflects the radiance of health regained.

Day by day, Fleischmann's Yeast tones up your whole system. You feel as if you had rediscovered youth.

Order two or three days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer. Keep it in any cool dry place. And write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. F-47, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



This easy way to recapture Health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, a cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, in small pieces, or drink it dissolved in water—hot or cold—or eat it in any other way you prefer. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake dissolved in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) As your system is strengthened by eating yeast, you can gradually discontinue dangerous cathartics.



LEFT

"DUE TO the confining nature of constant work as a calender operator I became run down. I was constipated. My head ached continually. I ate little and slept less. I was so tired and worn out that I lost all my former interest in hunting and other outdoor sports."

"A friend suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it for three months. Nothing could have improved my condition more! The headaches disappeared entirely. Worry from constipation was at an end and I was again good for any outdoor exertion. My appetite improved, and I slept like a top."

JOSEPH P. MOORE, Somerville, Mass.

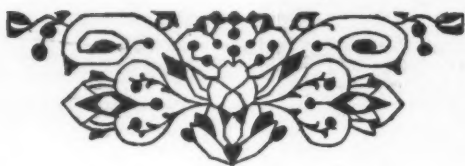
# Gene Stratton-Porter's Page



## THE HEALING INFLUENCE OF GARDENS

\*\*\* BY \*\*\*  
GENE STRATTON-PORTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MEAD SCHAEFFER



THE CHIEF JOY OF A GARDEN LIES IN MAKING THINGS LIVE

EVERYONE agrees that a frame is essential to a picture. In the same degree a garden is one of the component parts, one of the chief essentials, the frame enhancing the beauty of a real home. It is very lovely if this frame can be comprised of a lawn having trees, flowering shrubs, vines, and bushes, with a combination flower and vegetable garden at the back. Of course there is no limit to the pains and expense that may be used in the making of a garden. Those who can afford it seem to derive great joy from calling in landscape gardeners and nurserymen, and surrounding their homes with a small park.

But the real garden, which is a vital part of a real home, is planned by the master and the mistress of the home. Every inch of space is utilized. The most loving care is given to trees, vines, and bushes that are set, in order that a continuity of flowers, colorful leaves, or berries may be had throughout the season. People having the space greatly appreciate a few fruit trees. Those who have not must content themselves with shrubs and bushes, and perhaps one or two trees for shade. The essential thing is that, working and planning together, a man and a woman should take a piece of barren soil, and so cover it with a mat of grass set with tree and bush as to be an expression of their individuality, their artistic taste, their eye for color. No lazy man can or will make a garden. People must be willing to work for the treasures of color, beauty, and fragrance which they wish to evolve. They must dig the soil deep, and fertilize it well. When a man plants, if he wants his growing things really to thrive, he must dig big holes, loosen the soil at the bottom, straighten out the threadlike roots, turn the tips downward, work fine soil around them, moisten it to exclude air, cut back the tops, and cut off buds until his heart rebels, so that the root system may become well established before it is asked to spend strength on leaf or flower.

The chief joy of a garden lies in making things live, making them grow abundantly and flower beautifully because you have planted them right and given them loving attention. The more beautiful a garden can be made, the greater the testimonial to the kind and quality of a heart a man possesses, to his artistic ability,

and to his skill. There are few joys in the world to equal the joy of a garden in flourishing condition; a garden that allows the mistress of the house to take her basket and her shears and fare forth in early morning or the cool of the evening to cut the flowers she wishes to use to decorate her home. Flowers gathered in the evening, allowed to stand in water almost up to the blossoms, in a cool place over night, and arranged in the morning, will retain their color, and hold up

their heads much longer than those gathered during the heat of the day. Nothing can be added to the decoration of the home so appealingly beautiful as vases, bowls, and dishes of cut flowers. So many exquisite receptacles are made for holding flowers in these days, such beautifully designed pieces of pottery and glass may be had so cheaply, that there is no excuse for any home having a few yards of earth around it, not being filled with flowers of home-growing in charming holders.

There is a healthy spirit of competition in the growing of a city garden, where each man looks over his back fence, and tries to outdo his neighbor in the selection of beautiful specimens, the attractive setting of them, and the ability to get the finest blooms a trifle earlier than anyone else.

I believe there is no way to set a correct estimate on the influence upon children of a garden, and of growing things around a home. It is a refining and uplifting influence if they be taught early in life to admire the beauty of flower form and flower color, the wonder of root, bulb and seed, the miracle of reproduction in its various forms. Show them how and why some plants must have a sunny location, some must be in the shade, some must have their heads in the sun, and their feet in the water. I think it is important that each child be given a small space, if such a thing is at all possible, that he may dig in the dirt to his heart's content, and test his skill in setting and growing things for which he cares.

It is not necessary to expend large sums of money on a garden. It seems to me that anyone who loves flowers and wishes to have them, may make a beginning in a modest way, and, by offering of what he has in excess, he may awaken a spirit of like generosity in his neighbors, so that he soon accumulates as large a collection as is desirable. I think it is deplorable that many people in the country feel that they cannot have an attractive doorway and flowers in the garden because they cannot afford nursery specimens. Personally, I do not react to the great, overgrown, gorgeous nursery productions, as I do to the delicately leaved and daintily flowered wildings, lifting their heads beside the road, through the woods, and around the swamps.

### A MESSAGE FROM MRS. PORTER'S DAUGHTER

McCALL'S MAGAZINE requested Gene Stratton-Porter's daughter to send a message to its readers to accompany this article, the last work of our beloved author that McCall's will have the privilege of publishing, though next year it will present in installments the story of Mrs. Porter's life. Following is the word "Our Gene's" daughter sends to the women of McCall Street:

*I do not know which was dearer to my mother's heart—Nature, with all the wealth of color and beauty that word implies—or you, women of America, two million strong, to whom she spoke each month through this page. That she loved you both I am certain. Her love for Nature—for flowers, for fields, for streams, for mountains—spoke through every word of her works. Her love for you shone through her life and illuminated each tiny, inconsequential daily task. You were always in her thoughts, you women of McCall Street; your problems were her problems, your hopes her hopes and your triumphs she made her own.*

*My mother is gone, but her love and her spirit, I am proudly confident, remain and will be forever with you.*

*Jeanette Porter Meehan.*



1927

For your Holiday Cakes and Puddings



## SUN-MAID PUFFED

*More of that fine old muscat flavor in seeded raisins that pour!*

## SUN-MAID NECTARS

The vineyard freshness of ripe grapes  
in raisins that are seedless!

**T**WO types of raisins, you know, are needed in holiday baking—in your dark, rich fruit cakes, your steaming plum puddings, your pies and Christmas cookies.

What you may not know, however, is that both kinds now are wonderfully improved.

Instead of the old kind of seeded raisins that came all massed together, now you may have Sun-Maid Puffed, seeded raisins that pour! Their seeds removed without crushing the raisins or causing the juice to run, they bring you all of that rich muscat flavor for which you buy the seeded kind.

And Sun-Maid Nectars are like no other seedless raisins you have ever seen. Tender, glistening, fresh! They seem more like the seedless grapes themselves, picked full ripe from the vine. Even the fragrance of the fruit is held for you in Sun-Maid Nectars.

Ask your grocer today for Sun-Maid Puffed and Sun-Maid Nectars. Use them in this season's baking and you will discover how to give your foods a sparkling holiday touch the year around.

### SUN-MAID NECTARS



Catch the fragrance of these Sun-Maid Nectars; it is the fragrance of full ripe grapes themselves. Put one to your lips. How tender for a raisin—as if the juice of the grape had suddenly jelled. But their flavor amazes you most—a grape-like freshness you never before tasted in seedless raisins



### SUN-MAID PUFFED

Sun-Maid Puffed pour from the carton, a remarkable improvement over the old sticky kind of seeded raisins that you have had to separate one by one. And Sun-Maid Puffed, you find, are plump; are filled with all the muscat richness of the grape. Infinitely better to cook with, these muscats with their seeds removed will also make more tempting your Yuletide bowl of fruits and nuts



SUN-MAID NECTARS in the red carton -- SUN-MAID PUFFED in the blue carton

# This is IPANA—the Tooth Paste that guards the gums

*while it  
cleans the  
teeth!*



**B**ECAUSE of our soft diet, our gums fail to receive the stimulation they need. They become dormant—soft, tender, and weak. Very logically, thousands of dentists pronounce a tooth paste that stimulates the gums a necessity in this day of prevalent gum troubles.

Such a tooth paste is Ipana. For it has a special ingredient (ziratol) long used by dentists in treating the gums.

Make a full month's trial of Ipana!

Brush your gums as well as your teeth with it, twice a day. This will speed to the depleted tissues a fresh supply of rich, nourishing blood and within 30 days you will

find that your gums have improved in health—that they have become firmer in texture, lighter and pinker in color.

The coupon brings a ten-day tube, gladly sent—enough to prove Ipana's delicious taste and its power to clean and whiten your teeth. But the better plan is to start with a full-size tube from the drug store—for that makes the fairer test of Ipana's good effect on your gums!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. E127, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....